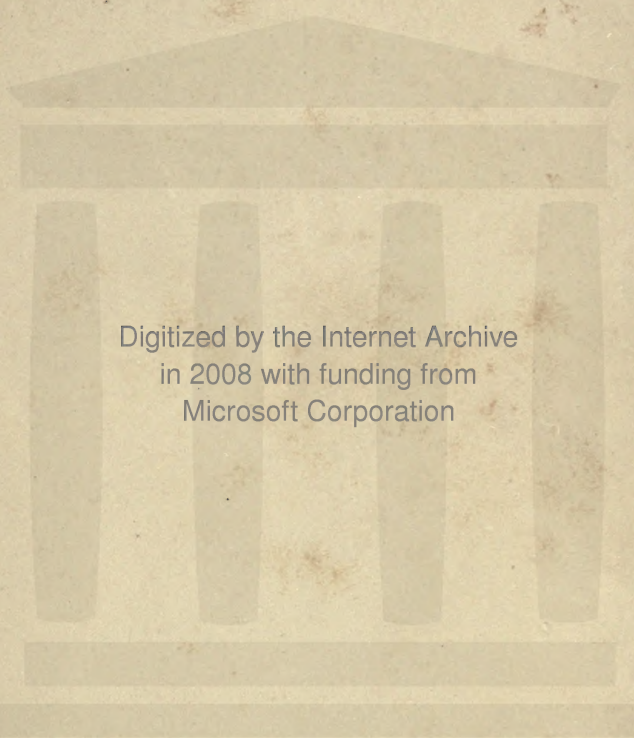


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2. *The Life of Sir Isaac Newton.* By David Brewster, LL. D. F.R.S. London, 1831. 18mo. (Murray's Family Library. No. xxiv.)

3. *Journal des Savans*, 1832, Avril, Mai, Juin. *Critique de la Vie de Newton par Brewster.* Par J. B. Biot. 4to. Paris.

THE lives which have been devoted most assiduously and successfully to the intellectual pursuits of science, are seldom those which are most fertile in incident, or which afford the best subject-matter for the biographer. Were it otherwise, that of Newton, whose high destiny it was to unravel the mechanism of the universe, and who contributed so largely to the advancement of natural knowledge, would be one of the most interesting and instructive that ever was written. Yet the biography of Newton is little else than a general history of the progress of the mathematical and physical sciences during the age in which he lived. Exclusive of his scientific discoveries, his life presents very few incidents of peculiar interest, or from which we may derive any lessons of practical wisdom. Thirty years of it, after the age of boyhood, he passed in the retirement of a college, closely engaged in profound studies, and having very little commerce with the world. For a short time he occupied a seat in Parliament, where he made no conspicuous figure; and though he afterwards held the office of Master of the Mint, yet he neither took an active part in public affairs, nor connected himself in any way with the political history of his country. The latter part of it—and it was prolonged to the full term of human existence—differed in no respect from that of thousands of ordinary men, in affluent circumstances, of a literary turn, and quietly going through a specified routine of official duty. Accordingly, it is not from anecdotes relating to his domestic life, but in the study of those immortal works which he has left behind him, that we can discover his superiority over other men, or learn the vast extent of the obligation which the world owes to his genius.

Nevertheless, curiosity will not rest satisfied without some more.

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nute information respecting the habits and private life of a man whose name occupies so large a space in the annals of scientific discovery. The Marquis de l'Hospital used to inquire of the Englishmen who visited him, whether Newton ate, drank, and slept like other men. It happens, in the present case, that the materials for satisfying such curiosity are neither scanty, nor of doubtful authority. Newton made all his great conquests in science before he arrived at the meridian of life. Consequently, he became an object of general attention, and homage was paid to his genius from all quarters, while the friends and associates of his youth were still alive, and the particulars of his early years fresh in their memories. Many anecdotes connected with this period of his life, and received from his own mouth, were detailed by his friend Dr. Pemberton, in the preface to his excellent *View of Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy*; Mr. Conduit, the husband of his niece, who lived long in his family, and acted as his official deputy in his old age, collected such as appeared to him worth recording, and transmitted them to Fontenelle, who interwove them in his admirable *Eloge*. From these materials, which were increased by some additional details published by Mr. Turnor, in his *Collections for the History of the Town and Soke of Grantham*, most of the memoirs of Newton, which have appeared in the *Encyclopædias*, or been prefixed to various collections of his works, have been composed. The subject appeared to afford no room for novelty; but it has lately acquired a new interest in consequence of the appearance of the works announced at the head of this article, the authors of which both occupy a distinguished place among the successful promoters of those sciences over which the genius of Newton shed so refulgent a lustre.

M. Biot's memoir of Newton in the *Biographie Universelle*, forms one of the not least distinguished among the many admirable articles of that invaluable biographical repository. Like all the other productions of this excellent and engaging writer, it displays consummate ability; and as the subject could not fail to be popular in this country, it was translated into English, and published by the *Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge* as one of their Tracts, in which shape it has, we believe, obtained a very wide circulation. M. Biot did not pretend to have derived information from many new sources; nevertheless he was the first to make public one very affecting incident in the life of Newton, which was received with surprise, and has given occasion to much subsequent discussion. This related to an illness with which Newton was at one period of his life afflicted, and which appears to have had the effect of producing a temporary aberration of intellect. Sir D. Brewster, on the other hand, in preparing his

more recent *Life of Newton*, had access to documents beyond the reach of foreigners. The records of the University of which Newton was so long a member, as well as collections of unpublished correspondence in the hands of private individuals, were at his service; yet such had been the industry of former gleaners, that with all these advantages, the work is far more remarkable for the manner in which the ingenious author has contrived to mix up his own idiosyncrasies with the narration, than for the number or the importance of the new facts he has brought to light.

In going over the same ground and discussing the same subjects, Sir D. Brewster has frequently found occasion to animadvert on the work of Biot. It is to be regretted that on such occasions he has not always confined himself to legitimate criticism, and that he should have descended, not unfrequently, to a species of personal attack which seldom fails to injure the cause it is intended to support. Some of the remarks of the French biographer have been represented by him as injurious to the memory of Newton, and even as having a tendency to throw discredit on the truths of revealed religion. To these charges M. Biot has recently given a formal, and, we think, a very satisfactory answer in the three numbers we have quoted of the *Journal des Savans*; but as this periodical is not extensively circulated in this country, while the charges and insinuations which it repels are in the hands of every one, we think it peculiarly incumbent on us, as foreign reviewers, to set the illustrious foreigner right in the eyes of our countrymen, and to contribute what is in our power to make his defence as widely known as the accusations brought against him.

At the commencement of his remarks on that part of Sir D. Brewster's work in which he gives an account of Newton's optical discoveries, M. Biot has pointed out a mistake into which Sir D. Brewster has fallen, in his relation of one of Newton's experiments, and which, considering the great attention he has bestowed on this branch of science, as well as the precise manner in which the experiment has been related, is not a little remarkable, and tends to give rather an unfavourable impression of his general accuracy. The subject referred to is the composition of the solar spectrum, in the examination of which Sir D. Brewster has imputed to Newton the gross oversight of having neglected the effect produced by the apparent diameter of the sun. A very few words will render the subject intelligible. Conceive a beam of white light admitted through a small hole into a darkened chamber, to be composed of any number of homogeneous rays, each having its peculiar colour and degree of refrangibility. Each of these rays, when separated by the prism, will form on the spectrum a circular image of the sun, the centre of which is fixed,

(being determined by the refrangibility of the light of that colour,) but of which the magnitude will depend on the angle at the hole subtended by the sun's apparent diameter. Now if the diameters of these coloured circles exceed the distance between the centres of two adjacent ones, it is clear that the circles must *overlap*, and the two contiguous colours be partly blended together. But as the apparent diameter of the sun depends on the distance from which he is seen, it is easy to see that by diminishing that distance, the diameters of the coloured circles may be so much increased, that several of them would interfere with one another, and partly cover the same spaces. In this case some of the colours would be confounded, and disappear from the middle of the spectrum.

"Had two other observers," says Sir D. Brewster, "one situated in Mercury, and the other in Jupiter, studied the prismatic spectrum of the sun by the same instruments, and with the same sagacity as Newton, it is demonstrable that they would have obtained very different results. On account of the apparent magnitude of the sun in Mercury, the observer there would obtain a spectrum entirely without *green*, having *red*, *orange*, and *yellow* at one end, the white in the middle, and terminated at the other end with *blue* and *violet*. The observer in Jupiter would, on the contrary, have obtained a spectrum in which the colours were much more condensed."—p. 63.

Again,

"Had Newton examined his spectrum under the very same circumstances in winter and in summer, he would have found the analysis of the beam more complete in summer, on account of the diminution of the sun's diameter; and, therefore, we are entitled to say that neither the number nor the extent of the coloured spaces, as given by Newton, are those which belong to homogeneous and uncompounded light." p. 63, 64.

All this is very true, and exceedingly ingenious; but Newton fell into no such error as that which is here imputed to him. In order to avoid the overlapping of the colours, and to obtain a perfect spectrum, it is simply necessary to concentrate the cone of light by means of a convex lens, and to place the prism behind it. By this means, the diameters of the coloured circles may be diminished at pleasure; and the experiment is better performed in this way than it could be in Jupiter or Saturn; because, while the same effect is produced as if the sun's diameter were diminished, the intensity of the illumination is greater, by reason of the less distance of the sun. Now this is precisely what Newton did; and not satisfied with taking every possible precaution to obtain a perfect decomposition of the solar spectrum, he had recourse to that of the planet Venus, because, as he remarks in a

letter to Oldenburg, the rays of light coming from it are less inclined to one another than those which come from the opposite borders of the sun's disk. So far, then, as concerns the refrangibility of light, the experiments of Newton were complete, and if there is any thing in the whole train of his investigation that can be regarded as a failure, it is, that he did not notice the differences that exist in the *dispersive* powers of prisms formed of different substances.

M. Biot also justly observes, in reference to this subject, that Newton no where supposes the simple colours to be limited to *seven*, or any other definite number, as is commonly, but erroneously, imputed to him, even by Sir D. Brewster, as in the above extract. On the contrary, when he has occasion to explain the constitution of the spectrum, he expressly recognizes an *infinity* of simple rays, gradually differing in colour and refrangibility. But having frequently occasion to specify the different parts of the spectrum, he establishes, merely for the sake of rendering the description more clear, seven divisions, as containing so many colours sensibly differing from each other.

Notwithstanding these slips, the account which Sir D. Brewster has given of Newton's experiments and discoveries on the subject of light is really deserving of high commendation. He has also added to its interest by including a rapid, but extremely perspicuous sketch of the history of that branch of physics before it fell into the hands of Newton, as well as of its progress since, and of the general theoretical bearing of the immense multitude of new facts that have more recently been disclosed, and with the discovery of which his own name is so intimately and honourably associated. The subject, indeed, could only be well handled by a master. In no part of Newton's researches, not even in his most successful attempts to establish the laws of the solar system, and trace the complicated phenomena of gravitation, does his genius shine forth with a more brilliant lustre, or are the peculiar qualities of his mind, cautiousness, accuracy, boldness and originality, perceived to greater advantage. Though experimental philosophy was yet only in its infancy, the *Optics* furnishes one of the finest and most instructive examples of inductive research, which the history of physical science presents to our consideration.

By those who have satisfied themselves with only a general view of the history of science, Newton is chiefly regarded as the discoverer of the law of gravity, and the founder of physical astronomy. It is on his astronomical discoveries at least that his popular fame chiefly rests; yet Sir D. Brewster has discussed his researches in this department with far greater brevity than the

Optics, and not in the same masterly manner. The principal results which Newton obtained are indeed enumerated; but we are not sufficiently informed either of the difficulties he had to encounter, of the manner in which he contrived to overcome or elude them, or of the influence which his labours had on the subsequent discoveries connected with the constitution of the world.

When we reflect on the very imperfect state of the infinitesimal calculus, at the time of the publication of the *Principia*, the number of splendid consequences at which Newton arrived in that immortal production cannot be contemplated without astonishment. With a genius that seemed to crush interposing obstacles, Newton reached his ends with very inadequate instruments of investigation. He attached the theory of the figures of the planets, demonstrated the ratio of the equatorial to the polar diameter of the earth; showed the cause of the tides, and assigned the relative action of the sun and moon in their production; determined the masses of the sun and such of the planets as are accompanied with satellites; sketched out the lunar theory, and computed some of the principal inequalities in the motion of our satellite; explained the cause of the precession of the equinoxes; and gave a method of computing the eccentric orbits of the comets. "These great discoveries," says Laplace, "presented with much elegance, assure to the *Principia* a pre-eminence above all the productions of the human mind."* Nevertheless, and it is a very remarkable fact in the history of science, this work, which has since been so much admired by those who understood it, and so much lauded and spoken of by many who understood it not, and which was destined to accomplish so great a revolution in Natural Philosophy, for a long time attracted very little notice from the first mathematicians in Europe. Leibnitz himself misapprehended the principle of gravitation; Huygens never admitted its existence among the elementary particles of matter; John Bernoulli was too strongly prejudiced against Newton, in consequence of the quarrel with Leibnitz, to judge of the work with impartiality; and it was not till the important questions connected with the mutual perturbations of the planets began to occupy the attention of Euler, Clairaut, and D'Alembert, that the theory of Newton acquired a firm footing on the continent. Newton survived his great work forty years, and at the time of his death, according to a remark of Voltaire, the *Principia* had not twenty readers out of England. This may be accounted for, partly by the very limited diffusion of mathematical knowledge at that time, and partly by the adoption of the synthetic method of de-

* Exposition du Systeme du Monde, p. 419.

monstration, which renders the perusal of the work a difficult and unnecessarily laborious task, even to those who have made considerable advances in mathematical learning. It may appear a paradoxical assertion, but we doubt not it is a true one, that the number of its readers, out of England, is not greater at the present time. A few mathematicians of the first order, men, for example, like Laplace and Biot, will continue to study it, especially in reference to its connexion with the history of science; but with the great mass of geometers, even in our own country, it is a work laid on the shelf; and for this very good reason, that methods, infinitely more simple and comprehensive, have been devised of demonstrating the same results. In the progress of analysis, the solution of whole classes of problems has been frequently comprehended in a single formula; and difficulties which, according to Newton's methods, could only be vanquished individually by a special and often laborious exercise of the understanding, now easily give way to general methods and systematic rules.

Having concluded his brief account of the *Principia*, Sir D. Brewster proceeds to enumerate the discoveries of Newton in pure mathematics. A large portion of this division of his subject is taken up with the famous controversy with Leibnitz respecting the invention of the infinitesimal analysis—a controversy which was carried on with a bitterness of feeling on both sides, that at this distance of time can only excite pain. In the account which he has given of this unfortunate and protracted quarrel, Sir D. Brewster appears to have been animated by the spirit of a zealous partisan, and to have regarded it in the same light in which it was viewed by some of the most active and least discreet of Newton's friends, namely, as a systematic attempt on the part of the continental mathematicians to insult England in the person of her greatest philosopher. It is not without reason that Biot complains, that

“ though it cannot be said that he (Sir D. Brewster) represents Leibnitz exactly as having taken the differential calculus from Newton, yet the series of inventions of these two great men, and their communication by letter, are related so artfully, the characters of their methods are represented as being so analogous, the differences in their analytical processes as so trifling, and the irritation of the one as so keen, compared with the forbearance of the other, that all the wrongs, all the injustice, appear to have sprung from Leibnitz, if, indeed, his conduct does not deserve even greater reproach.”—*Journal des Savans*, Mai, 1832, p. 266.

It is not necessary, in order to come to a right conclusion, to enter into many details respecting this long and angry controversy. The documents that are really essential in order to place the ques-

tion on its right footing may be discussed within a small compass, and are in fact contained in four letters that passed between Newton and Leibnitz, through the medium of Oldenburg, the Secretary of the Royal Society, and which are published in the *Commercium Epistolicum*. All the subsequent proceedings that took place from the publication of Newton's *Optics* in 1704, when the quarrel began, till the death of Leibnitz in 1716, when it terminated, though they throw some light on the literary history of that age, may be flung aside without detriment to the question at issue.

The first is a letter from Newton, addressed to Oldenburg for the purpose of being transmitted to Leibnitz, and is dated June 23, 1676. This contains the binomial theorem, and some results found by Newton relative to series, but gives no hint whatever of any peculiar method by which these results had been obtained. Newton merely states that he was in possession of a method, by the aid of which, when the series were given, he could find the quadratures of the curves whence they were derived, as well as the volumes and centres of gravity of the solids engendered by their revolution. Leibnitz replied to this letter by another, which bears the date of the 27th of the following August; and after remarking that all the objects mentioned in Newton's letter could be effected by a method already published by Mercator, he adds, that he himself, in the investigation of similar problems, employed a different method, which consisted in the *decomposition of the given curve into its elements*, and in the subsequent transformation of these infinitely small elements into other equivalents. He then gives some examples of the application of his method, and adds, that with regard to those questions, in the solution of which it is necessary to pass from the tangent to the curve, he had *already solved many of them by a direct analysis*; and instances one, which, though it had appeared of great difficulty to Descartes and Beaune, neither of whom was able to find the solution, yielded to his method on the first attempt.*

A less specific statement than the above might have sufficed to show Newton that Leibnitz already closely touched upon a method equivalent to that of fluxions, if, indeed, he was not actually in possession of it. Accordingly, as if anxious to establish the priority of his claim, he lost no time in addressing a second and very elaborate letter to Oldenburg, dated the 24th of October of the same year (1676), in which, after giving an account of the process by which he had been led to the discovery of the series referred to in his former letter, he states, that he was in possession

* *Commercium Epistolicum*, 2d ed. p. 141.

of two methods applicable to the problems involving the inverse method of tangents. But instead of frankly communicating these methods, he thought fit to conceal them in anagrams, or sentences of transposed characters, in order, doubtless, as Biot remarks, that he might have a proof of the priority of the invention in the hands of Leibnitz himself. It would appear that this letter, from some unexplained cause, did not come into the hands of Leibnitz till a considerable time after it was written, as his reply to it bears the date of the 21st of June in the following year 1677. In this second reply, Leibnitz adopted the precise course which might be expected would be taken by a man perfectly conscious of the independence of his discoveries. Laying aside all mystery and concealment whatever, he gave a frank, full, and explicit exposition of the differential calculus, with its algorithm, its rules, the method of forming differential equations, and the application to examples; employing, moreover, the identical notation which he had made use of in his first letter, or that of the previous year.

The question to be considered is, not whether Newton or Leibnitz was the first inventor,—because it is admitted that Newton was in possession of his method of fluxions so early as the year 1669; but—whether Leibnitz borrowed his calculus from Newton. To determine this question, it is obviously most essential to take into consideration the first letter of Leibnitz, that of the 27th of August, 1676, which clearly proves him to have been in possession of his differential calculus before the famous letter of Newton was written, in which the method of fluxions was not indeed communicated (being locked up in anagrams which no one ever pretended were deciphered), but, according to Sir D. Brewster, “so fully described, that Leibnitz could scarcely fail to discover that Newton possessed the secret of which geometers had been so long in quest.” (p. 197.) Now it is a most extraordinary fact, that this very important letter has not been once mentioned, or its existence so much as alluded to by Sir D. Brewster. “Heaven defend us,” exclaims Biot, “from supposing there was an intention of infidelity in this omission, but it was inevitably necessary that we should repair it, on account of the importance of the omitted document.”—*Journal des Savans*, Mai, 1832, p. 267.

Even from the brief account which we have been able to give of the early communications between Newton and Leibnitz, it will be readily perceived that their intercourse was at first of the most friendly nature, though marked on Newton's side by some traces of suspicion. Had any dispute arisen at this time about their respective claims to the invention, it would, in all probability, have been settled amicably and satisfactorily. Unfortunately, it

sprung up thirty years later, when the different steps by which the inventors had been led to their discoveries were in a great measure forgotten, and when Newton and Leibnitz themselves could only appeal to the correspondence we have quoted for facts respecting which, at the time of the discovery, there could have been no dispute. Leibnitz, conscious of his own rights, appealed against the attacks that began to be levelled at his good faith to the Royal Society, which was presided over by Newton, and which contained many members who had taken up the matter as a national, or even a personal quarrel. The committee appointed to examine into the circumstances acted, we must admit, with the most scrupulous impartiality, so far as regarded the collection and publication of documentary evidence; but in their report, by insinuating that Leibnitz *might* have taken advantage of the previous discoveries of Newton, they seemed to leave it doubtful if he had not actually done so. By the decision of posterity, the originality and independence of Leibnitz's discoveries have been fully allowed. The subject might here, then, be allowed to drop, for although the biographer of Newton must needs give an account of those lamentable dissensions, he is not called upon to revive them, or to renew exploded calumnies, which, first uttered in a moment of irritation, were better consigned to oblivion. Sir D. Brewster has not, however, viewed the subject in this light; and in his one-eyed zeal to promote the glory of Newton, or rather to justify Newton's instigators in the controversy, he has not hesitated to cast aspersions on the character of Leibnitz, which his conduct, violent as it sometimes was, certainly did not warrant. The following is his account of the breaking out of the quarrel:—

“ When Newton's *Optics* appeared, in 1704, accompanied by his *Treatise on the Quadrature of Curves*, and his *Enumeration of Lines of the Third Order*, the Editor of the *Leipzig Acts* (whom Newton supposed to be Leibnitz himself) took occasion to review the first of these tracts. After giving an imperfect analysis of its contents, he compared the method of fluxions with the differential calculus, and in a sentence of some ambiguity,* he states that Newton employed fluxions in place of the differences of Leibnitz, and made use of them in his *Principia* in the same manner as Honoratus Fabri, in his *Synopsis of Geometry*, had substituted progressive motion in place of the indivisibles of Cavalieri. As Fabri, therefore, was not the inventor of the method which is here referred to, but borrowed it from Cavalieri, and only changed the mode of its expression, there can be no doubt that the artful insinuation contained in the above passage was intended to convey the impression that

* Pro differentiis igitur Leibnitianis D. Newtonus adhibet, semperque adhibuit, fluxiones; . . . usque tam in suis *Principiis Naturæ Mathematicæ*, tum in aliis postea editis, eleganter est usus; quemadmodum et Honoratus Fabrius in sua *Synopsi Geometrica* motuum que progressus Cavallerianæ methodo substituit.

Newton had *stole* his method of fluxions from Leibnitz. The indirect character of this attack, in place of mitigating its severity, renders it doubly odious ; and we are persuaded that no candid reader can peruse the passage without a strong conviction that it justifies, to the fullest extent, the indignant feelings which it excited among the English philosophers."—pp. 202, 203.

So far from participating in this conviction, we feel persuaded, on the contrary, that no reader but one blinded by party prejudice, would ever have dreamed of giving the words of the reviewer any such interpretation. We cannot, however, accuse Sir D. Brewster of being the discoverer of the "artful insinuation" contained in the comparison above quoted ; he has only repeated the interpretation put on the passage in the Observations on the *Commercium Epistolicum*. But, unfortunately, he does not seem to think it necessary to listen to two sides of an argument, for he could not but know, though he has carefully kept it out of view, that Leibnitz, in a letter to the Abbé Conti, pointedly declares the interpretation given by the friends of Newton to be the malignant interpretation of one who sought occasion to make mischief,—an interpretation which the author of the review seemed particularly to have guarded against by the words "*adhibet, semperque adhibuit*;" and triumphantly appeals to the plain sense of the passage, to which no other meaning can justly be given than that Newton had employed fluxions, not only *after* having seen the differences of Leibnitz, but even *before*. Newton, indeed, did not acquiesce in this explanation, and made some remarks on the original passage tending to justify the interpretation of his friends. Sir D. Brewster follows the same line of argument, and it is amusing to see how confidently he assumes as incontestable facts that the review was written by Leibnitz, and that the interpretation which he has adopted is the correct one. "If it would have been criminal to charge Leibnitz with plagiarism, what must we think of those who dared to charge Newton with borrowing his fluxions from Leibnitz? This odious accusation *was made by Leibnitz himself*, and by Bernoulli, and we have seen that the former repeated it again and again, as if his own good name rested on the destruction of that of his rival."—p. 217.

The revival of charges originally brought forward in the heat of controversy, and supported by such feeble evidence, is in exceedingly bad taste. Transcendent as was the genius of Newton, and justly as England glories in him as the first of her sons, Leibnitz was in every respect a rival worthy of him. Few men have ranged over a more extensive domain. His vast genius, seconded by a memory of extraordinary tenacity, had rendered itself master of almost every department of human knowledge. In general lite-

rature, history, poetry, jurisprudence, physics, metaphysics, theology, he was one of the most illustrious writers of his age; and with regard to the particular province in which the controversy we have been considering arose, he was at least the undisputed inventor of the algorithm and notation which have been universally adopted, and to which the infinitesimal analysis is principally indebted for its progress. Genius and talents, we admit, are no excuse for injustice, but after all, to what do the charges brought against him amount? There are two only which have assumed a tangible shape. One is, that "he was the first who dared to breathe the charge of plagiarism against Newton." This, we have seen, rests at best on a strained interpretation of a passage which it is not certain that Leibnitz ever wrote. The other is, that he "calumniated that great man (Newton) in his correspondence with the Princess of Wales, by whom he was respected and beloved." The calumny, it seems, consisted in his representing the philosophy of Newton as tending to materialism, and therefore dangerous to religion. In all accusations of this sort it is the motive that inflicts the sting; and it is not affirmed that Leibnitz's representations did not proceed from his serious conviction. Others, at that time, took the same view of Newton's argument; and theological tolerance was not one of the virtues of the age. But if such failings, deplorable we admit, must necessarily be dragged to light, at all events the balance ought to be held evenly between the two parties. Newton's own conduct in the affair does not appear to advantage. "He went so far," says Biot, "as to affirm that Leibnitz had deprived him of the differential calculus, and then, that this calculus was identical with Barrow's method of tangents." In the first and second editions of the *Principia*, he had inserted a *Scholium*, in which he generously but justly acknowledges the independent rights of Leibnitz to the differential calculus. Afterwards, irritated perhaps by the violence of Leibnitz and Bernoulli, he gave out that the paragraph was solely intended to assert his claim to priority; and in the third edition he had the weakness to suppress it altogether. Nay, more: after the death of his rival, when all feelings of animosity might be supposed to have ceased, he published two new letters of Leibnitz, accompanied with a bitter refutation, which he had indeed written before that event, but shown only to his friends. These proceedings, surely, do not form part of the conduct which Sir D. Brewster describes as having been "at all times dignified and just." Unfortunately, the world does not now require to be told that the possession of the greatest genius and the loftiest intellect does not necessarily imply the absence of those petty passions which agitate and prey on the weakest minds.

In entering on the subject of that illness which terminated Newton's scientific career, we feel that we are approaching a question which, by reason of the extraordinary manner in which it has been treated, has become one of great delicacy. We shall state the principal facts as briefly as possible.

M. Biot, in his article in the *Biographie Universelle*, published the following note, which had been discovered among the manuscripts of the celebrated Huygens, deposited in the library at Leyden.

“On the 29th of May, 1694, M. Colin, a Scotsman, informed me that, eighteen months ago, the illustrious geometer, Isaac Newton, had become insane, either in consequence of his too intense application to his studies, or from excessive grief at having lost by fire his chemical laboratory and several manuscripts. When he came to the Archbishop of Cambridge,* he made some observations which indicated an alienation of mind. He was immediately taken care of by his friends, who confined him to his house and applied remedies, by means of which he had now so far recovered his health that he began to understand the *Principia*.”

Although the accident of the fire, mentioned in this relation, had often been noticed, yet no such effect as is here stated was ever hinted at, or suspected by any of Newton's former biographers. Biot seems accordingly to have been greatly struck with the relation, and in his remarks connected it with the extraordinary and hitherto unaccounted-for fact, that Newton, who displayed such transcendent powers in early youth, accomplished nothing for science during the long evening of his life, and from the time of the publication of the *Principia*, continued during forty years a mere spectator of the developement of those great truths which his genius had revealed to mankind. He supposes, in short, that the mind of Newton never entirely recovered the shock it sustained at that period. This is perhaps laying an unwarrantable stress on the passage, even supposing it to contain an exact account of what actually occurred; and an explanation of Newton's discontinuance of mathematical studies may be found in the interruptions arising from the duties of the official situation which he held, and more especially in a constitutional languor, which, gathering force with advancing years, indisposed him to severe mental exertion, without its being necessary to suppose that his mind was exhausted by study, or destroyed by disease. However this may be, the relation given to Huygens was certainly worth inquiring into, and Sir D. Brewster accordingly professes to have taken great pains to investigate fully the nature and extent

* The words of the original are “cum ad Archiepiscopum Cantabrigiensem venisset.” As Newton frequently resided in London at that time, it is not improbable that the Archbishop of Canterbury is the person meant.

of the alleged malady. But with a perverted ingenuity which invariably leads him to discover evil motives even in the simple statement of opinions differing from his own, he has surrounded the question with circumstances entirely foreign to it; and instead of a dispassionate and philosophic inquiry into the facts, he has treated the whole relation as a calumny on the memory of Newton, and an impious attempt to deprive the Christian religion of Newton's high testimony in its favour. Entertaining these feelings, his arguments are of course all on one side; but fortunately, he has had industry enough to collect, and candour enough to produce, a sufficient number of documents to enable the reader to form an opinion for himself.

The first document produced by Sir D. Brewster, and one on which he lays great stress, is an extract from a manuscript journal of Mr. Abraham de la Pryme, who was a student at Cambridge while Newton was a fellow of Trinity college. It is as follows:

"1692, February 3d. What I heard to-day I must relate. There is one Mr. Newton, (whom I have very oft seen,) Fellow of Trinity college, that is mighty famous for his learning, being a most excellent mathematician, philosopher, divine, &c. He has been Fellow of the Royal Society these many years; and amongst other very learned books and tracts he's written one upon the mathematical principles of philosophy, which has got him a mighty name, he having received, especially from Scotland, abundance of congratulatory letters for the same; but of all the books that he ever wrote, there was one of colours and light, established upon thousands of experiments which he had been twenty years of making, and which had cost him many hundred of pounds. This book, which he valued so much, and which was so much talked of, had the ill luck to perish, and be utterly lost, just when the learned author was almost at putting a conclusion at the same, after this manner: In a winter's morning, leaving it amongst his other papers on his study table whilst he went to chapel, the candle, which he had unfortunately left burning there too, caught hold by some means of other papers, and they fired the aforesaid book, and utterly consumed it and several other valuable writings; and, which is most wonderful, did no further mischief. But when Mr. Newton came from chapel, and had seen what was done, every one thought he would have run mad, he was so troubled thereat, that he was not himself for a month after."—*Brewster*, pp. 228, 229.

This account agrees sufficiently with that of Huygens in its general features, but in order to ascertain if they both allude to the same fact, it is necessary to examine whether they agree in referring it to the same date. The entry in Pryme's Journal is Feb. 3d, 1692; and, consequently, from the expression *he was not himself for a month after*, the occurrence of the accident by which Newton lost his papers, could not be *later* than the begin-

ning of the year 1692, though it might have been some months earlier. But according to the relation communicated by Huygens, it must have occurred about eighteen months previous to the 29th of May, 1694, that is to say, about the month of November, or towards the end of the year 1692. There is consequently an apparent discrepancy in the two dates, on which Sir D. Brewster founds an argument to prove that the account given to Huygens must have been entirely groundless. But in bringing forward this argument, Sir D. Brewster has, with singular inadvertence, overlooked the difference of the calendar employed at that time in England and on the continent. Previous to the reformation of the calendar in 1752, the legal year in England commenced at Lady-day, or the 25th of March, and it was the usual practice to date the year from that epoch; accordingly, an event happening between the 1st of January and the 25th of March was dated a whole year *earlier* in England than on the continent, the intervening period being counted as belonging to the past year. It was not unusual, indeed, particularly in foreign correspondence or in important documents, to mark the year both ways; but it would be singular if Mr. Pryme, in a private diary, and using only the single date, had not followed the usual and prevalent mode. Here the single date 1692 in Pryme's journal, ought, undoubtedly, to be read 1692-3; that is to say, 1692 according to the custom which then prevailed in England, but 1693 according to the calendar now in use, and which was at that time used on the continent; and as the accident which he relates must have happened before the beginning of that year, his account, in respect of date at least, agrees perfectly with that of Huygens.

Had there existed no other documents than the two which we have now quoted, tending to throw light on this melancholy passage in the life of Newton, the relation given to Huygens might have passed for an exaggerated statement of some trivial or temporary bodily disorder. On a careful examination, however, of the history of that period of Newton's life, circumstances have been discovered which go far to confirm that relation. It states that Newton was only beginning to understand the "*Principia*" eighteen months after the occurrence of the misfortune; the illness must therefore have continued at least eighteen months; if then, it can be discovered how Newton was employed during this interval, we shall be better enabled to judge of the probability of the statement.

"Now," says Sir David Brewster, "it is a most important circumstance, which M. Biot ought to have known, that *in the very middle of this period*, Newton wrote his four celebrated letters to Dr. Bentley on

the Existence of a Deity,—letters which evince a power of thought and a serenity of mind absolutely incompatible even with the slightest obscuration of his faculties. No man can peruse these letters without the conviction that their author then possessed the full vigour of his reason, and was capable of understanding the most profound part of his writings. The first of these letters was written on the 10th of December, 1692, the second on the 17th January, 1693, the third on the 25th February, and the fourth on the 11th February, 1693. His mind was therefore, strong and vigorous on these four occasions; and as the letters were written at the express request of Dr. Bentley, who had been appointed to deliver the lecture, founded by Mr. Boyle, for vindicating the fundamental principles of natural and revealed religion, we must consider such a request as showing his opinion of the strength and freshness of his friend's mental powers."—*Brewster*, p. 230.

In the above extract, Sir D. Brewster, fixing the epoch according to the relation of Pryme, and deceived by the mistake into which he has fallen with regard to the calendar, assumes that the malady existed from the *beginning* instead of the end of the year 1692. This mistake considerably affects the argument. The first letter is *dated* the 10th of December, 1692, consequently it must have been composed *before* that date. But the destruction of the papers must be referred, as we have seen, according to Pryme's memorandum, to the same December, though we cannot fix on the day; and, according to the relation given to Huygens by Colin, (if the phrase "eighteen months ago" is to be interpreted literally) to the 29th of the preceding November. It is obvious, however, that neither of the accounts was intended to give the exact date of the occurrence; we may, therefore, without any straining, suppose that it happened after the 10th of December, and on this very reasonable supposition the argument drawn from the first letter falls entirely to the ground. The second letter is originally dated Jan. 17th, 1692-3; the third, Feb. 25th, 1692-3, and the fourth, Feb. 11th, 1693 only. But as this last bears internal evidence of having been written after the others, there can be no doubt that the single date, 1693, was used in the ordinary sense, and that the year designated is 1694, according to our present mode of reckoning. This explanation clears up the difficulty respecting the order of the dates of these celebrated letters; and the fourth, instead of having an *earlier* date than the third, appears to have been written a whole year later, or about fourteen months after the accident, when Newton's convalescence may be supposed to have been considerably advanced. Thus the second and third letters only fall properly within the period when, according to the relation of Colin, Newton was suffering the greatest of human misfortunes.

Now, with respect to the evidence which these letters furnish

of Newton's uninterrupted sanity, M. Biot justly remarks that the first letter is the principal one, or rather the only one of any importance; the three others merely containing corrections or explanations of the arguments employed in the first. But instead of being "absolutely incompatible with the slightest obscuration of his mental powers" we can really see no inconsistency in supposing Newton to be capable of even a higher effort, although suffering under the calamity with which he is described as having been afflicted. Into the merits of the theological argument they support, it is unnecessary to enter. Allowing them to possess all the excellence that has been ascribed to them by Sir David Brewster, they are still far from affording any satisfactory proof of undisturbed tranquillity of mind. The following reflections of M. Biot put this in a strong light.

"Newton might even then meditate on the Deity, and express himself with elevation on that sublime subject, and yet the greatness and force of his thoughts not be sufficient to invalidate the testimony of positive documents as to the temporary aberration of his reason. Such is the frightful condition of man. Genius and madness may exist in his mind side by side and simultaneously. Pascal, having once suffered a great physical terror, from that time imagined that he beheld a gulf yawning beside him. His mind, disturbed and terrified, presented him with ascetic visions, the incoherent details of which he fixed in writing. He concealed these pious scraps in his garments, carried them about with him, and preserved them till his dying day; and in this state of mind wrote his profound *Thoughts* on God, on the world, and on man, showing an infinitely judicious and acute observation and appreciation of human societies, and of the artificial conditions by which they are united. And, what completes our astonishment, the expression of these *Thoughts* is admirable for the force, the grandeur, and concision of the style. Yet he himself attached not the slightest value to them. After having written down on some loose leaf, at the moment of inspiration, the idea present in his mind, he threw the paper aside as useless, so that it was only in consequence of the scrupulous respect which his memory inspired that those fragments which we possess were preserved. The letters of Newton to Bentley are not of this order of philosophy, &c."—*Journal des Savans*, Juin, 1832, p. 333.

Besides the letters to Bentley, Sir D. Brewster cites also a correspondence with Dr. Wallis as affording facts which "stand in direct contradiction to the statement recorded by Huygens." There are two letters to Dr. Wallis, the first dated the 27th August, and the second the 17th September; and likewise a paper containing some observations on halos, dated the 16th June, all in the year 1692. But all these dates are anterior to December, 1692, the epoch of the accident according to the account of Huygens and Pryme. This correspondence, therefore, does not touch

the question in any way ; and it is unnecessary to add, that it has only been adduced through the mistake into which Sir D. Brewster has inadvertently fallen in respect of the calendar.

Such are the documents that have been brought forward to disprove the relation given to Huygens. We shall now briefly notice a few others having an opposite tendency, and which seem to leave no doubt whatever of Newton's temporary insanity. With regard to the exact amount of the affliction, or the permanent effect it produced on his mind, it would now be in vain to look for direct testimony. The following letter is addressed to Mr. Pepys, Secretary to the Admiralty :—

“ Sept. 13, 1693.

“ Sir,—Some time after Mr. Millington had delivered your message, he pressed me to see you the next time I went to London. I was averse ; but upon his pressing consented, before I considered what I did, for I am extremely troubled at the embroilment I am in, and have neither ate nor slept well this twelvemonth, nor have my former consistency of mind. I never designed to get any thing by your interest, nor by King James's favour, but am now sensible I must withdraw from your acquaintance, and see neither you nor the rest of my friends any more, if I may but leave them quietly. I beg your pardon for saying I would see you again, and rest your most humble and most obedient servant, IS. NEWTON.”—*Brewster*, p. 232.

The astonishment which Mr. Pepys felt on receiving this singular and incoherent epistle may easily be conceived. Thinking Newton had gone mad, and not knowing well what reply to make, he wrote to the Mr. Millington named in the letter, then residing in Magdalen College, to inquire into Newton's health, “ but the inquiry having been made in a vague manner, an answer equally vague was returned.” Mr. Pepys, however, did not rest satisfied, and wrote a second letter to Mr. Millington in more explicit terms, which produced a reply from which we quote the following passage :—

“ I was, I must confess, very much surprised at the inquiry you were pleased to make by your nephew about the message that Mr. Newton made the ground of his letter to you, for *I was very sure I never either received from you or delivered to him any such* ; and therefore I went immediately to wait upon him, with a design to discourse him about the matter, but he was out of town, and since I have not seen him, till upon the 28th I met him at Huntingdon, where, upon his own accord, and before I had time to ask him any question, he told me that he had writt to you a very odd letter, at which he was much concerned ; added, that it was in a distemper that much seized his head, and that kept him awake for above five nights together, which upon occasion he desired I would represent to you, and beg your pardon, he being very much ashamed he should be so rude to a person for whom he hath so great an honour. He

is now very well, and, though I fear he is under some small degree of melancholy, yet I think there is no reason to suspect it hath at all touched his understanding, and I hope never will."—*Brewster*, pp. 234, 235.

Although Sir D. Brewster says that Mr. Pepys was perfectly satisfied with this explanation, most of our readers, we think, will be inclined to draw from it a conclusion totally opposite to that which he wishes to establish. One fact is put beyond all doubt, namely, that about the middle of September, 1693, that is to say, about nine months after the date of the accident by which his papers were destroyed, Newton was suffering severe bodily indisposition; that it produced great depression of spirits and nervous irritability, and that he entertained fancies which could have no other origin than in a distempered imagination. He mentions, in his letter to Pepys, that he had not enjoyed his "former consistency of mind for a twelvemonth." This expression, taken literally in regard to time, would fix the commencement of the disease at an earlier date than that of the accident; but we are inclined to lay very little stress on the exact determination of the date. It is perfectly obvious that neither the "eighteen months ago" of Huygens, nor the expression "he was not himself for a month after" of Pryme, nor the "twelvemonth" of Newton, can be regarded as intended to fix precisely a particular period of time. Most probably the approaches of the disease were gradual, and the mental disturbance preceded by an uncertain period of physical derangement.

The only other documents we shall quote are the well known letters to Locke, the first of which was written only three days after his letter to Pepys.

"Sir,—Being of opinion that you endeavoured to embroil me with women, and by other means, I was so much affected with it, as that when one told me you were sickly and would not live, I answered, 'twere better if you were dead. I desire you to forgive me this uncharitableness; for I am now satisfied that what you have done is just, and I beg your pardon for my having hard thoughts of you for it, and for representing that you struck at the root of morality, in a principle you laid down in your book of ideas, and designed to pursue in another book, and that I took you for a Hobbist. I beg your pardon also for saying or thinking that there was a design to sell me an office, or to embroil me. I am your most humble and unfortunate servant, "IS. NEWTON."

"London, Sept. 16th, 1693."—*Brewster*, p. 238.

The reply of Locke (which we have not room to extract) is filled with expressions of the most affectionate regard for Newton, and characterised by the train of good feeling to which so melancholy an announcement might be supposed to give rise, in a mind far above conceiving any offence, and only anxious about

the situation of his friend. Newton's reply is conceived in the following terms:—

"Sir,—The last winter, by sleeping too often by my fire, I got an ill habit of sleeping; and a distemper, which has this summer been epidemical, put me farther out of order, so that when I wrote to you, I had not slept an hour a night for a fortnight together, and for five days together not a wink. I remember I wrote to you, but what I said of your book I remember not. If you please to send me a transcript of that passage, I will give you an account of it if I can. I am your most humble servant,

"IS. NEWTON.

"Cambridge, Oct. 5th, 1693."

"Enough," exclaims M. Biot, "and doubtless more than enough, to establish this point of literary history. There is not one of these documents which does not agree in showing the unfortunate Newton, deprived of that sublime intelligence which had elevated him above other men, and suffering in his noblest part, the common afflictions of life. One would here wish to withdraw his regards, and to rest satisfied with meditating on so great an example of human weakness. But it is no longer permitted to us to retain our respectful reserve. A philosopher, whose opinion cannot be despised, has represented our silence as an offence against this noble genius, whom, however, our admiration has placed on a higher ground than his defence has done; and through a zeal, imprudent at least if not unjust, a countryman of Newton has stirred up afresh the recollection of his bodily afflictions, in order to draw from them a public title of religious accusation against ourselves, and especially against that illustrious individual, now in the grave, whom, nevertheless, he proclaims as the most worthy of Newton's successors."—*Journal des Savans*, Juin, 1832, p. 331.

The nature of the accusation of which M. Biot here complains so justly, may be inferred from the following paragraph:—

"The celebrated Marquis de la Place viewed the illness of Newton in a light still more painful to his friends. He maintained that he never recovered the vigour of his intellect, and he was persuaded that Newton's theological inquiries did not commence till after that afflicting period of his life. He even commissioned Professor Gautier of Geneva to make inquiries on this subject during his visit to England, as if it concerned the interests of truth and justice to show that Newton became a Christian and a theological writer only, after the decay of his strength and the eclipse of his reason."—*Brewster*, p. 227.

It is curious to remark the strange inconsistency in the charge of anti-religious sentiments, and even of active hostility to religion, so wantonly preferred against Laplace in the above passage, and the high-toned indignation which Sir D. Brewster assumes when he represents Leibnitz as having insinuated a charge of *plagiarism* against Newton. The statement respecting the commission given to Gautier is simply answered by a denial of its truth; and as to the motive inferred, neither Laplace, nor any one acquainted with

the character of Newton, or the manners of the age, could for a moment entertain the absurdity of supposing that Newton had not been a sincere Christian all the days of his life. The reply of Biot is admirable:—

“If a mind of the order of Laplace’s could, in fact, have entertained such sentiments without making them known in his writings, theology and religion would have been little indebted to Dr. Brewster for having rendered them public; and, supposing the ardour of his zeal had determined him to make them known for the purpose of refuting them, charity, if not justice, ought at least to have imposed on him the duty of scrupulously ascertaining their truth. To us who have known Laplace during more than thirty years in the most complete intimacy, the sort of anti-religious mission which he is represented as having given to Gautier appears doubly ridiculous, the one being as incapable of giving as the other of receiving it. Laplace, like ourselves, had been much struck with the note of Huygens. He might take a very philosophical interest in ascertaining the relations of date between the event spoken of in that note, and the succession of labours which occupied the life of Newton. Dr. Brewster might have tolerated a curiosity in which, apparently, he himself partakes; but with regard to the anti-religious mission, *we hold in our hands a letter from Professor Gautier himself, in which he authorises us formally to disavow it.*”—*Journal des Savans*, Juin, 1832, p. 323.

Having conceived the idea that the report of Newton’s insanity is injurious to the interests of religion, Sir D. Brewster resolutely undertakes to disprove it altogether. It is certainly a singular circumstance that such a fact should not have been noticed by any preceding biographer, yet the note of Huygens and the memorandum of Pryme are explicit testimonies, and the letters of Newton himself to Locke and Pepys speak a language that cannot be misunderstood. These last Sir D. Brewster passes over with a very slight notice, finding them somewhat difficult to reconcile with his theory of Newton’s “uninterrupted vigour of mind;” but he dwells at great length on the letters to Bentley, and we have seen how slender a support they afford his argument, especially when their correct dates are given. He speculates also on the *improbability* of the event, from considerations deduced from Newton’s general character and habits of life:—

“The unbroken equanimity of his mind, the purity of his moral character, his temperate and abstemious life, his ardent and unaffected piety, and the weakness of his imaginative powers, all indicated a mind which was not likely to be overset by any affliction to which it could be exposed.”—*Brewster*, p. 224.

Now it appears to us, that the character of Newton, as resulting from the facts given by Sir D. Brewster himself, leads to a directly opposite conclusion. He was constitutionally of a sombre and retiring disposition. In his youth he did not mingle in the

sports of his school-fellows; and at Cambridge, when fatigued with the abstruse researches on which he was so intently occupied, his mind, instead of being allowed to repose, was given to the study of mystical theology, and the interpretation of the prophecies and the Apocalypse. Even in the ordinary affairs of life his actions seem to have been marked by timidity and suspicion, the usual concomitants of a hypochondriacal temperament. He would not make known the results of his optical experiments, lest they should involve him in controversy. "Not one of his mathematical writings was voluntarily communicated to the world by himself." His demonstration of the planetary orbits from the principle of gravity was wrung from him by the importunities of Halley. His indecision respecting the publication of his *Historical Account of two notable Corruptions of the Scripture*, and his hesitation when requested to give an opinion before a committee of the House of Commons respecting Whiston's scheme for finding the longitude, all betoken a morbid constitution of mind, eminently prepared to call into activity the seeds of a disease, to whose desolating ravages the most highly-gifted and the most susceptible are generally the readiest victims.

In the note of Huygens, as well as the memorandum of Pryme, the immediate cause of Newton's illness is ascribed to the accidental destruction of his manuscripts. It is not necessary, for the truth of these statements, that the destruction of his papers and the loss of his reason should stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect; but the accident of the fire seems to be a fact of which there can be no doubt. Pryme says expressly that the work thus destroyed was a treatise on *Light and Colours*, whence it may be inferred that it was the *Optics*. M. Biot conjectures, with an appearance of probability, that it must have been a treatise on natural philosophy, containing probably a part of the *Optics*. This conjecture is formed on internal evidence furnished by the *Optics* itself. In fact, the first book of this treatise, which contains merely the analysis of light, had been presented long before to the Royal Society, and was consequently in safety. The second, which treats of the colours of thick plates, is in all respects perfect; but the third, which treats of diffraction, is obviously inferior to the others, both in regard to the experimental character of the observations, and the precision of the measures. But in examining this production, our attention cannot fail to be fixed by the series of questions appended to it,—questions remarkable both by their standing so far in advance of the knowledge of that age, and of our total ignorance of the steps by which Newton was led to form such bold and just conjectures respecting the elementary constitution of matter. Taking these circumstances into

consideration, "ought we not," says Biot, "to conclude that the third book of the *Optics* was unfinished when the labours of the author were interrupted, and that the natural questions appended to it are merely the summary of some great work, long followed with activity and perseverance, but the details of which have been lost through some unknown cause?"

After the fatal epoch of 1693, Newton ceased to invent. The only contributions he gave to science during the long remainder of his life were—the scale of comparative temperatures, a plan for a reflecting instrument to observe with at sea, and the solution of two problems proposed by Bernoulli. His meditations from this period seem to have been nearly confined to subjects connected with theology and chronology; and even in these departments his principal writings had been composed previously. The celebrated *Scholium* on the existence of God appears to have been written between 1687 and 1693; and his *Letters on the Trinity*, and *System of Chronology*, were also productions of the same period. These facts are very remarkable, as contrasting the extreme activity of Newton's mind previous to 1693 with the almost total stagnation which followed.

Like other speculations of a similar kind, the theological writings of Newton will be judged rather by the standard of orthodoxy which the reader has previously laid down for himself, than by the rules of sound logic or criticism. The great name of Newton would have secured them a certain share of respect in this country, independently of any intrinsic merits they may possess; but by Catholic writers they have been handled severely, and it cannot be denied that they abound with sentiments which deserve no other name than that of illiberal prejudices. Sir D. Brewster regards them of course as of the highest order of excellence, and adopts the prejudices as matters which admit of no dispute. In his work on prophecy, Newton asserts that the eleventh horn of the fourth beast of Daniel represents the Pope, and in reference to the reasoning on which this questionable assertion is founded, M. Biot, like a good Catholic, asks, "how a mind of the character and force of Newton's, so habituated to the severity of mathematical considerations, so exercised in the observation of real phenomena, and so well aware of the conditions by which truth is to be discovered, could put together such a multitude of conjectures, without noticing the extreme improbability of his interpretations, from the infinite number of arbitrary postulates on which he has founded them?" To this very reasonable, and apparently inoffensive, question, Sir D. Brewster replies in the following characteristic manner:—

"The obvious tendency, though not the design of the conclusion at which he (M. Biot) arrives, is injurious to the memory of Newton, as

well as the interests of religion; and these considerations might have checked the temerity of speculation, even if it had been founded on better data. The Newtonian interpretation of the Prophecies, and especially that part which M. Biot characterizes as unhappily stamped with the spirit of prejudice, has been adopted by men of the soundest and most unprejudiced minds; and, in addition to the moral and philosophical evidence by which it is supported, *it may yet be exhibited in all the fulness of demonstration.*"—Brewster, p. 272.

What Sir D. Brewster's notions of the *fulness of demonstration* are, it might be difficult to conjecture; in the present case, no demonstration, we fear, however full, will secure an universal assent to the truth of the proposition.

"We desire," says M. Biot, "that he will have the goodness to excuse us, if we absolutely refuse to agree with him in admitting the justness of the Newtonian interpretation of the Apocalypse. We ask this favour of his tolerance; for Dr. Brewster, a zealous Protestant, may indeed believe the eleventh horn of Daniel to be the Church of Rome, but such an admission is decidedly impossible for a Catholic. This," he continues, "is a sort of argument calculated to throw much light on literary questions; and the philosophers of the nineteenth century are doubtless under obligations to Dr. Brewster for having taught them to make use of it."—*Journal des Savans*, Juin, 1833, p. 339.

This unhappy spirit of prejudice and intolerance, so alien to philosophy, and so incompatible with the impartial investigation of historical truth, betrays itself in almost every page of the work of Sir D. Brewster, and, indeed, forms one of its most prominent features.

"Qui n'aime pas Cotin, n'aime pas son Roi,
Et n'a, selon Cotin, ni Dieu, ni Foi, ni Loi."

But if he is unsparing in his censure, it must be admitted that he is also warm in his praise. The University of Cambridge is one of the favourite themes of his adulation. With the view of paying a compliment to this celebrated seat of science, he represents Newton as carrying with him to Trinity College "a more slender portion of science than falls to the lot of ordinary scholars," though he informs us, almost in the same page, that Newton was head-boy of the public school of Grantham, and that his mind was strongly directed to mechanical pursuits from his earliest years; that he had completed a working model of a wind-mill "which excited universal admiration;" that he had constructed a water-clock; that he had traced sun-dials, &c. It is abundantly evident that the youth who had accomplished all this, must necessarily have acquired habits of reflection and abstraction, of infinitely greater value, as preparatory to the study of abstract science, than the most elaborate education. Newton's genius was a gift of nature, and not a result of university institu-

tions. In the same spirit of flattery to Cambridge, he enters into an argument to prove, in opposition to a statement of the late Professor Playfair, that the Newtonian philosophy was publicly taught in the English Universities at an earlier period than in Edinburgh or St. Andrew's. Yet Whiston, who, being himself a professor at Cambridge, and moreover the immediate successor of Newton, may be assumed to be a good authority in the matter, expressly says that David Gregory, who taught in Edinburgh some years prior to 1690, when he removed to Oxford, "had already caused several of his scholars to keep acts, as we call them, upon several branches of the Newtonian philosophy, while we at Cambridge (poor wretches) were ignominiously studying the hypotheses of the Cartesians."—*Whiston's Memoirs of his own Life*.

On another question, namely, the service rendered to experimental philosophy by the writings of Lord Bacon, Sir D. Brewster has also taken occasion to animadvert on another position maintained by Professor Playfair. In opposition to the general opinion, as well as to that of the philosopher whom he has particularly in view, he broadly asserts that science was never benefited in any way whatever by the Baconian philosophy. On this head we are disposed to agree with him. It has been truly said that, with all his pretensions to instruct mankind, Lord Bacon never performed an original experiment, or discovered a new truth. He recommended, indeed, with great eloquence, to abandon hypotheses, and to "interrogate nature;" but the real difficulty lies in discovering *how* nature can be best interrogated, and towards the solution of this difficulty the general maxims of Lord Bacon can plainly render no assistance. Not content, however, with supporting his argument by general reasoning, Sir D. Brewster has recourse to authority, and in endeavouring to shew that succeeding philosophers derived no advantage from Lord Bacon's precepts, he has ventured upon an assertion that "the amiable and indefatigable Boyle treated him with disrespectful silence;"—the untenableness of which, we observe, has been triumphantly exposed by a contemporary critic.*

But the subject on which the mind of Sir D. Brewster appears to be most strangely warped, is the want of encouragement held out by the government of this country to scientific pursuits. On this subject he expresses himself sometimes with a pathos and feeling, sometimes in a tone of bitterness and exaggeration, that might lead us to fear he has some personal cause of complaint. There can be no doubt that the rewards which our Universities

* Edinburgh Review, No. CXI.

have the means of conferring on scientific eminence are too few in number, and too exclusive in their character, to give such an impulse as would be desirable to the study of abstract science, and that the country possesses no other institutions from which rewards, of a pecuniary kind at least, can be supplied. These circumstances afford just subject of regret; but when he talks of the "persecuted science of England," he can no longer carry our sympathies along with him. In this matter, as in many others, it is more easy to complain than to find a practical remedy. To make every man of distinguished eminence in science a pensioner on the public bounty, would, perhaps, as a general measure, be as impolitic as in the present state of things it is impracticable; and if it is proposed to raise such men to high offices in the state, no example could be worse chosen than that of Newton to support the proposition. While Newton languished "in comparative poverty" at Cambridge, he achieved all those great discoveries by which his name has been rendered immortal. After he was "called to the discharge of high official functions," he produced no original work on abstract science. Nay, so much was his attention occupied (according to Sir D. Brewster) with his professional avocations, that he could not find leisure for preparing a second edition of the *Principia*. Truly, science has reason to congratulate itself that Newton was not called to these "high functions" at an earlier period of life; for in that case, the *Principia*, in all probability, would never have appeared. So also, to a similar instance of neglect or persecution of science, we are probably indebted for the entertainment and instruction we have derived from the work which has given occasion to our present remarks.

Sir D. Brewster is convinced "that such disregard of the highest genius, dignified with the highest virtue, could have taken place only in England;" but we fear that the literary history of all countries and of all ages proves but too plainly that philosophy has never yet been the high road to riches. *Pauper Aristoteles cogitur ire pedes*. The example of Kepler at least might have been in his recollection, and have satisfied him, that other countries as well as England have to answer for the neglect of those men whose lofty talents and high achievements have done honour to their age and to humanity. But it is needless to quote examples which will occur in abundance to the memory of every one. With regard to Newton, the complaint of poverty is ridiculous. Of all his distinguished contemporaries, not one probably, excepting, perhaps, his great rival, Leibnitz, who held an office in the court of the Elector of Hanover, was more favourably situated in respect to pecuniary resources than himself,

even before his promotion to the Mint, and while yet only a fellow of a college and a professor in the University of Cambridge.

As a corollary to this complaint of the neglect of science, the Earl of Halifax, who successively promoted Newton to the offices of Warden and Master of the Mint, is held up as an example to all future and particularly to all present statesmen. "The sages of every nation and of every age will pronounce with affection the name of Charles Montague, and the *persecuted* science of England will continue to deplore that he was the first and the last English minister who honoured genius by his friendship, and rewarded it by his patronage." Though the genius of Newton could not be greatly honoured by the friendship of Charles Montague, it is lamentable to think that the evil tongue of slander should have attempted to rob the statesmen of England of the credit arising from even this solitary instance of regard for the interests of science, by representing Newton as more indebted to the earl's affection for his beautiful niece than to his own discoveries for the patronage of that nobleman.

There is this, however, to be said, in apology for such complaints, that, in consequence of the very advanced state to which some departments of physical science (astronomy for example) have already arrived, any farther researches, if expected to lead to new discoveries, must be conducted at an expense and with apparatus beyond the reach of any moderate private fortune. In such cases, science must either be prosecuted at the expense of the public, or by means of private associations, or else remain stationary. But, in general, time is the only sacrifice required, and the consideration which in this country invariably follows scientific eminence will always bring forward a sufficient number of devoted labourers. The examples of Wollaston and Davy also prove that philosophy may, and *sometimes* does, conduct to wealth as well as reputation; and when we reflect on the numbers, the activity, and the talents of those who at the present moment uphold our scientific glory, we cannot but be persuaded that England, notwithstanding her defective institutions and the neglect of her government, has no more reason to distrust her future eminence, than she has reason to blush for the position she has occupied for centuries among the most scientific nations of the world.

ART. II.—*Chansons Nouvelles et Dernières* de P. J. de Béranger. Dédiées à M. Lucien Bonaparte. Paris, 1833. sm. 8vo.

FRANCE has always been regarded as the classical land of the song. Besides the wit, acuteness and extreme sensitiveness to slight impressions, which distinguish her inhabitants, the cause of their eminent success in this department may perhaps be looked for in the character of their language. Deficient as it is in variety, inadequate to express with accuracy the minute shades of feeling and complicated modes of thought which more philosophical tongues are able to define, it possesses above all others the power of adapting itself to common sentiments and ordinary purposes with energetic felicity. This was probably the excellence which Charles V. had in view, if he was the author of the traditional definition of European languages which appropriates French to the object of conversation with a friend. Now the language of a song is, in fact, the same with that which is held by friends in intimate dialogue with one another. A song is the poem of society. And it has been observed, in corroboration of this estimate of the peculiar aptitude of the French tongue for this species of composition, that it has no poetical diction in the strict acceptation of the phrase. It possesses, indeed, a certain number of metaphors and images, which have been for a long time conventionally appropriated to the use of the versifier; and every peruser of French poetry has felt the wearisome effect produced by the repetition of these “phrases banales” which so greatly disfigure the usual terseness and simplicity of the language. But these phrases are exceptions, and are immediately perceived to be such by the reader. In our own language, on the contrary, (and if we had space on the present occasion we might extend the remark to others, ancient as well as modern,) the phraseology of conversation, and that dedicated to the use of the poet, are, as it were, two perfectly distinct and collateral series of expressions. Some of our modern poets have denied the correctness of this division, and have endeavoured to obliterate the line of demarcation which existed between the “sermo pedestris” and its more elevated neighbour; but their efforts, we apprehend, have produced little effect upon the general taste of the country. Our judgment is still involuntarily shocked by any undue appropriation, on the part of the poet, of those very expressions which are considered most apt and energetic in common life. We believe that a curious philologist might extend this comparison between the two tongues much farther, and show that the English habitually employ, in fact, different languages for several distinct purposes, the French nearly the same for all.

We do not commonly use our written English in familiar conversation, but a sort of "*lingua franca*," in which the ordinary business of life is transacted by all ranks, containing a thousand ellipses and alienations, and substituting common words with a sort of conventional signification for those more classical terms which the dictionary would afford us. A long conversation might be held in English by means of the verbs "go," "get," "take," and three or four more such universal auxiliaries. Yet we should consider the use of many of these truncated phrases as inelegant, even in writing the most ordinary letter; while the language suited to the latter would be equally inapplicable to the objects of the orator or the poet. As there has been said to be, in English, a separate grammatical rule for every word, so there is a separate grammar for every species of composition. Now the French language, as we think, is much more inflexible, and admits of much less violent distortions. It has ordinarily but one word to express one thought, and that word applicable alike in dialogue, in correspondence, in philosophy, in poetry. Still less does it bend itself to the employment of grammatical or rather ungrammatical license, which can rarely be indulged in without transgressing into vulgarity.

Does not this fact explain, without the necessity of having recourse to more recondite investigations, the superior popularity of French to that of English poetry? We contend that our own bards have approached much nearer to an accurate representation of nature, both objectively and subjectively considered; that the French school has voluntarily submitted to rules which confine and maim its energies; that their writers pourtray, while ours embody; that their dramatic personages are artificial, the passions of their stage rather conventional than real. And it is no small justification of our opinion, that more than half the French literary public has of late years substantially adopted the same. Yet the works of Corneille, Racine and Voltaire, are the familiar reading of Frenchmen in those classes among which, in England, there prevails an almost total indifference to all our poetical literature. We cannot but apprehend that the cause of their apathy is to be found in the fact, that the language of English verse is not that of the people. It is absolutely unintelligible to them; its images are not habitual to their minds, its very words foreign to their ears. It is the hieratic dialect of the educated classes only. In France, on the contrary, if the framework of poetry be more artificial than among ourselves, the actual speech is nearly the same with that which passes current in common society. A Frenchman in love, or a Frenchman in a passion of jealousy, may be essentially very different creatures from the

Orestes and Orosmanes who strut upon the stage ; but the language in which they would convey their sentiments, omitting a few bombastic phrases, would in substance be almost the same ; while even of our old drama, which always has been and still remains the most popular portion of our literature among the many, how large a part is written in a tongue absolutely unknown to them ! If many of the scenes of Shakspeare present us with the real image of the world in its every-day garb, there is likewise a great proportion of them written in the heroic diction of the stage, which is no more the speech of the commonalty than the Hellenized phraseology of Ennius or Terence was that of the Roman populace and legionaries. Thus the pleasure which they experience, even from the representation of his plays upon the theatre, is but an interrupted and imperfect gratification.

In the composition of pieces which must by their nature aspire to perfect simplicity and intelligibility, such as songs, great difficulty arises to the English writer from the variety of dialects thus dedicated by usage to different purposes. However satisfied he may be that the concise and energetic expression of a sentiment in adequate language is all that can be required of him, the stubborn principles of our taste come constantly in opposition to the desired uniformity. He cannot and must not descend to the actual language of our streets and parlours. Yet if he deviates into the heroic diction, his original object is unattainable. To combine the two without rendering the artificial juncture too apparent, is the great problem which he has to solve. And so arduous is the solution of this problem, that every one will acknowledge how far more rare and difficult an accomplishment it is to achieve, in English, a song that shall be at once popular and elegant, than to write a tolerable epic canto or dramatic scene. Who does not feel that the minstrelsy of our greatest living song-writer, exquisitely beautiful from the delicacy of its art, neither is, nor ever can be, extensively popular in the true sense of the word ?

We should imagine that in the French language the chief difficulty of composition was of an entirely opposite nature. From the absence of a systematic poetical dialect, the great question which tries the skill of the writer is how to give sufficient elevation to his strains without incurring the danger of bombast and obscurity. He will therefore succeed with greatest felicity where least of dignity is required. We conclude, therefore, that it is to him an easier task to compose a popular song, ballad, couplet or "romance," than to succeed in a more serious composition. Lord Byron's poet of society

" In France would write a chanson,
In England a six canto quarto tale."

And if we allow that there exists in both countries an equal proportion of talent naturally applicable to each department, and then consider how many more poets in France have achieved eminence as mere auxiliaries to the fiddle than among ourselves, we shall probably arrive by this statistical calculation at a similar result. Collé, Panard, and many others, owe their rank on the French Parnassus entirely to their songs, which were written for the most part for the immediate purposes of social enjoyment or popular whim. But the high dignity to which this species of poetry might be exalted, the wonderful dominion which might be exercised by genius, when united with wit, sensibility and a rare and intimate acquaintance with the heart of the people, was never known or imagined until the recent triumphs of De Béranger.

This writer, the most popular now living in Europe, whose volumes, with the prose of the late Paul Courier, form the common manuals of a great proportion of the youth of France, was born in Paris in the year 1780. Notwithstanding the aristocratic prefix to his name, which it has pleased his fancy to abandon of late years, and on which he has commented in his celebrated song, "*Je suis vilain et très vilain*," his parents belonged to the rank of humble tradespeople. Much of his early life was passed under the roof of an aunt, who kept a small auberge at Péronne in Picardy. There he was likewise educated at a primary school founded by an enthusiast upon the maxims of Rousseau. In this school the urchins, who were thus philosophically drilled into citizenship, were regimented, wore a military costume, sent deputations and presented addresses to Robespierre, Tallien, and other ephemeral dignitaries of the revolution. The abilities of the future poet were early put in requisition on these occasions; and he then imbibed those enthusiastic feelings which he so eloquently refers to at a later period, when the illusions which excited them have partially vanished. Such are the associations which dictated the following verses, written on casually meeting with a female whom he had seen representing the Goddess of Liberty in one of the revolutionary pageants.

"*Est-ce bien vous, vous que j'ai vu si belle*," &c.

"Can this be you, whom I beheld so fair,
 When round your car exulting myriads came,
 And hailed you queen in Her immortal name,
 Whose triple flag you waved aloft in air?
 Vain of each loud salute, each gazing eye,
 Proud in flush'd youth and conscious beauty's glow,
 You moved a goddess through the glittering show,
 Goddess of Liberty!

“ Stately you rode o’er monarchs’ ruined glory,
 Around you flashed in steel our armed powers,
 Our maidens, while they strew’d your path with flowers,
 Mixed their soft chaunts with hymns of warlike story :
 I, hapless child, whom Chance and Penury
 Right scantily nourished with their bitter bread,
 I cried, Be thou a mother to my need,
 Goddess of Liberty !

“ Those days’ red scroll is character’d with crime ;
 Yet could not such mine innocent youth appal ;
 To my boy’s heart my country’s love was all,
 And hatred for her foes of foreign clime !
 For all were then in arms, for her to die ;
 Each heart was proud, and poverty waxed bold :
 O give me back my boyish days of old,
 Goddess of Liberty !

“ Like lava slumbering in its mountain hoard
 The people rests from many a toilsome year :
 And twice the stranger legions have been here,
 Our Gaulish gold to balance with the sword.
 Alas ! when France around thee raised her cry,
 And symbolized her hopes in Beauty’s beam,
 Thou wert an idol, and those hopes a dream,
 Goddess of Liberty !

“ I see thee once again. Time’s envious wing
 Hath chill’d and tarnish’d those love-darting eyes :
 That brow, where many a wintry wrinkle lies,
 Yet seems to blush for its departed spring.
 Weep not ! fond hopes and aspirations high,
 Car, flowers, youth, glory, greatness, all are o’er ;
 All these are past, and thou divine no more,
 Goddess of Liberty !”

At fourteen Béranger was apprenticed to a printer, M. Laisney, of whom he speaks in terms of affectionate attachment ; and, indolent as he was, he says in one of his songs, that the consciousness of exercising “ *le métier de Franklin* ” made him already think himself a philosopher. At seventeen he became domiciled at Paris, under the roof of his father, whose circumstances appear at this time to have been considerably improved by some accession of fortune.

At this period his mind received its decisive impulse towards literary employment. He was not calculated to shine in the more brilliant paths to fame, which presented so tempting a prospect to youthful energy in that turbulent time. Diminutive in stature, feeble in constitution, and uncomely in appearance, as his portrait avouches and his songs confess, (“ *Jété sur cette boule,*

laid, chétif et souffrant,") he had no temptation to embrace the active life which then solicited enterprising citizens to exertion. Although at a later time he entertained the thought of obtaining a situation in the Egyptian colony, his destiny and inclination combined to make him, what he has ever since remained, a genuine untravelled Parisian. His ambition was confined to visions of poetical distinction; his dreams were of comedies in the elevated style—of dithyrambics suggested by the attractive reveries of Chateaubriand—of an epic poem on the subject of Clovis, for which he was to collect and arrange materials, and to defer the execution to the age of thirty. But poverty and indolence together—(for his early life was one of great vicissitudes; the short prosperity of his family was followed by utter destitution; he was often obliged, as himself expresses it, to live on *panade* for eight days together in order to make up for the expense of the cheapest party of pleasure with the earliest of his Lisettes)—gradually averted the ambitious current of his thoughts. In 1803, in a mixed humour of disappointment and boldness, he made a packet of his juvenile verses, and addressed them, with a letter, which, he says, was stamped with the impress of republican pride hurt by the necessity of seeking a patron, to Lucien Bonaparte, then eminent as a protector of letters. The brother of the First Consul appears to have treated him not only with generosity, but with kind and delicate attention; and when forced to leave France, he assigned over to the youthful and friendless poet his pension as a member of the Institute.

From that fortunate epoch the position of Béranger in society, although humble, was established, and sufficient for his very moderate desires. He obtained an insignificant situation in the University, which he did not lose until his political encounter with the government of Louis XVIII. During this peaceful era of his life he gradually abandoned his various schemes of poetical distinction. Living among the people, a close and somewhat satirical observer of the manners and sentiments of society, he imbibed a taste for the simple lyric style, to which he ultimately devoted himself. "Va," he would say to himself on seeing Désaugiers pass in the street, "j'en ferais aussi bien que toi, des chansons, n'était ce pas mes poèmes." His first published essays of this nature, and perhaps his best in the gay and humorous strain, date from the last years of the Empire. It was long before he could be brought to consider these light effusions as entitled to anything more than an ephemeral popularity. Even now he professes to be sceptical as to the durability of his fame. Such are the sentiments he expresses in the preface to the volume whose title is placed at the head of this article.

"Notwithstanding all that friendship has done for me, notwithstanding the approbation of illustrious names and the indulgence shown me by the interpreters of public opinion, I have always believed that my name would not survive me—that my reputation would sink the more swiftly from having been necessarily buoyed up by the party interest which has become attached to it. Men have judged of its duration by its extent; I have formed another calculation in my own mind, which will come true even in my lifetime, if I should live to grow old."

In this passage, and in several others of the preface in question, we are inclined to suspect some slight affectation of modesty. But if Béranger really feels what he has here expressed, such an estimate of his own celebrity must be allowed to accord with the general simplicity and want of ostentation which have characterized his life.

His career as a song writer has in fact passed through three very different stages of celebrity. As an agreeable writer of bacchanalian and slightly satirical songs, the character in which he first appeared, he has, perhaps, no greater claims on immortality than others who have signalized themselves in the same department. Many of these compositions are exquisite in their kind, but we question whether any French songster, or indeed any modern Bacchanal of the south of Europe, can be very deeply penetrated with the true inspiration of the grape. Whether we consider it a credit or a dishonour to our national character, we and our continental brethren of Teutonic descent seem alone to have preserved in much purity the worship of the God of Wine. We find plenty of wit and gaiety in these favourite catches of the *Société du Caveau*, but they seem to be always on their weakest ground when they desert love and satire, and confine themselves to the praises of their *Ai* and *Mursaulx*. They have nothing of the sublime energy of conviviality which dignifies, for example, the strains of our own lamented Captain Morris.

Béranger's next step carried him into the turbulent arena of politics. Having no military ambition or active enterprize, he had never entered into the warlike enthusiasm of France under the Empire. On the contrary, when the system of wholesale depopulation began to grow unfashionable in the circles of Paris, he aided the general sentiment, as far as he could do so with safety, by the covert allusions contained in some of his earlier songs (such as *Le Roi d'Yvetot*). Thus far there was a similarity between his political feelings and those of Paul Courier, whose extreme indifference to martial honours had made him shun the most brilliant opportunities of personal advancement. But, unlike the pamphleteer, the poet never "donna dans la Restauration." He never seconded the temporary popularity acquired by the author of the Charter, and never consented to the slightest

compromise or concealment of his dislike to foreign occupation and foreign institutions. He refused the odious dignity of the censorship, which was offered him during the Hundred Days; but he welcomed the second restoration with no greater cordiality than the first. And although subsequent events have made him take part against the government of the Barricades with nearly as much energy as he had displayed in combating those whom it dethroned, he has never relaxed his hostility to the exiled family. Witness his eloquent address to Chateaubriand.

“ Et tu voudrais t'attacher à leur chute!
 Connais donc mieux leur folle vanité:
 Au rang des maux qu'au ciel même elle impute,
 Leur cœur ingrat met ta fidélité.”

We yet await, with some apprehension, for the reflexions of his muse on the recent romance of the Prince Lucchesi Palli. Nevertheless, he appears to have been drawn into the agitated life of a partizan writer against government, in which he has purchased glory probably at the expense of much happiness, less by his own natural disposition than in obedience to the wishes of his friends, and seduced by the temporary applause which greets a useful political ally. He became intimate with the successive leaders of the liberal party. Of these Manuel and Lafitte are the two of whom he seems to speak with the greatest esteem and respect. “ I have never known,” he says in his preface, “ more than one man from whom I could not have become separated if he had arrived at power—that man was Manuel, to whom France still owes a tomb.” Here, perhaps, he intends some covert satire on the same persons whom he has slightly touched in his late song, “ A mes amis devenus ministres.” Under such guidance, the pen of Béranger acquired a degree of bitterness very foreign to his real nature. Harassed by the vengeance of the government against which he had declared war, he fell into the common querulousness of those who choose to consider themselves persecuted, where they have themselves irritated a powerful enemy into open quarrel. But this is the view which the political satirist, of whatever party, uniformly takes of his own case. Whilst unrestrained, he braves power in the boldest terms. His reader would suppose from his language that he and the state were two conflicting giants.

— “ There comes my mortal enemy,
 And either he must fall in fight, or I.”

But when he falls into tribulation, he becomes in his own eyes an innocent, helpless victim, and his former enemy an unprovoked persecutor. This is a situation of no great dignity, and one which we regret to see occupied by a man of genius and integrity.

Béranger was twice fined and imprisoned—in 1821 and 1828. Hostile as we are, on principle, to all such prosecutions, we must admit that the poet had given strong provocation; we cannot therefore wonder that the governments of those times should have sought to check the career of a writer who, not contented with openly attacking both the reigning system and its individual supporters, continually represented the rulers of the nation, not as mistaken or ignorant magistrates whose errors ought to be corrected, but as implacable enemies who must be wholly got rid of. But the conduct of the ministers was equally imbecile and unjust, in mixing up, as they were pleased to do in their prosecutions, attacks on themselves with what they termed attacks on decency and religion. The people never fail to detect the paltry artifice by which governments endeavour to identify their own cause with that of religion and morality, and by confounding together separate offences, to add a sort of reciprocal strength to charges of a totally distinct nature, either of which by itself would have been insufficient to secure a conviction. All prosecutions on the ground of vicious intent are odious in principle, except such as are employed against direct violations of public decency. Béranger was reprehensible enough on this score also; but he was too prudent to give his enemies so fair a pretext of attack by rendering public his most licentious productions. Consequently, the government, in order to support its favourite charge of vice and immorality, was fain to fix upon passages which the most scrupulous censorial prudery would have passed over as perfectly innoxious, had they not been indited by one for whom the Procureur du Roi was lying in wait on other accounts. “On ne voulut pas ne faire porter le jugement que sur des chansons politiques,” says the poet, “et on n’osa pas incriminer les chansons contre les Jésuites; il fallut bon gré mal gré que *l’Ange gardien*” (a bold and witty song, but one not more irreligious in its tendency than half the daily effusions of the Parisian press) “payât pour toutes.”

Undoubtedly, if we are to judge of their merit by the effect which they have produced, the political songs of Béranger are the most powerful efforts of this description which have ever been made public. Nor can a foreigner fully enter into their deserts, or with fairness attempt to depreciate that which he cannot wholly understand. Much satire, which appears to the casual reader weak and pointless, derives the whole of its energy from being in accordance with the ephemeral sentiment, from reproducing the joke or anecdote current in the circles of the day. To judge of its value, we must duly estimate not only the real importance of the matter to which the lines refer, but the space which it occu-

pied in the public mind at the time when they were written. But having made this candid avowal of our own insufficiency to decide on such a question, we may the more boldly confess that we cannot feel that the fame of Béranger is much advanced by the great majority of his political songs. His satire seems to us frequently vapid and spiritless; a happy thought, an ingenious expression, is too often purchased by many a line of vulgar and insipid common place. The living fire is often wanting, and its absence ill-supplied by the false scintillations of point and epigram, or an exaggerated affectation of sentiment and assumed enthusiasm. It is easy to account for the temporary popularity acquired even by the poorest of these effusions. Béranger, in this, as in all his other capacities, the true poet of the people, has devoutly adopted all the narrow prejudices and mistaken views of national honour, together with all the real patriotic ardour, which distinguish the great mass of uneducated politicians of his country. His poetry is a faithful mirror, representing in succession all the unfounded and grotesque images which for the last eighteen years have been conjured up in the imagination of the Parisian quidnuncs. No illiberal hatred of foreigners has been rejected by his better feelings, no gross excess of national vanity has ever shocked his judgment. And, like many other wits, he never appears so happily inspired as when the subject before him affords an opportunity for exposing to ridicule the religious observances of his country. Here too he flatters and shares to the utmost the prejudices of the vulgar Parisian. The Jesuits appear so constantly present to his imagination as the authors of all evil, that we think a more orthodox joker might retort upon him successfully the language of his famous "Mandement," in which he makes the preacher attribute every crime and misfortune since the creation to Voltaire and Rousseau.

There is, however, another numerous class of his political songs, or rather small poems, of very various degrees of merit, which appeal to more general feelings, and express the deeper convictions of the poet. Many of these relate to that favourite subject, the military glory of France; some of these are extremely beautiful, others partake more or less of the exaggeration and bad taste which the popularity of the Marseillaise seems to have introduced into French poetry of this description (as where, in "*Le Cordon Sanitaire*," a grenadier opens a vein for the purpose of assisting in the conversion of the white flag into the tricolor). But none of his appeals to this ready source of French sensibility seem to have attained an equal popularity with that unique effort of the simple poet Désaugiers,

"Dis-moi, soldat, soldat, t'en souviens-tu."

Others embrace an extended view of European politics, and the future destiny of the human race, and contain, all of them, the sparkles of that glorious fire which animates the grandest, perhaps, of his national lyrics, and one of the noblest offerings which poetry has made at the shrine of modern civilization, "*La Sainte Alliance des Peuples.*"

" J'ai vu la Paix descendre sur la terre,
Semant de l'or, des fleurs et des épis.
L'air était calme, et du Dieu de la guerre
Elle étouffait les foudres assoupis :
Ah, disait elle, égaux par la vaillance,
Français, Anglais, Belge, Russe, ou Germain,
Peuples, formez une Sainte-Alliance,
Et donnez vous la main."

We should despair as much of giving by translation any idea of the stately march and dignity of this majestic ode, as of retracing the evanescent grace of the lighter poems, which we have not ventured to attempt. Perhaps the following verses (the original was written in 1829) may excite attention from the solicitude with which Europe has more recently watched the aspect of the heavens in their most threatening quarter.

LE CHANT DU COSAQUE.

- " Thou steed, the Cossack's noble friend,
Bound to the trumpet of the North !
Once more the winds their pinions lend
To that wild war-note issuing forth :
Come, bathe thy seething flanks again
In the red streams of rebel Seine !
Snort, my proud courser ! for we go
To trample kings and nations low.
- " Thou fret'st not silver with thy foam,
Gold decks not now thy saddle-bow ;
But where our squadrons make their home,
Ours are the treasures of the foe !
And thou ere long shalt find a stall
In arched dome of royal hall.
- " Kings, prelates, nobles, fiercely pressed
By vassals struggling to be free,
Have cried, Approach, thou Tartar guest !
To reign o'er them, we'll crouch to thee :
I seize my lance, and cross and crown
Before that signal bow them down.
- " A giant phantom met my view,
With blood-shot eye and regal vest :
He cried, My reign begins anew !
And shook his war-axe o'er the West.

King of the Huns! our tribes inherit
Thine ancient realm, thy tameless spirit.

“ All Europe’s dower of ancient fame,
Arts, temples, learning, laws and rites,
Shall vanish hence in dust and flame,
Where’er thy burning hoof alights:
For where the Cossack’s foot hath gone,
The Desert’s peace must reign alone!
On, my proud courser! for we go
To trample kings and nations low.”

But if we have formed a correct estimate of the genius of Béranger, it is not by his merits as a political song-writer that he will be finally judged, when called before a more impartial tribunal than that of “ *La Jeune France*,” whose prejudices he has thus condescended to flatter. The promise of higher efforts and more generous inspiration was already developing itself in his early attempts, when, at the commencement of his career, he had sufficient judgment to rate at its real value the rapid popularity which these lighter effusions were acquiring. There runs even through his gayest productions an occasional vein of philosophic melancholy and tenderness, sufficiently evident to show that his lyre possessed, even then, chords of much more deep and thrilling music than those which he had accustomed himself to strike. Perhaps the vicissitudes of his later life, the prosecutions by which he has suffered, and the counsel which his mind has taken of herself during the many solitary hours of his imprisonments, have tended to mature this germ of poetical sensibility. It is certain, at least, that he has only in his more recent progress fully abandoned himself to those outpourings of deep pathos, mixed with philosophical meditation, which characterise the last and most perfect class of his productions. His muse, deserting the narrow political circle which so long confined her, has made a bold step into the boundless field of thought suggested by the more universal feelings and passions of the human commonwealth. Her efforts aspire rather to the character of odes than of songs, of which they present only the form and lyrical arrangement. The subject is generally found in some reflection suggested by the passing occurrences of the day, or by some picturesque point of view in the exterior of common life, such as it exists among the lower classes, and such as Béranger has long studied and most faithfully expressed it. From these humble topics the poem diverges, like so many of the noblest lyrics of Burns, into a high strain of moral thought, or into the vast maze of meditations which the state and prospects of modern society open to the inquirer. If the tone of these meditations is

generally of a melancholy and sceptical cast, dissatisfied with the present, and doubtful of the future, it is at least a scepticism tempered by a strong sympathy with the ordinary domestic feelings and attachments of mankind, which the poet seems to respect as the true and only landmarks of civilization. All this train of ideas is bound together and connected with the original thought by the recurring verses which form the chorus of the song.

In the labour of the *chansonnier*, this burden occupies the same place with relation to the whole composition which is filled by the rhyme in each couplet of ordinary poetry. The difficulty which he finds in adapting the whole of his little work to this portion of it, which must be, as it were, the key-note of the accord—must express the central thought, to which all the divergent ideas of the poem must be ingeniously attached—is of the same nature with that which the common versifier feels while engaged in the process of “*hunting for a rhyme*.” And the mode in which the song-writer of real genius accomplishes his object differs from that pursued by the mere ballad-maker, just as rhyme is differently handled by the poet and the poetaster. Panard, Collé, and the other easy *chansonniers* of French society, usually adopted some popular “*refrain*,” and endeavoured, *bon gré mal gré*, to force a number of trivial thoughts into tolerable continuity with this thesis, to use a school expression. And in the same manner every versifier who happens to read these lucubrations will painfully acknowledge with ourselves the toil and vexation of spirit which are endured by a hapless being who has found a rhyme which tickles his ear and is anxious either to find a thought to suit it, or to adapt it by violence to the subject which he has in hand. The process by which the man of genius, such as Béranger, develops the sentiment which he has within himself into the form of the tiny and beautiful creature of imagination which it is destined to become, is essentially different from this rough operation. To him, the idea which is to be illustrated first presents itself; a rude and undigested mass. Rarely does it assume a definite shape until after it has long occupied a place in the repositories of his mind. Nor is it by an actual process of labour that this shape is at last evolved, although much labour must be gone through, with little immediate effect in the previous consideration of it. The critical moment of production comes at once, and the result flashes upon the imagination like lightning, frequently during waking hours at night, when the mind of the poet is disengaged from the course of ordinary associations. A single unexpected thought or an unsolicited word then presents itself, and determines the whole futurity of the song. The moral sentiment or purpose which is to be developed, the image under which that

sentiment is to be illustrated, the burden, which is, as it were, the mechanical engine by which the scattered portions of the image are to be manufactured into a single figure, all become present to the intellect at one glance. The whole future picture is there, in smaller dimensions, like natural objects seen through a camera lucida. Then the poet, if he pleases, may go to sleep again; in the expressive language of Béranger himself, "*il tient son affaire.*" It matters not then whether the execution of the song is finished off in an hour or two of happy humour, or whether, as is more frequently the case with Béranger, it furnishes occupation for a considerable time, the subject being frequently touched and retouched, taken up or laid aside. Whether its completion be the work of days or years is of no consequence to the poet. *Il tient son affaire.* Time and occupation cannot rob him of his idea, for it made its appearance at once, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, perfect and armed at all points.

We have already hinted at the resemblance which appears to us to exist between the poetical characteristics of Béranger and Burns. There are few analogies in the whole range of comparison between the literature of the two nations, which have struck us more forcibly. That such a resemblance should be traced between the Parisian, weak and inert in corporeal frame, and shut out from nature for fifty years between the glaring walls of his narrow streets, and the hardy peasant nurtured in the free air of the Scottish uplands, will surprise none of those who know how far the deep springs of the human mind lie beneath its superficial currents, and how a similar relative position may produce a corresponding similarity of effect on two characters, whose positive circumstances of situation are widely different. Both were raised into notice by the exertion of their mental powers from among the lowest ranks of their countrymen. Both had imbibed the habits and tastes of their fellows, exalted, but not changed, by superior genius. Both aspired, from the beginning, to the distinction of being, emphatically, the popular poets of their respective cotemporaries. "*S'il reste de la poésie au monde,*" says Béranger in his preface, "*c'est dans ses rangs (those of le peuple) qu'il faut la chercher. Qu'on essaie donc d'en faire pour lui.*" Neither of them had acquired the slightest tincture of that over-refinement which makes more educated poets strive to avoid, as hacknied and trivial, the common topics and feelings of work-day society. Neither, in their simplicity, were apprehensive of being considered vulgar; and, consequently, each has effectually avoided the imputation. The ethical characteristics of their genius are equally similar. Each was actuated by deep pride and consciousness of merit, and each, unfortunately, has carried his assumed

independence and haughtiness of mood so far as not only to scorn the outward formalities of social life, but likewise to stigmatize its morality as cant and hypocrisy. If the genius of Burns exhibits more fire and sustained brilliancy, and his homely tenderness possesses a more exquisite pathos, a wider field of observation and habits of more extended thought have given to Béranger a deeper cast of philosophic reflection. Nothing is more remarkable than the magic by which his wild and apparently artless strains occasionally call up in the reader's mind a long and serious train of associations, and lead him unawares into the perplexed labyrinth of metaphysical or political subtilities. We cannot venture to translate, and still less to paraphrase, the singular ballad of "*Les Bohémiens*," one of his most popular efforts, and in which this art seems to us eminently displayed:—

- " Sorciers, bateleurs, et filous,
 Reste immonde
 D'un ancien monde,
 Sorciers, bateleurs, et filous,
 Gais Bohémiens, d'où venez-vous?"
- " D'où nous venons? l'on n'en sait rien.
 L'hirondelle
 D'où vous vient-elle?
 D'où nous venons? l'on n'en sait rien:
 Où nous irons, le sait-on bien?"
- " Sans pays, sans prince, et sans lois,
 Notre vie
 Est dignè d'envie:
 Sans pays, sans prince, et sans lois,
 L'homme est heureux l'un jour sur trois.
- * * * * *
- " Voir, c'est avoir. Allons courir!
 Vie errante
 Est chose enivrante:
 Voir, c'est avoir. Allons courir!
 Car tout voir, c'est tout conquérir.
- " Ton œil ne peut se détacher,
 Philosophe
 De mince étoffe,
 Ton œil ne peut se détacher
 Du vieux coq de ton vieux clocher."
- * * * * *

"*Les Bohémiens*" are not, indeed, the gypsies of Burns; but each poet exhibits alike a strong sympathy with those proletary classes which live in habitual violation of the law, and that far greater number who obey it rather as a powerful enemy than a

paternal protector. Smugglers and poachers are great favourites with Béranger. "Jeanne la Rousse" and "Jacques," in his last supplemental collection, are beautiful and pathetic pieces, and more effective attacks on the aristocracy of modern wealth than all that the coarse indignation of our corn-law poets can furnish. "Les Contrebandiers" is less interesting; but it may, perhaps, be more easy to give some idea of its tone and spirit by translation.

- " 'Tis midnight, dark midnight, so forward my boys,
 Mules ready, men steady, our work is begun;
 Look out for the signal; no bustle, no noise;
 But see to the priming of pistol and gun:
 There are numbers against us, but lead is not dear,
 And dark though it be, yet our balls will see clear.
- " 'Tis the life of a hero, the life that we live, boys,
 With deeds full of daring and peril to tell;
 Our silks and our trinkets, the gold that we give, boys,
 The girls of our mountains remember them well;
 Town, castle and cottage, our traffic they know,
 Tho' the law calls us rogues, yet the people says no.
- " Nor whirlwind nor snow-drift our courage affright,
 We sleep while the torrents are roaring aloud;
 Our hearts they grow bolder, our footsteps more light,
 On the peaks of our frontiers, in tempest and cloud;
 How oft have we trampled their desolate heath,
 And braved from their summit the foemen beneath!
- " Skill, labour and forethought are wasted in vain
 While monarchs with taxes the roads barricade;
 So forward, my gallants! on land and on main
 We hold in our hands the true balance of trade;
 And Heav'n, that protects us, fulfils its design,
 To scatter the riches that law would confine.
- " Our governors, drunk with the madness of power,
 On the free gifts of nature may triple each tax;
 Law blights on their branches the fruit and the flower,
 In the cabin of labour breaks hammer and axe:
 To solace our thirst and the land to enrich,
 When God makes a river—Law makes it a ditch.
- " What! 'twixt kingdoms united in triumphs and woes,
 Arts, language, and rights, can they sever the chain,
 Or make of one people two nations of foes,
 By the protocol-parchment which cuts them in twain?
 No! they spin the same wool, the same vintage they drain,
 And the smuggler takes heed lest their labour be vain.
- " O'er the ramparts of kingdoms the little bird flies
 And no sentinel bids him new monarchs obey;
 The hot breath of summer yon rivulet dries,
 Which serves as a limit to kings and their sway.

We leap o'er the barriers they bid us revere,
Those blood-purchas'd lines which have cost them so dear.

“ The deeds of the smuggler each cottage can sing,
The smuggler whose musket, so deadly and true,
In bidding our mountains' old echoes to ring,
May one day, perchance, waken liberty too :
When our country's in peril, her foes full of glee,
She'll cry to the smuggler, come, battle for me ! ”

The superstitions of the French peasantry afford undoubtedly far less attractive subjects for the poet than the wild supernatural world of Scottish imagination. But such as they are, they too have furnished convenient themes for the excursive reveries of this self-taught philosopher. In attempting to imitate one or two specimens of this class of his compositions, we must again warn the reader that we do not select those which appear to us the best, but those of which we have conceived it most easy to transfer the general tone and sentiment into our own language. And he will readily conclude that poetry, of which the peculiar charm consists in purity and terseness of expression, must appear to great disadvantage in the uncouth garb of a translation.

“ LES ETOILES QUI FILENT.

“ Berger, tu dis que notre étoile
Règle nos jours et brille aux cieux.”
“ Oui, mon enfant : mais dans son voile
La nuit le dérobe à nos yeux.”
“ Berger, sur cet azur tranquille
De lire on te croit le secret :
Quelle est cette étoile qui file,
Qui file, file, et disparaît ? ”

“ Shepherd ! thou say'st our earthly doom
Obeys some star's mysterious power.”
Yes, my fair child : but night's deep gloom
Veils from our eyes the destined hour.
“ Shepherd ! thou read'st the stars aright,
Hast tracked each planet's wandering way ;
Say, what betides yon falling light,
Which shoots, and shooots, and fades away ? ”
My child, some mortal breathes his last,
His star shoots downward from its sphere ;
That being's latest hours were past
Mid' jovial friends and festive cheer :
All reckless sped his summon'd sprite
While flushed in evening sleep he lay—
“ See ! yet another fleeting light
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away ! ”

My child, how pure, how bright its beam !
 There sank a maiden good and fair ;
 This morn repaid each wishful dream,
 Each constant sigh, each hour of care ;
 This morn her brow with flowers was dight,
 She crossed her father's doors to day—

“ See! yet another passing light
 Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away !”

Just then, a high and mighty lord,
 New-born, in gold and purple sleeping,
 His infant breath to Heaven restored,
 And left a princely mother weeping :
 Courtier, and slave, and parasite
 Were gathering round their future prey—

“ See! yet another meteor light,
 Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away !”

My child, how comet-like it gleamed !
 A royal favourite's star was there,
 Who laughed our woes to scorn, and deemed
 'Twas pride to mock a realm's despair :
 Even now his flatterers hide from sight
 The portraits of their God of clay—

“ See! yet another wandering light,
 Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away !”

My child, the blessings of the poor
 Wing'd heavenward yonder fleeting soul ;
 Distress but gleans from other's store,
 From his she reaped a plenteous dole :
 From far and near, this very night,
 Towards his doors the houseless stray—

“ See! yet another falling light,
 Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away !”

That star controul'd a monarch's fate !
 Go ! welcome, son, thy lowly dwelling ;
 And envy not the stars of state
 In lustre or in size excelling :
 For didst thou shine all coldly bright
 In useless grandeur, men would say,
 'Tis but a passing meteor-light
 Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away !

“ LE JUIF ERRANT.

“ One draught to slake these lips unblest,
 Christian ! I ask of thee but one ;
 The wandering Hebrew wretch thou seest
 Whom still the whirlwind hurries on.
 Worn down with years, yet aged never,
 Upon the day of doom in vain

I dream each night in wildering fever,
 Each morn the sun comes forth again,
 And whilst I roam, earth turneth ever,
 Ever, for ever !

“ From age to age it bears me on
 O'er dust that once was Greece and Rome,
 O'er thousand empires past and gone,
 As sea-winds drive the fleeting foam :
 The seeds of good that die unblest,
 And ill's rich harvests I've beheld,
 And new-born worlds from ocean's breast,
 That shall outlast the worlds of eld.

“ My heart is changed, but changed in wrath ;
 I fain would succour mortals' woe,
 But ere their thanks can bless my path,
 The summoning whirlwind bids me go !
 Forward ! the sufferer's hand may grasp
 The little alms I love to give ;
 But may not press with grateful clasp
 My passing hand which bids him live.

“ If in hot noon's relentless hours,
 By shady lea or murmuring wave,
 I strive to rest mid summer flowers,
 I hear the restless whirlwind rave !
 One peaceful dream—one draught of pleasure—
 Can such celestial wrath awake ?
 A long repose of endless leisure
 Might scarce suffice my thirst to slake !

“ If by the spot which saw my birth
 I long to stand, and gaze alone,
 To trace each ridge of mouldering earth,
 Each grassy mound, each formless stone ;
 The whirlwind comes ! away, away—
 Break not thy fathers' funeral sleep ;
 Whilst earth abides, thou can'st not stay,
 No place of rest for thee they keep !

“ The Son of God in torture dying,
 I mocked him with a fiendish yell—
 Beneath my feet the earth is flying—
 The whirlwind comes—farewell, farewell !
 Ye tyrant sons of wrath and pride,
 My marvellous sufferings you see ;
 In heartless scorn I dared deride
 Not heaven—but wrong'd humanity !”

If we have succeeded in conveying, either by our remarks or our imitations, any idea of the character of this truly original poet, it will be seen that the secret of his success chiefly consists

in the universal and popular view which he studies to take of life in every one of its aspects. He disdains to employ no sentiment, no train of ideas, however trivial or common-place, provided they are such as do actually occupy and interest the minds of the million. He recoils before no expression or image, because it has been hacknied by common usage, provided it still finds an echo in the hearts of those to whom it is addressed. The spirit of external nature seldom appeals to his imagination. He does not exhibit or possess any acute sense of its beauties. This is a taste which the inhabitants of most countries only acquire with the progress of refinement, and which even in our highly-advanced civilization is chiefly confined to the educated few. He is most at home in the crowded dwellings of Paris, in the bivouac of the soldier, or in the cabin of the countryman, in tracing the vague opinions, or expressing the simple desires of the multitude. And hence it arises that Béranger, without the knowledge of a single Greek or Latin author, is to our apprehension by far the most classical poet of the present day, because in the developement of his mind and the progress of his genius he pursued the same track which was trodden by the children of a less refined generation. Our impressions, (in modern times,) whether relating to external nature, or to the experience of human life, are mostly received at second hand. We begin to think through the medium of books, before we have begun to observe for ourselves. Hence a standard of reference is early formed in our minds, which, whether it be true or false, is not that which we should have naturally acquired, and widely different from that which the education of circumstances would have led us to adopt. Hence we view all objects as through a glass, which cannot represent them without a certain degree of distortion, and are frequently astonished without reason, when we reflect how widely different an aspect nature and man assume to the educated and the uneducated observer. And notwithstanding all that has been said of the general spread of intelligence, we cannot but apprehend that the barrier between these two classes is increasing rather than diminishing in strength and substance. Hence the great benefit of classical instruction is, that it tends to correct our minds by causing us to intersperse our ideas with those of a race of men who formed their conclusions and drew their observations and their images after a fashion entirely different from our own. They studied universal human nature; we the factitious character of a particular class. Béranger, without the slightest tincture of classical attainments, has arrived at nearly the same point with them through natural taste and favourable circumstances. He is the poet of modern France, just as Archilochus and Simonides

were the poets of their Ionian fellow citizens, without distinction of high and low. Nor could we find any where poetry so nearly resembling his own (especially in those philosophical ballads which we regard as his most perfect compositions) as in the relics of the early lyric writers of the Anthology. They exhibit the same simple unity of purpose. The poet seems to pour out at once the whole thought with which his mind is pregnant, without curtailing its dimensions or altering its shape to please the taste of fastidious critics. He cares not whether his image is a trivial one, or has been a thousand times repeated before. It is his property, just as it was that of his predecessors, for although he repeats he does not imitate. Hence, in Béranger, as in those ancient fragments, we find much that appears trite, insipid, and common-place; but we find withal that true and genuine simplicity which is only attained by consummate art and laborious exertion.

Another point of resemblance between the French chansonnier and these pristine writers, arises (we fear) from confirmed irreligious persuasion, acting upon a kindly, yet melancholy temperament. He may be gay and humorous, bitter, sarcastic, light, and careless by turns on the surface; but plaintiveness is the hidden soul of all his poetry. Futurity is to him only an object of gloomy foreboding. *Carpe diem*, is in his mouth not the trivial commonplace of ordinary conviviality, but a most deep and heartfelt acknowledgment of the only truth which his philosophy recognizes. Youth and pleasure constitute the only substantial good; every day which passes is an irreparable loss, a comrade to be mourned for, as a departed friend. Many of his most beautiful songs do but echo, in many a mournful variation, this thought, which comes so sadly home to the hearts of thousands, which admit of few other thoughts. "Bonsoir," "Encore des Amours," "J'ai cinquante ans," "La Vieillesse," "La Comète de 1832," "Treize à Table,"—all these are but so many exquisite manifestations of that dark importunate spirit, which came at intervals to wrinkle the brows of Anacreon and Meleager beneath their coronals of flowers.

But we must hasten to bring to a close this imperfect tribute of admiration, rendered to a writer whose peculiar beauties a foreign critic must with diffidence attempt to appreciate, although they are such as to endear him more and more to us at every successive perusal. We have been the more tempted to extend to some length these remarks on poems which many may still be disposed to regard as mere fugitive trifles, by the feeling that if the title be denied to their author, France possesses at present no poet of original talent. The established leaders of the classical

and romantic schools have enjoyed a popularity, rather exacted by the strenuous efforts of their respective partisans, than proceeding from natural and unextorted admiration. Delavigne and Lamartine, writers whose reputation seems to sustain itself with difficulty, offer, each of them in his own manner, nothing but cold reflections of the brilliancy of Byron. The peculiar fashion in poetry which was set by that daring innovator seems scarcely to have outlasted one generation of readers; and the minor herd of his followers will, of course, fall rapidly into insignificance. As for Victor Hugo, who seems to occupy the most prominent, if not the most exalted place in the French Parnassus of the day, he is far too obscurely sublime in his exalted flights, and too deeply immersed at other times in the shades of bathos, to allow our moderate and timid criticism to attempt an admeasurement of his actual dimensions; and we turn with fresher and fresher enjoyment from the laborious dulness or more laborious extravagance of these and the other poets of the day, to the terse spirit and profound sensibility of a writer whose magic is the more powerful from being apparently exercised by a hand unconscious of its dominion. Even his occasional tameness and insipidity become pleasant to the reader, because they seem inseparably connected with that tender simplicity which tints, as it were, the distance of all his various pictures with its quiet colouring. Many will, no doubt, prefer to regard him as the favourite chansonnier of social enjoyment, wit, and satire. We think that he has higher titles to present fame and future immortality, and that his own exclamation paints most truly the real strength of his lyrical genius.

“ Mon Dieu, vous m'avez bien doté :
 Je n'ai ni force ni sagesse :
 Mais je possède une gaieté
 Qui n'offense pas la tristesse.”

ART. III.—*Du Système Pénitentiaire aux Etats-Unis, et de son Application en France; suivis d'un Appendice sur les Colonies Penales, et de Notes Statistiques.* Par MM. G. de Beaumont et A. de Tocqueville, Avocats a la Cour Royale de Paris, &c. Paris. 1833. 8vo.

AMONG the more perplexing of the difficulties which result from the complicated machinery of a highly civilized state, is the disposal of the persons of those offenders whom it is necessary to exclude from society for a longer or shorter period. The rude old plan of extermination, mutilation, or otherwise marking the body with some sign that shall be a warning of the infamy of the

bearer—or the other alternative of casting the malefactor into an unwholesome dungeon, where, by force of chains, bad air, bad food, and bad treatment, he might gradually expiate his crime and forfeit his life or his health, are schemes as little adapted to the wants as the wishes of an advanced period of civilization. The change was operated under motives of humanity. Executions have been diminished, the law made more lenient, infamizing marks and mutilations found to be as impolitic as inhuman, prisons have been rendered comfortable, the hulks are described as “a pretty jolly sort of life,” and transportation to a penal colony is regarded as a fortunate conclusion to a turbulent Cis-Atlantic existence. The spirit of the old institutions was vengeance—of the modern ones, philanthropy: crime nevertheless has gradually increased, and now that the means taken for its repression, whether in ancient or modern times, are subjected to examination, it appears as if nothing in either period was calculated to produce that desirable end. The blind dealings of vengeance were capricious and uncertain; the zealous and equally blind exertions of philanthropy stopped short altogether at the relief of the physical suffering of the criminal, leaving at the same time ample opportunities for further moral corruption, and by no means protecting society from the commission of crime by the force of exemplary punishment.

After all that has been said and done in this country on the subject of prison discipline and secondary punishments, the state of our institutions is precisely this—that they cost enormous sums of money—are not calculated to deter from the commission of offences, and are so managed that each is held, on the best testimony, to be a perfect school of crime. They who will take the trouble to peruse the two late Reports of Committees of the House of Commons on the subject of punishment will have no hesitation in agreeing that occasional residences in our prisons, a few years’ labour in our dockyards, or a voyage to Australia, are commonly calculated on by the population of thieves and other offenders as events in life incidental to the profession they have chosen, and in no wise to be deprecated when they happen, though to be avoided as long as possible, on the ground that it is pleasanter to be carrying on the war with a wider range of liberty.

A criminal may be said in this country to take his degrees by imprisonment. The gaols are the schools, the hulks the universities of crime. The man who has served four or five years at Chatham or Portsmouth comes out a master of arts; his doctor’s degree he gets *per saltum*, that is to say, by a broad leap across the seas to the Antipodes, in the classic land of Australia. A commitment to prison is tantamount to matriculation: innocent or

guilty it matters not—first, the horror of a prison is overcome; it is found not to be so bad a thing as it was painted: next come the crowds of companions glorying in their offence, boasting of their dexterity, eloquent in threats for the future, and ingenious in collecting information and devising plots, as pabulum for subsistence as soon as the period of their discharge arrives. The innocent yield to the force of public opinion as it reigns within the four corners of the gaol, become ashamed of their inexperience, and select a model of imitation among the proudest and most admired of these warriors against the laws of an unjust society. It is thus that every effort we make to diminish crime only produces or accomplishes a criminal. We are no friends to Draconic measures, and would as gladly aid the progress of a truly humane measure as any of the most exclusive of our philanthropists; yet we do not hesitate to declare, that at this moment the only efficient punishment in our code is that of *death*; but so uncertain is its infliction, and so many are the chances of escape, that even its efficiency is so far reduced as to operate only very partially as an example of terror. Death is our only efficient punishment, and yet it is precisely that which there is great reason to think, under a truly enlightened system of imprisonment, might, perhaps, except in a few cases, be altogether abolished. Thus, in the badness of our present practice, the worst and most questionable of all punishments is the only one which works with advantage. It is as if in some vehicle the overweight which caused the overturning of the machine yet acted ultimately in such a way as to prevent the further calamity of its being dragged away by the infuriated horses.

Inquiry of various kinds having been set afloat, and much information having been collected, men's minds seem to have taken a stand on the American system of penitentiaries. The works of several travellers have contained remarkable reports on the merits of these admirable institutions. The fullest and best account given by any recent writer is the chapter which Mr. Stuart has devoted to the description of Auburn. His report conveys a complete picture to the mind of the institution, discusses very fairly its advantages, and goes into greater details on the subject of management than any other English work. Mr. Stuart's experience of America, the interest he had taken in this subject, joined with his calm good sense and great power of accurate observation, rendered him admirably qualified for the task of making such a report on this and similar establishments as might have been made a practical guide for working upon in this country. His predecessor in the same field, Captain Hall, was examined on the subject by a Committee of the House of Commons, and the Report pre-

sented by them recommends a modification of the disciplinary systems practised at Auburn and Sing-Sing, in the United States. The only information before the Committee was that of Captain Hall, and assuredly his investigation was not of that methodical and elaborate kind which ought to precede the adoption of a new system of procedure in this most important branch of domestic policy. A still further step has been taken in sending a commissioner to that country, with a view of collecting such practical information as may be necessary before any decided change is made. The French government had been previously induced to send persons on a similar mission. They made a report to their administration, and have subsequently published the volume which stands at the head of this article. It is as remarkable for the enlightened views and the general intelligence of its authors, as for the quantity of information it contains respecting the great object of their visit to the United States.

It is not easy to say how it has happened that the Americans have got the start of us in this experiment. The light undoubtedly came from Britain; the germ of all the penitentiaries is in Mr. Bentham's *Panopticon*, which was also the immediate parent of that notable job, our own Penitentiary—a most illegitimate product of the creator's brain. The history of this attempt perhaps embraces the secret of our failure. It too commonly happens that public schemes in this country are seized upon as the mere occasions of making money. As everything is or was done by patronage, the fittest person is the last chosen, whether for building or managing: the eye of the interested is not on their proceedings, and the public never hears of the loss of its money and the defeat of its object, until the job explodes in some enormity. In the instance of the Penitentiary, the original thought, the scheme, and the plan, down to the minutest details, were Mr. Bentham's: he proposed to constitute himself the gaoler; the act passed both houses of parliament, and the pen was in the royal hand to affix the signature. "Bentham! Bentham!" said George III. "What Bentham is that?" "Mr. Bentham of Lincoln's Inn," answered Lord Shelburne. The king threw down the pen. Mr. Bentham had long before answered one of the king's letters in the Hague newspaper on the affairs of Europe, and it was understood his majesty had never forgiven the unsparing castigator of his anonymous composition. It was thus at least that Lord Shelburne told the story of Mr. Bentham's disappointment. The project, however, being agreeable to parliament, was far too good a one to be lost: it was taken in hand by others, disguised, botched and spoilt, that it might pass for their own, and was made the occasion of one of the most famous jobs of our times. Mr. Bentham

engaged to maintain each individual committed to his care for about one sixth of what each has cost the country for a series of years, to say nothing of the enormous outlay on the building, and the not less enormous departure from the spirit of the plan, which had originally won the favour of the shrewdest minister of the day. We allude to these facts, that we may state our conviction that had British ingenuity had fair play, we should not now have had to resort to America to copy institutions which are neither more nor less than the practical execution, with allowable deviations, of a theory devised long ago in a quiet hermitage in Westminster. In the Penitentiary, the contrivers or adopters of that scheme, like other imitators, scarcely caught the body of their predecessor's scheme, and the soul most certainly escaped them. But in this matter it was of great consequence who should be the first superintendent or governor, for much, some say all, depends upon the moral power of the machine. A zealous, indefatigable, all-seeing philosopher like Mr. Bentham, might have given the measure an impetus which it would have carried to the end of time: his high tone of morality, his ardent and untiring perseverance, his conscientious regard for the public interest, combined with his personal amiability and imperturbable temper, would have made him the model of Grand Penitentiaries; while his character, fortune and genius would have conferred lustre on the office of gaoler itself. It is singular that all this, which ought to have taken place here, has come to pass in America. There the idea has fructified, and the men who have been proud to place themselves at the head of the establishments in the United States for the reform of criminals, have been men of station, learning, philanthropy, piety, and highly cultivated intellect.

Legislative experiment is less encumbered with disturbing causes in the United States; the prejudice is in favour of novelty; and so vigilant a watch is kept over the agents to whom the execution is entrusted, that corrupt motives are not permitted to come into play. The operation of public opinion, moreover, is so direct and so powerful, that the love of approbation becomes an active agent in eliciting the most arduous exertions in behalf of the national service. To this other causes may be added, which will explain the great progress made by the United States in prison discipline. The Union has, and has had, as many bad prisons as any country in the world of the same population; but though formed on the model of the old country prisons, they were not encumbered with huge and extensive buildings, which, having been erected with great effort, people were unwilling to abandon or to pull down, for the sake of realizing the new-fangled notions of a few hair-brained theorists and philosophers. New prisons in

new districts, and on new ground in old ones, were wanted, and the spirit of improvement had consequently a fair arena to contend upon. The old prisons, moreover, just served to shock the feelings and stimulate the humanity of the philanthropists and religionists of the Union; they were struck with the moral deterioration of the prisoner on leaving gaol, and with the loss of the opportunity which his confinement gave them of working his reformation. The United States is an essentially pious country, and religion has had more to do with the improvement in prison discipline there, than either legislation or general philosophy. The aim of the chief movers in this reform has been to work a religious reformation in the prisoner, the inspectors are animated with this spirit, the superintendent is invariably a person deeply impressed with similar views, the books put into the hands of the prisoner are all of this description, and the attendants, partaking of the spirit of the place, and selected from the large mass of the religious population, never indulge in language, or breathe a sentiment in disunison with the tone of the institution. This religious tendency was exhibited before the present enlightened views were adopted. The idea of solitary imprisonment was adopted from the works of Howard by members of that beneficent body of men, no where more paramount in good deeds than in America—the Quakers: chiefly by their instrumentality the Walnut Street prison of Philadelphia was founded. The principles of prison discipline were, however, so little practically understood, that the result of this experiment was in the highest degree mischievous: where the solitary imprisonment was carried into full effect, it destroyed both the health and the intellect of the prisoner: where it was evaded, his morals were injured by the association in which he was permitted to indulge. And yet it was from the Walnut Street prison of Philadelphia that the reputation of the United States in this matter mainly arose. Even now, we believe, the true foundation of her reputation is but imperfectly understood. It shall be our business to show the nature of the experiments that have been tried in that country, and to furnish such facts regarding their progress as will enable persons to judge how far we are right in looking to this quarter of the globe for a guide.

The origin of the American experiments on imprisonment was a philanthropic desire to find a substitute for capital punishment. The Walnut Street prison of Philadelphia, in which solitary confinement was adopted, arose out of the writings of Howard: it was thus supposed that the painfulness, nay it was held the unlawfulness, of executions might be avoided. The Duke de la Rochefoucault published, in 1794, an interesting notice of this prison: he declared the system excellent, and his eulogy was

pretty generally repeated. Nevertheless the principle on which the system was founded was altogether unsound, and the results in practice corresponded with the fault in theory. The prisoners doomed to solitary confinement were reduced to idiocy, or destroyed by disease, from having no occupation or object on which they might employ body or mind. Those not doomed to utterly solitary confinement were corrupted by the contagion of criminal society: the prisoners worked together.

The first state that imitated the Pennsylvanian system was that of New York, in which the new penal laws were adopted with the new system of imprisonment. Here solitary confinement was inflicted in lieu of death, but only on such as were condemned to such punishment, and it made no part of the general discipline of the prison. The rest of the prisoners were heaped together in the promiscuous manner of the old system, save that they were compelled to work. The example of Pennsylvania was also followed by Maryland, Massachusetts, the state of Maine, New Jersey, Virginia, and others: capital punishments were commuted for solitary imprisonment, the inmates of the gaol were set to work, and in case of an infraction of the rules of the prison, solitude and bread and water were resorted to by the keepers; but still the general application of a system of seclusion, with a view to the reformation of the criminal, made no part of the American plan.

The results were found to be in the highest degree discouraging: the prisoners became hardened in crime, and were constantly returned for the commission of subsequent offences: besides which, these establishments were ruinously expensive: every year the state was called upon for considerable sums for the maintenance of its Penitentiary. Something, it was clear, was wrong. Such consequences might have served to show that the fault was in the system itself; all the blame was, however, laid on the execution. The prisons, it was said, were too crowded—there was a want of sufficient classification—and it was maintained that if a sufficient number of cells were built, and other accommodations effected, the happiest results might be looked for from the new system. This was the origin of Auburn in 1816. This prison, now become so celebrated, was formed upon a different principle from that which now reigns there. Each cell was destined to receive two prisoners. This plan was found in its consequences worse than any that had been previously tried. More cells were therefore built, and solitude was still more extensively imposed. The same process had in the mean time been going on in Pennsylvania: the Walnut Street Prison was despaired of: a new one built at Pittsburg, and the magnificent establishment of Cherry Hill commenced in Philadelphia. The old

system of the Walnut Street Prison went on the principle of classification and a select community of workmen; the modern ones by degrees approached the system of entire solitude. In the Walnut Street plan solitary confinement was but an accessory feature of the system: in the Cherry Hill and Pittsburg scheme it came to be the fundamental principle.

The virtue of utter solitude was tried by way of experiment at Auburn. In the north wing, which was nearly completed in 1821, twenty-four criminals were placed in separate cells; and their confinement appears to have been unrelieved by occupation or any other source of distraction. Five of these men died in one year, one became mad, another attempted suicide by rushing into the gallery and over the balustrade, at the instant a turnkey entered with some food, and the whole of them were soon in that state of emaciation and debility as to prove to the gaolers that they were fast approaching the termination of their career. The system was thereupon (1823) definitively pronounced bad. The governor of the State of York pardoned twenty-six of those who had been subjected to solitary confinement, including, we suppose, the remaining subjects of the first experiment, and others who entered the cells as they were finished; the rest were permitted to work together in the day time, and at night were separately locked up in their respective cells. In this practice we detect the germ of the system which has since made Auburn so famous. Solitude at night was retained, because a conviction existed that the effects of it were morally beneficial, provided its physical operation was not mischievous: the prisoners were admitted to work together as an antidote to the physical mischief of solitude, well aware at the same time that in a moral point of view nothing could be more injurious than free communication. It became a problem then how to obtain the greatest portion of solitude, with the least portion of social communication, so that the combination might be both morally and physically safe. The solution was the present system of Auburn—utter solitude at night—labour in common workshops by day, but in the observation of rigorous silence. The process which led to the discovery may be imagined. When the prisoners, subdued by the emaciating effects of an idle solitude, were first led forth by their keepers, it is probable that they would be quiet, humble, and perhaps grateful for the boon; the order of general silence among the workmen, from the fact of talk interrupting labour, would be given, and enforced without difficulty. After a time, the effects of light, air, and society would exhibit themselves in increased energy, and a stronger desire for social communication. This the keepers would endeavour to repress, and succeeding but ill, they might

find it the easier and better plan to insist upon utter silence at once. They would, having the power in their hands, find it a much less difficult task to stop the mere utterance of a single word, than to graduate or regulate the hum and buzz of a workshop of freely communicating labourers employed upon forced work. This has probably been the order and progress of the invention, but who the inventor was is a subject of controversy. It was first found in operation under the superintendence of Mr. Elam Lynds, the present governor of the Sing-Sing Penitentiary, then the governor of Auburn. It is the prevailing opinion in the United States that he is the author of the new system: the honour has, however, been disputed.

In consequence of the success which attended the new system of Auburn, in all the points that could have been tried at the time, it was determined to build a new prison on the same plan. Every prisoner requiring a separate cell, and there being but 550 cells at Auburn, it soon became full, and as it will be understood that every thing depends upon the perfection and completeness of the execution of the plan, there can be no crowding in such an establishment. It being determined therefore to build a new penitentiary, Mr. Elam Lynds, the director, took with him a hundred prisoners accustomed to obey him, and encamped them on the spot, on the banks of the Hudson, which had been selected for the site of the prison. Here he set his men to work; some of them were carpenters, others masons, or made such, and without walls or any restraint, and with no other authority over them than that which he derived from the firmness and the energy of his own character, they submitted implicitly to his direction. From time to time during several years, the number of convict labourers was increased, and thus they built their prison. At present the Penitentiary of Sing-Sing contains a thousand cells, every one of which was constructed by the prisoners shut up in them.

The failure of the experiment of solitary imprisonment without work at Auburn, did not deter the Pensylvanians from persevering in their own system. In the course of 1827, the Penitentiary of Pittsburg began to receive prisoners. Each prisoner was shut up day and night, but such was the faulty construction of the building, that what passed in one cell could be heard in the next. Consequently each convict could communicate with his neighbour, and as they had no occupation, it may be supposed that the business of communication went on incessantly: the result was inevitable—mutual instruction in crime. All the beneficial effects of solitude were prevented, and all the mischief which arises from the conversation of criminals almost enforced. The unhappy results of this experiment, which showed themselves in the moral deterio-

ration of the prisoners, and on their discharge, in their speedy return convicted of other crimes, when joined to the intelligence of the success of the new system at Auburn, in a great measure shook the confidence of the philanthropic legislators of Pennsylvania in the efficacy of their favourite scheme of seclusion without work, as exhibited in operation at Pittsburg, and already introduced as the principle of the great institution of Cherry Hill.

A commission was appointed by the legislature to inquire into the merits of the different systems of imprisonment. Messrs. Shaler, King, and Wharton, who had been charged with the inquiry, made a report upon the different systems then in activity, (December, 20, 1827,) and concluded with a recommendation of Auburn. This document, which we have not seen, is said by Messrs. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville, to be one of the most important papers that exists on this branch of legislation.

The influence of this report was decisive on public opinion, but its positions were controverted by more than one writer. The most distinguished of its opponents was Edward Livingston, well known as the philanthropic and enlightened author of a reformed code of criminal laws for Louisiana, as also of a reform code of prison discipline. One important point was conceded by Mr. Livingston in his defence of solitude, viz., the necessity of work. But the objection to the Auburn plan, which revolts the feelings both of Mr. Livingston, and more especially the writers of Pennsylvania, is the corporal punishment, which is employed to maintain the discipline of the prison. The system ultimately adopted by the Pennsylvanians was a combination of the Walnut Street plan and the Auburn one: solitary confinement of the most rigorous description was ordained in every case, and the prisoner was permitted to choose some description of work. This change in the system of imprisonment necessarily entailed a change in the criminal law, which underwent a thorough revision. The penalties were mitigated, the periods of imprisonment were shortened, and the punishment of death was abolished in every case except that of wilful murder.

The other States of the Union were not unobservant spectators of the proceedings of New York and Pennsylvania: many of them have followed pretty close upon the example set them; in some the Pennsylvanian and in some the Auburn systems have been adopted. Modifications, however, not always well judged, have been introduced. In some of the States, partial changes have been made, and in others none at all; and so little is there of uniformity or universality in the prison discipline of America, that even now the very worst and the very best prisons may be met with there in close proximity.

In both the systems of Philadelphia and Auburn, it will be remarked, the fundamental principle is the same. It is that of *complete isolation*; and unless the importance of it be thoroughly well understood by the legislator, little good is to be expected from his best endeavours. The experience obtained both in this country and America, as well as elsewhere, has shown in the most convincing manner possible, that no amelioration is to be expected in the moral state of the prisoner as long as he is indulged in communicating with his fellows in crime. The subjects of their conversation are naturally corrupting: in their lighter moments they boast of their exploits; in their sadder hours they breathe vengeance against the world. Thoughts of repentance, if they occur, find no utterance, for they would excite the derision of their companions, even though themselves were occasionally visited with compunctious feelings. It must be remembered, that convicts have been maintaining a struggle with the laws, and have been defeated: they do not wish it to appear that they have yielded without a brave defence, and, after capture, to show repentance would be, to their perverted minds, like crying craven when in the hands of the enemy: such a want of spirit, as it would be termed, could only be shown by a person of a moral courage, whom it would be vain to look for in a prison. It is braving the only public opinion which has any influence over them—that of the community of crime. It is constantly remarked, that on first entering a prison, the less hardened criminal commences by exhibiting some sense of shame—that he is, after a longer or shorter resistance, subdued to the same quality as his compeers—and the very man who began even with denying the offence of which he had been found guilty, will end by boldly maintaining his claim to a huge catalogue of daring crimes, coloured by, or altogether the product of his imagination. Unless the moral atmosphere of a criminal is changed, it is in vain to hope for a change of conduct: this can only be effected by interdicting utterly the interchange of word or sign with a fellow-convict. The same results follow if only two are placed together: the one is sure to be worse than the other in some respects; and in their communications they keep alive all their old sympathies, ideas, and habits, teach mutually by the aid of their different experiences, and endeavour to obtain a superiority by rivalling each other in boasting of their former atrocities. It would be useless to heap authority upon authority for the truth of this view, for it is now become the settled conviction of every person who has given any attention to the subject. Our own Penitentiary furnishes a striking practical proof. The time of the prisoners is there divided into two portions: during the first half the confinement is solitary, with the exception of

a short time for exercise; in the second they work together in classes. It is found, and we have the testimony of all the officers of that institution to the fact, that during the first period the prisoners invariably improve, and as invariably deteriorate during the second; so much so, that the governor declared, before a late Committee of the House of Commons, that more good would be done by discharging them at the expiration of half their time of sentence, than by detaining them through the whole of it.

The *isolation* of Philadelphia, as has been already stated, is perfect: whereas in Auburn it is relaxed to the eye only: the prisoners working together in different classes of trades, but communicating neither by word nor sign. The sympathies are scantily fed, but the mind is altogether denied social food. Now this difference between a physical and an arbitrary separation, though not very striking at first sight, is productive of wide differences in the end. And first, as regards the important subject of work, important in its moral effects on the prisoner, and also in its financial influence on the prison, and its accounts. In the seclusion of the cell, work becomes a source of enjoyment: without it, the prisoner could not exist—take away his work, and he feels that with it goes the object of his life. In order to make its value felt, it is the practice of the penitentiary of Philadelphia to confine the prisoner in his cell for a short time without occupation: after the first movements of despair are over, and he begins to recover from the immediate effects of the cold plunge out of the busy world of crime into the depths of his silent prison, he begins to ask for work, and ultimately to beseech it as a favour; afterwards he can know no bitterer punishment than to be deprived of this his only solace.

In the penitentiary of Philadelphia, it would be inconsistent with both the punishment and the reformation of the criminal to admit the visits of strangers. The official character in which Messrs. De Beaumont and De Tocqueville arrived in the United States, caused the magistracy of Philadelphia to make an exception in their favour. They visited the cells of the prisoners of Cherry Hill Penitentiary, and have given notes of the conversations which passed. One and all agreed that labour was the grand solace of their solitary existence.

No. 28, condemned for murder, was asked if he thought he could live there without working. "Work," said he, "appears to me absolutely necessary to existence; I believe that I should die without it." He was also asked if he often saw his keepers, and if he felt pleasure in seeing them. He said he saw them about six times a day, and never without a feeling of joy. "This sum-

mer a cricket came into my court. It looked like company for me. When a butterfly or any other animal enters my cell, I never hurt it."

No. 36 said that work was a great blessing. The longest day of the week was Sunday; it seemed without end, because there was no work.

No. 41 was asked if he considered work necessary. "One could not live here without it," said he. "Sunday is a heavy day to get through, I assure you." And yet this was a man whose chief consolation was religion.

It must be recollected, that the prisoners have no means of communicating their opinions: and, in fact, if two men were in the adjoining cells for twenty years, they would never know more of each other than if they had lived at the antipodes.

No. 56 had been convicted three times, and been confined in other prisons. It was observed to him: "You appear to work here without difficulty: you say it was not so in the other prisons where you were confined: whence comes the difference?" "Oh, sir, work here is a pleasure; it would sadly aggravate the evil of being here, to take it away. Nevertheless, I think I could do without it, if compelled."

No. 62, a physician and a well educated man: he is allowed the privilege of doing nothing but what he likes; nevertheless he works incessantly. Knowing no trade, he voluntarily cuts out leather for shoes.

It is needless to repeat the statements of each prisoner; suffice it to say, that on this point all of them were unanimous. Of the intenseness with which work was applied to, some opinion may be formed by the rapidity with which different trades were learned in the prison.

Now at Auburn work is compelled: it would not be adopted voluntarily: where men are even permitted to see one another, the necessity for labour is far less imperious. In order therefore to force work, punishment must be used in case of idleness, or neglect. The lash is brought into play, the keeper is authorized to punish refractoriness on the spot. This is considered the blot on the system of Auburn; and we observe that in the Report of the House of Commons Committee of last session, a modification of the plan there in force is recommended. Corporal punishments are recommended to be abolished; the reason given for this change is, that "the Committee are unwilling to entrust to those who have the management of prisoners in this country, a discretionary power of inflicting corporal punishment." Why not then change the class of persons to whom the

management of criminals is intrusted? In any case this must be done; for it too frequently happens that the men who do the duties of turnkeys in our gaols have been themselves criminals, and are never, or very rarely, of that description to whom any kind of reform can be entrusted. Generally speaking, the turnkeys are as little calculated to take the care of the moral state of their prisoners, as to be entrusted with their corporal chastisement. But the grade of keeper will be raised in public estimation, when higher objects are aimed at than the mere custody of a crowd of ruffians: when the prison is to be made an intellectual and moral school of discipline, instead of a hotbed of crime and degradation, very different men will be required, and very different men be willing to accept the post, which will be one of responsibility and respectability.

The recommendation of the Committee to adopt the system of Auburn, and yet leave out the provision on which in fact turns the success of the whole experiment, is, we fear, not uncharacteristic of similar Reports. There is in our legislation a perpetual tendency to trim: the half-and-half or the bit-by-bit spirit has, in consequence of the struggling and balancing of parties and interests, entailed by a government of patronage, thoroughly infused itself into our parliamentary committees.* We can fully enter into the feelings of those humane persons who cannot bear the idea of submitting their fellow-creatures to the arbitrary blows of any man. Such persons must, however, balance the benefits to be derived from the establishment of such an institution as Auburn, and the evil of corporal chastisement inflicted according to the will of a keeper. The objection to the lash is two-fold: the bodily pain, and the degrading nature of the punishment. The pain is certain, immediate, and sufficiently disagreeable to prevent the recurrence of the offence; but it is temporary, the smart quickly passes away, and in itself is milder than perhaps any punishment that can be hit upon for prison offences. As to the degradation, it must never be forgotten that it is a term inapplicable to convicts: they are already degraded below all the graduation of society. It is a circumstance of their condition always to be kept in their minds, that for a period they have forfeited all their social rights, that they can only regain

* Contrast this fastidious tenderness for the criminal with the late decision to keep up military flogging. Something like a charge of "*cant*" may be made against men who weep over the passing smarts of a criminal at one moment, and at another unhesitatingly condemn the soldier, the defender of his country, whom it is an honour to command, to suffer the degradation and the agony of a flogging at the cross-halberds from the whips of his comrades.

them by good conduct in the prison, and at the expiration of their term; that until the day of their emerging into society, they are below all the rest of mankind, but on that day a thorough emancipation, moral, social, and physical, ought and is expected to take place. There is nothing so likely as the lash to bring them to a stinging sense of the loss of their privileges of citizenship. A further objection has been alleged. It is said that the feelings likely to spring up in the breast of the man subject to the lash are not of a kind to contribute to his moral reformation. There is a plausibility in this argument which will probably yield before these considerations. The reform which is expected to be worked in such a prison as Auburn, is to superinduce in the person of an idle, vicious, and probably, intemperate offender, the habits of a sober and industrious workman. Now, though in the case of a man just taken from the haunts of crime and the turbulence of lawless society, the lash may at first produce passion and wrathful denunciations of revenge, it is certain to effect ultimately a thorough submission and obedience. As soon as this end is answered, the necessity for its use ceases, the passions subside under the wholesome influence of solitude and labour, and the man is no longer the same: his moral identity has suffered a total change. This view is borne out by experience. It would be well for those who cry out against the punishment in the abstract, to inquire how much of it is required in practice. It is found, that although with a new company corporal chastisement is frequently required, the necessity quickly ceases; so much so indeed, that visitors might for a long time pay constant attention to the manner of working in the institution, without discovering the check which was in operation, and only showing itself in its effects. This remark chiefly applies to Auburn, where chastisement is singularly temperate. At Sing-Sing, owing perhaps to the different nature of the labour, it being out of doors, and under the inspection of a few guardians, it is much more frequent. No register is kept of punishment. It is believed that at Sing-Sing an average of six are punished per diem, out of a thousand convicts. At Auburn, where the punishment is now so mild, it was at first extremely severe. One of the keepers stated to the French commissioners, that he remembered seeing, when the institution first began, nineteen punished in an hour, and that now, since the discipline was well established, he has been once *four months and a half* without the necessity of giving a single blow. That such should be the result is highly probable: no conversation can ensue, so that the prisoner has to balance between the pleasure of uttering a single word, or sign, or other piece of disobedience, and the immediate certainty of the pain

inflicted by a sharp blow with a cane.* The nature of the case demands perpetual vigilance: an ingenious contrivance, however, by preventing the prisoners from knowing whether they are watched or not, relieves the keeper from that painfully continued inspection which might have been found impossible. A false gallery runs round the workshops, which enables the keeper or the visitors to see without being seen, so that the convicts are never aware when they are not watched. They work with a full feeling that an eye is always upon them.

This difficulty, as regards corporal chastisement, is entirely avoided in the solitudes of the Philadelphia prison. There is no wish to talk when there is no one to talk to: and it is nearly impossible to offend in a cell: no prison regulations are necessary where the prisoner is only required to exist in a space from which he cannot escape. Work he demands by way of consolation: he therefore wants no urging to that which is his only relief from care. There is, however, a regulation with respect to work in the Cherry Hill prison of Philadelphia which has not been stated. The convict is compelled to choose between constant work and constant idleness. He is not permitted to work when he pleases, and then give it up, as his caprice or his weariness may dictate. The idleness, moreover, is accompanied with darkness: light is alone given for work. This is the only punishment in the power of the keeper: it is the only one that the nature of the case can possibly require. There is but one thing beyond solitary confinement in a cell, that is, solitary confinement in a dark cell, and without labour. Every light cell at Philadelphia has a small court attached to it; there is a free admission and current of air. The place is salubrious, and the health of the prisoners is good.

The advantage in this point in the Philadelphia system is not undervalued by the humane patrons of that institution. The admirable Society of Friends has thrown all the weight of its authority and influence into the scale, and were it not from a very general popular prejudice or sentiment against the horror of immuring persons in solitary dungeons, there is no doubt that their favourite system would have prevailed far more extensively. On the ground of humanity, however, it is much to be questioned whether the sharp and short infliction of Auburn is not preferable to the pains of utter solitude. There is no doubt that the prisoner would prefer the former, but it is quite a mistake to consult his feelings. The problem to be solved is, which disci-

* The instrument of punishment is variously named. Some of the authorities call it a whip, some the lash; Mr. E. T. Coke, in his "Subaltern's Furlough," the last writer who speaks of Auburn, calls it a cane. It probably differs in different prisons. Mr. Stuart says it is a whip of hide, and in some cases of rope.

pline is best calculated, first, to deter from the commission of crime, and secondly, to reform the criminal and prepare him for his emancipation.

To hit upon a punishment which shall deter the offender from the commission of crime is not easy. Perhaps there is little dreaded in the community of criminals but the extreme pain of death—and, in the first instance, the rough handling which accompanies apprehension. They do not like the idea of a penitentiary, in fact they abhor the prison discipline of America until reformed; but it is very questionable whether the future ever presents itself in so tangible a shape as to affect their conduct. Let it be remembered that the offender breathes an atmosphere of crime: he is spurred on by occasional fits of remorse, he is stimulated by intemperance, his loss of character removes him from contact with any but the vicious: amongst these (and the force of opinion is the stronger from its concentration) he is a hero according to the extent of his depredations upon the outer world. The whole tribe of receivers, flash-house keepers, prostitutes, and inferior agents, have a direct interest, not only in stimulating the offender to plunder, but in keeping up his self-respect and in staving off every accident likely to lead him to repentance. Early impressions, if by improbable accident they have been good, are instantly stifled by the jeer or the reproach, and the better part of the man is quickly overpowered by some mere stimulus of his share in the sheer animal world. There is other intoxication than that of liquor: the senses of the bold burglar or the adroit thief are kept in a perpetual state of inebriation: he has his obsequious *landlord* to provide him accommodation far beyond any imaginary paradise of his laborious days—his early period of obscurity. He has the *fencer* waiting upon him, like the Jew money-lender on a spendthrift lord, ready almost to advance him money upon the speculation of the evening; and, above all, he is administered to by females whose virtue he has never been taught to miss, and whose finery of attire and personal gifts (for alas! they have been the cause of ruin) dazzle his vulgar imagination, and arouse both his appetites and his pride. The criminal leaves such a society with a resolve to do or die. What soldier ever feared death amidst the roar of battle? The thief plunges into the tide of the world determined on a prey: in such a moment, what does he care for hulks or Sidney, Newgate or the Penitentiary? the idea of the scaffold may come over him with a horrid shudder, but for all else he stands prepared. The solemnities of an ignominious death have an awe in them that at no time can be withstood, save by him who is burning under the influence of the all-subduing passion of revenge. In

every other instance, it is a calculation of personal safety which induces the crime that is *sure* to be punished by death, if brought home.

The principle of deterring from the commission of crime by an example of punishment has been too much dwelt upon. The tendency on the part of many estimable writers to attach too great weight to it, has naturally arisen from the discovery which of late has been forced upon us that criminals stood in no degree of awe of the punishment that awaited conviction. It hence came forcibly to the mind, that it was this want of an example of terror that favoured the growth of crime. The hulks were found to be viewed as a *sejour* not without its *agrémens*—there the convict could receive the money he had accumulated, and the presents of his friends: he could spend it in the articles that best pleased his fancy, with some limitations: he could receive his old acquaintance and be retired with him or her, and, moreover, be exempt from labour as long as he or she chose to remain his guest. His food was superior to that of any labourer in regular work, and his labour less. At night the hold of the ship might be turned into a “free and easy,” and what with a fiddle, beer, and tobacco, the time passed gaily enough. To their songs the very keepers would listen, and many of them were of course in celebration of the exploits of the glorious minority of the convicts, and sometimes, it is stated in evidence before the House of Commons’ Committee, these keepers would command an encore. Australia was not viewed as a place of punishment, but, on the contrary, as a country where the judicious might make a fortune out of the government expenditure. The Penitentiary alone was spoken of by the knowing ones as a thing to be if possible avoided; but as the number it could admit was very limited, the chance of incarceration there has never operated, in all probability, upon a single human being.

Were penitentiaries as numerous as tread-mills, we should not reckon upon them as any powerful motive in driving the would-be offender into a virtuous abstinence. We are inclined to attach far greater importance in the way of prevention of crime to other means: such as the treatment of juvenile vagrants, of juvenile offenders, the vigilance of a preventive police, and the activity of the organs of justice.

With regard to the second point, the comparative efficacy of the Auburn and Philadelphia systems, in operating a reform of the criminal, we fear it must still remain a question for some time. The point is an issue of fact, and the experiment has not been sufficiently long tried to make any comparison between the number of those convicted after discharge from either penitentiary.

It will always be a very difficult point to ascertain this result in the United States, for not only have the different states their different prisons, but their different laws, and on the subject of convicts there appears neither any mutual comparison, nor any centralization in the capital. One thing alone is certain, that as regards second offences, they are much rarer in the new than in the old prisons, and that this truth applies even to our own Penitentiary, faulty as the principle is on which it has been regulated.

On the great subject of reform there is a point of difference in the effect of the system of labour in the Auburn and the Philadelphia schemes which may not occur to every one. Labour, in the Philadelphia prison, is adopted and kept up as a distraction: on the subsequent re-entry into life of the solitary prisoner he finds no such necessity: he revenges himself, it may be, by a copious draught of society, for his long abstinence: the hold which labour had upon him is gone, except in so far as skill and habit, and the necessity of subsistence may prevail. These are powerful motives, and seconded by good will, will probably prevail.

Now, on the other hand, in the Auburn institution, labour and skill have been forced upon the convict. He has learned submission to the will of others: he knows labour as a duty, and not as a relief, and this is precisely the light in which he ought to view it, and must look at it as a member of a civil community. He has been taught the task of humility and subservience, labour and quietude—the most useful qualities he could possibly possess in order to ensure his success in after-life.

A defect of a serious kind is partially shared by Auburn with the barbarous prisons of England and France, and from which that of Philadelphia is entirely free. When an offender has served his time, and is anxious to re-establish himself in the world, he is of necessity most anxious to conceal the fact of his having been the inmate of a gaol: the knowledge of his conviction would effectually prevent any success in his new attempt at re-establishing a character. Now there is nothing so likely to interfere with this design as gaol connections; if acknowledged, they lead to temptation and utter destruction—if denied, a betrayal and accusation follow on the part of former comrades, which effectually explode every idea of success or hope of even subsistence in a new and honest line of life, whether conduct or intention be of a virtuous kind or not. This is in full force in the old prisons of Europe: notable instances of its evil influence may be seen in the *Memoirs of Vidocq*, and those of James Hardy Vaux: the fact is, however, well and extensively known to all who have experience of convicts, that *one* of the greatest difficulties in the way of their restoration,

is the mischievous effect of gaol connections. In Auburn, prisoners must become perfectly well acquainted with each other in person, though there is no reason why there should be any further knowledge of each other than by form and face: we presume that they are distinguished not by name, but by number: this familiarity, however, with the features of a fellow-prisoner may be productive of serious consequences to the virtuously disposed. Now in the Philadelphia prison this evil is completely obviated: no prisoner ever sees the face or hears the name of another, however long his detention may last. It was the consolation of some of the prisoners, as expressed in their conversation with the French Commissioners, that they might leave the place, begin the world afresh, and never be taunted or claimed by any of their vicious fellow-sufferers. Connected with this superiority on the part of Philadelphia, is another difference, which, however, is neither so important, nor so irremediable. At Auburn there is a promiscuous admission of visitors, who are allowed on the payment of a small sum, about a shilling, to inspect the whole institution, and to watch the prisoners at work. This is a practice which has many advantages, and is likely to act as an admirable check on the conduct of the keepers. It is to be feared, however, that it may lead to the observation of convicts by their former companions, and to cause their persons to be known in quarters where they may afterwards seek for employment. But if in other respects Auburn is found to answer, we do not believe that this will ever be held to be a very serious objection. It must be remembered how many of the evils attendant upon the detention of criminals it either obviates or mitigates; and that it would be difficult to point out any human institution in which every thing is perfect. All life, as well as all legislation, is in fact a balancing of good and evil—advantages and disadvantages.

That it may not be supposed we have overvalued the importance of the objection to the prisons as they exist here and elsewhere, and which lies partially against Auburn, we will exemplify some of the evils of the old system of imprisonment by the brief narrative of one of the solitary inmates of a cell in the Cherry Hill penitentiary. It does not stand alone. It is confirmed by every authority we have access to, and they are of very various kinds. The evidence of the convicts before the House of Commons' Committee, may be more especially referred to, as also Mr. Wakefield's book on Newgate, and the papers in *Fraser's Magazine*, by the "Schoolmaster in Newgate," which we are glad to see are about to be collected into a volume.

"No. 00. This prisoner is 40 years of age—convicted of highway robbery. He appears extremely intelligent. This is his story,

"I was fourteen or fifteen years of age when I came to Philadelphia: I was the son of a poor farmer in the West, and I came to try my fortune in getting a livelihood in a great town. Having no recommendation, I could get no work, and on the first night, as I had no other place to go to, I was obliged to sleep on the deck of one of the vessels in the port. I was found there in the morning: the constable apprehended me, and the mayor condemned me to a month's imprisonment, as a vagrant. During this month I mixed with a crowd of malefactors of all ages, and lost the honest principles my father had given me, and on leaving the prison, the first thing I did was to join several young delinquents of my own age, and we committed divers robberies together. I was apprehended, tried and acquitted. I thought myself now too deep for justice, and thinking nothing could beat me, I went on robbing full of confidence. I was taken again, and this time I was condemned to nine years' imprisonment in Walnut-Street gaol."

He was then asked if this punishment did not show him the necessity of changing his mode of life and correcting his dishonest habits?

"Yes," said he, "but it was not Walnut Street Gaol that made me repent of my crimes. I confess I never did repent, nor had an idea of such a thing as repentance all the time I was there. But I could not help remarking that the same individuals were always coming back, and that however clever, strong or bold they were, they were sure to end in being caught. This made me reflect very seriously, and I resolved as soon as I got out of prison to abandon this dangerous kind of life. As soon as I had made this resolution, my conduct became better, and I got out at the end of seven years. I learned the trade of a tailor in prison, and I soon got work. I married and was getting on uncommonly well: but Philadelphia was full of people I had known in prison, and I was in a perpetual tremble lest I should be betrayed by some of them. At last, one day, two of my old chums came to my master and asked to see me. I pretended at first not to know them, but they soon forced me to confess who I was. They then asked me to lend them a considerable sum of money, and on my refusing they threatened to tell my master all about me. I then promised to do what I could, and told them to come back the next morning. As soon as they were gone, I went out myself, and getting on board immediately, with my wife, quitted Philadelphia for Baltimore. I soon found work again there, and for a long time I led a very comfortable life, when one day my master received a letter from one of the constables of Philadelphia, informing him that amongst his workmen, he had an old Walnut prisoner. I never knew what could induce this man to take a step of the kind. I am indebted to him for being here. As soon as my master received this letter, he dismissed me in disgrace. I went the round of all the tailors of Baltimore, but they had been informed and refused to have any thing to do with me. I was compelled by want to go and work on the rail-road then being laid down between Baltimore and the Ohio. Grief and this hard kind of life threw me into a violent fever. I was ill

a long time, and spent and sold all I had. I had scarcely got better, when I went to Philadelphia, and here the fever took me again. As I was getting better, I found myself in a desperate situation, without work or bread for my family. I thought of all the obstacles I found in gaining an honest livelihood, and of all the unjust persecutions I had to submit to, so I fell into a state of exasperation I cannot express. I said to myself, well! since they force me to it, I will turn robber again, and if there is a dollar in the United States, though it were in the President's pocket, I will have it. I called my wife, and told her to sell all the clothes that were left, and with the money I bought a pistol. With this pistol, and at a time when I was unable to walk without crutches, I went into the suburbs and stopped the first passenger I met, and made him give me his pocket book. But I was apprehended the same evening. I had been dodged by the man I had robbed, and my weakness obliging me to stop in the neighbourhood, they had no difficulty in securing me. I confessed the crime, and was sent here."

He was then asked what his present intentions were: what resolutions he had made for the future?

"I am not at all disposed, I confess to you honestly, to reproach myself with what I have done, nor yet to become what they call a good Christian: but I am determined never to rob any more: and now I think I shall succeed in this plan. At the end of nine years I shall leave here, nobody in the world will know me: no one will know that I have been in prison: I shall have made no dangerous acquaintance: I shall be free to earn my bread in peace. This is the grand advantage I find in this penitentiary, and which makes me prefer it, in spite of the hardship of the discipline, a thousand times to going back again to Walnut Street."

This man had been a year in prison, and his health was now good.

The last remarks of this poor man lead us to the very important consideration of the probability of reform in prison, under any form or set of regulations.

It is the common opinion in England, among persons who are conversant with the lives of criminals, that they never reform. It is not improbable that experience would fully bear out the truth of this melancholy assertion. Stated crudely in this manner, it is not unlikely to produce unnecessary discouragement in the minds of the humane and benevolent. It would be marvellous indeed if any large number of convicts in this and other countries of Europe did or even could reform. Every thing conspires to prevent it: we put them in gaol where they learn more crime, we turn them out with bad connections, and with a blasted character. Ignorant perhaps of a trade on entering prison, they leave it without the means of gaining a livelihood, supposing they could get employment. Well-fed, ill-taught by their comrades,

and brutalized by the profitless labour of the treadmill, with crime before them as the readiest means of getting bread, where is the probability even of a resolution to reform? if the resolution is made, how many chances are there of its being carried into execution? Before we condemn criminals for not changing their modes of life, we ought to see whether we provide them with any inducements to do so: we should apply to them the same reasoning that we do to every other condition of life. In none of the American prisons on the new plans, nor yet in our own Penitentiary, is any such doctrine held. There are on the other hand philanthropists to whom a certain quantity of illusion is a necessity, and who dream that by the adoption of some system or other the delinquent may be purified from his wickedness and restored to the paths of virtue; that this or that system has but to be extensively followed, and that the prisons will be emptied and crime will disappear from the face of the earth. These hopes are in the first instance based upon expected reforms in prison, but if we look farther into the schemes of these benevolent visionaries, it will be found they reckon upon a re-education of the whole habits of the man, moral and intellectual; and on looking farther, that they propose to bring every individual, exposed to the commission of crime, within their sphere of enlightenment. They would cause every youth to enter their establishments, who was in any way thrown upon the world; they would clothe, and feed, and educate him, and thus deprive the population of crime of the sources of its supply. It will be seen that on this plan the criminals of the country, and the destitute children of its towns, would stand a better chance of being educated and provided for than the honest and the industrious poor. The way to virtue and enlightenment would be through the gate of sin and misery, and the state would thus take the best care of its worst citizens. Society would be in this manner turned upside down, and we fear that it would stand but unsteadily on its conical point. One step further would be necessary; the state would have to take care and enforce the moral and intellectual education of all the rest of the population, and when this great Spartan measure is thoroughly carried into execution, we will believe that the necessity for prisons will disappear.

There are two kinds of reform, the one which will restore the purity of the original character, supposing it ever to have been pure, and place the individual on a level with the man of unvariedly upright conduct. There is a want of self-respect, a consciousness of degradation in moral defilement, that can never be thoroughly wiped out: the still small voice of conscience will make itself heard. If any thing can work this regeneration, it is re-

ligion. Though society cannot pardon the conscience, our faith has that power.

But there is another reform of equal importance to the legislator: it is not so deep as the radical one to which we have alluded, but it is quite sufficient to satisfy the state. On leaving prison and during confinement, it must occur to the prisoner that, calculating fairly, crime is a bad trade: he must be anxious to remove into some more respectable line of life. The obstacles that previously presented themselves to the accomplishment of an intention of this kind, which must have suggested itself even at occasional moments of his career of vice, are in a great measure overcome. He has acquired a certain degree of education, if he had it not previously, such as reading and writing, and the habit of resorting to his Bible, at least for distraction; he has acquired a handicraft trade, he may even have acquired consummate skill in it during a long course of sober and undivided attention; he has long been removed from awkward connections, and he may if he pleases rise out of the prison as one coming from another world. He has industrious habits, obedience has become the ordinary channel of his feelings; he is at any rate not worse than when he entered the prison, probably he is far better: he has had the instruction of the schoolmaster, the precepts of the chaplain, the conversation of the inspectors, the governor, the keepers, for years: it would be hard if such a man did not at least stand a chance of being a good citizen. There is in the old countries an immediate obstacle, which ought to be smoothed for the prisoner. Employment, without the recommendation of character, is difficult to be procured; in the United States, on the contrary, there is always a demand for labour somewhere. When a man of the best intentions and of the best skill issues forth without a character, in a crowded population like ours, there are fearful odds against him. This is a case for which provision ought to be made. It is most imperfectly met by the sum collected from the savings or earnings of prisoners. It sometimes happens at the Hulks, and even in the Penitentiary on the Thames, that as much as twenty pounds are put into the hands of the discharged convict. Such a sum, placed at the disposal of one who has been for a series of years debarred the use of money, and such privileges as money can buy, is too likely to be lavishly spent, and ultimately to lead from intemperance again to crime. The American institutions give no part of their earnings to the prisoners, and the rules of different institutions vary, but in none are more than a few dollars given to the convict, who has served his time. Complaint has been made that this sum is too small, but the medium is difficult to fix, and must vary in different countries.

It is probable that a better plan might be hit upon than that of giving any sum of money with which to begin the world afresh. The idea struck us as we heard of Vidocq's manufactory, in which returned convicts were only employed. There ought, we think, to be establishments supplementary to the penitentiaries; and if this plan were carried into execution, it is probable that there would be even a smaller return of recommitments in this country than in the United States. In the same district or county, but considerably removed from the penitentiary, should be a manufactory of a very general description, in which a certificate of having served a certain time in certain penitentiaries, but such only as were established on the American principle, should entitle the bearer to be employed. The wages should be less than that of the market-price of labour, so that though it afforded a refuge to the discharged prisoner, it should not injure the honest labourer. Any small loss, if any, he must share with others, in consideration of the expense saved to the country by the prevention of crime, and the expense of maintaining prisoners. In addition to mere manufactories of this kind, certain public works might be carried on upon the same principle—it being always carefully contrived that the labour shall be harder and the pay less than that of the honest workman. It is on a similar plan that labour should be provided for the superfluous labourer of parishes.

The advantages of the American system of penitentiaries may be classed thus:

1. Impossibility of mutual corruption among the inmates of the prison.
2. Great probability of their acquiring habits of obedience and industry, which may convert them into useful citizens.
3. Possibility of a radical reform.

The supplementary continuation of the system which we would propose enables us to add—

4. Great improbability of their again resorting to crime for subsistence, when there were establishments at which the discharged convict could demand work under certain regulations and restrictions.

Moral and religious instruction forms the basis of the penitentiary systems of America. The *élite* of the prisoners are taught to read and write, if they choose, and it is always considered a favour to be admitted to the lessons. The schools are kept on Sundays: the lessons precede the service. The meals are each preceded by a grace, which, in spite of the venerableness of the usage, we cannot help thinking is an ill-chosen time for prayer. Each prisoner has a Bible in his cell, provided for him by the

state. Such is the groundwork of the reformatory instruction of the penitentiaries of America, but they differ from each other greatly in the character which this instruction assumes. Some of these institutions are animated with a much more religious spirit than others: again, there are prisons where any instruction whatever is considered in a very secondary light. At Sing-Sing, for instance, owing to the nature of the labour and the rigour necessary to keep the convicts in a proper tone of submission, little seems to be thought of but the maintenance of order. Working as these men do without any other than a moral restraint, and where the number of keepers is comparatively so small, the lives of every guardian, and the safety and even existence of the establishment, would be compromised by the slightest relaxation of discipline. At Auburn, Wethersfield, Philadelphia, and Boston, all, or nearly all the prisoners are indulged with the privilege of learning to read and write, along with other instruction.

The serious tone of the prisoners in the Philadelphia Penitentiary produced a great impression upon the French commissioners. It was a general characteristic that they could not talk long without shedding tears: the heart quickly softened, and seemed peculiarly open both to religious impressions and the tender recollections of their family ties. It is remarked by the French commissioners, that a free man, who is in continual social communication, is hardly qualified to estimate the value of a religious thought cast into the cell of the man condemned to utter solitude. In the Philadelphia prison there is nothing to distract the attention of the prisoners, and as they are continually alone, the occasional presence of a fellow-man, and the words he utters, have a price beyond the imagination of the free citizen. The superintendent visits each prisoner at least once per day; the inspectors call twice a week, and the chaplain's sole business is the moral reform of those under his care. The prisoners have books, which serve them as a sort of company, and many of them are described as finding a vast consolation in the reading with which they are indulged. There is many a philosopher who would be glad of such a retreat along with his library, and we have no doubt that were a Protestant monkery established on similar terms, its cells would quickly be filled with inhabitants. Perhaps some speculator may think the idea worth his consideration.

Auburn may be less suitable for the production of repentant feelings, but it is better calculated to give that sort of instruction which may afterwards be useful. There is a mutual dependence upon each other in the world, which at Auburn is kept in sight at least, but in the Philadelphia prison is utterly excluded. In the

latter, the man has lived so long alone, that on his re-entry into the world he will with difficulty be able to do anything with reference to another human being. Those persons who have had any tendency to that class of character known by the term simplicity, will find it greatly increased: their energies will necessarily be diminished, and it is to be feared that the recommencement of social life will be almost as critical as their first few days in the dungeon, which, be it observed, is the most fearful and dangerous period of the whole time during which they may be doomed to incarceration.

It has been already observed that the experiments of this kind in the United States have a close connection with religious feelings. There is a more general fervour of religious feeling in that country than this, and it is to this spirit that these institutions are in fact indebted for their present flourishing condition. The chaplains, generally speaking, have the enthusiasm of missionaries, and have nothing in common with the lazy ordinaries of our county gaols, appointed generally as the result of some election intrigue. At Auburn, Mr. Smith is exclusively attached to the establishment, Mr. Barrett at Wethersfield; the zeal of these gentlemen it would be difficult to describe: they are venerated by every individual with whom they come in contact. The chaplain is no unimportant personage in such institutions; he is the prisoner's friend; he comes into the solitary cell with all of the angelic character that man can bear to man. He receives the prisoner's confidence—he becomes the depository of his hopes and fears: if the prisoner has a grievance against the agents of the prison, the chaplain is his friend and intercessor; if he has any favour to solicit, the chaplain is the medium of communication. He is soon acquainted with the inmost secrets of the prisoner's heart; he is informed of all his past history, he is advised with as to all his future prospects, either in this world or the world to come. The chaplain is seconded by the private zeal of many religious persons in the country, who gladly give their time and thoughts to the business of instruction and religious communion. Of this class generally are the inspectors; the duty of this board is implied in the name; their services are gratuitous, or next to it. They have the power of reporting on the conduct of the prison, but the sole responsibility of the execution rests with the superintendent.

It is a matter of notoriety that the maintenance of criminals in this country, and the expense of their transportation to, and management in, the penal colonies, form a most serious branch of national and local expenditure. The new penitentiaries on the

Auburn plan are so far from being expensive, that they produce a revenue; and this is not the only saving. If they prevent the commission of crime by the reform of the convict, they stop in each case a constantly increasing source of crime, and a proportionate increase of expence. But how is it that the convict of America does more than support himself, and in our Penitentiary costs the enormous sum of fifty pounds per annum, too often double the income of a labourer's family? There is a ready but inadequate answer in the difference in the demand for labour in the two countries. This difference is not, however, so great as has been supposed, for it should be observed that the prison experiments have been tried only in populous districts. There are cities in the states where employment is pretty nearly as difficult to be procured as in England itself. But giving to this answer its whole weight, it surely cannot account for the enormous difference between profitable labour and positive gain on the affirmative, and fifty pounds a year of sheer unredeemed expence on the negative side of the account. There are, however, vast differences even at home, where the experiment is evidently tried on more equal grounds. A convict at the hulks, for instance, only costs about thirteen pounds per annum; and as it appears he lives better than our soldiers, works less by a couple of hours than our agricultural labourers, and at the end of his time has a portion of his savings put into his pocket, this sum of thirteen pounds might probably be reduced nearly one half. When the expenses of criminal establishments are closely looked into, such variations will be found, as neither difference in the cost of labour nor difference in the price of provisions will account for. For instance, at the Manchester County House of Correction, the weekly provision for a man costs 1s. 9d., whereas at the Monmouth County Gaol, in a cheaper district, it costs 3s. 11d. The truth is, that the different systems of management are far oftener the cause of these seeming inconsistencies than any real discrepancies in the circumstances of the experiment. This truth is demonstrated in the most forcible manner possible by comparing America with itself. Under the ancient prison discipline, the prisons of no country were more expensive than those of the United States. From the years 1790 to 1826, the state of Connecticut paid for its prison of Newgate 204,711 dollars; New York for its prison of Newgate, from 1797 to 1819, 646,912 dollars. In 1819 in New York, in 1827 in Connecticut, the new system was adopted; in the former, the expenses were immediately diminished, and in the latter they are already converted into revenue. In the first year of its establishment the

prison of Wethersfield (Connecticut) produced a net return of 1,017 dollars; each year the profit has increased, and in 1831, the revenue arising from this prison was 7,824 dollars. In three years, reckoning from the date of its institution, the Penitentiary of Baltimore has returned to the State of Maryland a clear profit of 44,344 dollars 45 cents. The general plan in the new penitentiaries is to farm, or to let, both the labour and the maintenance of the convicts, but to different contractors: it being understood that the contractor has no power or influence in the prison, and is forbidden to communicate with the convicts; except in the case that he has to give instruction as to some particular kind of work, and then he is only allowed a short interview in the presence of the keeper. In some prisons the contractor is not permitted to cross the threshold of the gate. The contracts are made for very short periods, so that advantage may be taken of the change of the market. Much is left to the discretion of the superintendent or governor, who is in fact not merely the keeper of a prison, but also a master manufacturer on a great scale.

No improvement has been made in America in the gaols to which prisoners are consigned *before* trial. They are there as here, herded together, the innocent and the guilty, the young and the old offender, the poor boy and the hardened veteran of crime. Nay, in some, there is even a very imperfect separation of the sexes, and the prisoners for debt are often subject to the contamination of communicating with those charged with crime. Now if at any time it is imperative upon a state to provide against mutual corruption, it is, when the innocent may be confounded with the guilty. By the law of England, a man is held to be innocent until he is proved guilty: by the police of England he is thrown into a place and into company, whence, whatever he may have been on entering, he cannot fail to depart with the loss of all those principles and sentiments, which distinguish the honest man from the rogue. In this country, to be accused of a crime unjustly is the sure forerunner of a course of evil doings. The barrier between penury and robbery is slight, and is sure to be broken down in prison. The knowledge of this on the part of the public, causes them to give up the accused and the criminal together; it is felt, that if he is not corrupt now, he soon will be; thus, the mere charge which may fall upon any person is equivalent to ruin, both moral and social. To have been in gaol is enough: unhappily, the idea is too well founded. It is the bounden duty of the legislature to guard the supposed criminal from gaol corruption; justice to the individual demands it, and more especially justice to the state. To apprehend a man on suspicion of having

committed one crime, and if he appear innocent, turn him loose upon society accomplished for the commission of fifty, is surely the very height of folly.

It is true, that we have no right to punish before trial, and that the sole object of imprisonment previous to conviction is the detention of the person to answer the charge. But there are surely other modes of detention than promiscuous imprisonment, which may be enforced without being liable to be called punishment. The truth is, that the very worst of punishments ultimately is that of exposing the prisoner to a moral contagion, and the state which does so, is itself answerable for every enormity such prisoner may subsequently commit.

There is no question here between the Philadelphia and Auburn system: the latter cannot be carried into effect before trial. Solitary detention is however practicable, without punishment, and might be turned to the best uses. The prisoner should be detained without communicating with or even seeing any other person charged with offence. Under certain restrictions, his friends should occasionally be admitted to him; but advantage should be taken of the temporary cessation of the no easy task of providing his daily bread, to infuse as much moral and religious instruction into a mind probably in a very rude state as the time will permit. With these views, he should be offered instruction, such as the ennui of solitary imprisonment will cause him gladly to accept, and he should be required to mention the minister whom he would prefer as his religious visitor. In a very short time, very serious impressions might be made, and the prisoner who judged that his apprehension was his direst misfortune, might be made to bless that event as the epoch of his moral and social regeneration.

For the construction of Houses of Detention, we would strongly recommend the Panopticon principle of Mr. Bentham; there are objections to it as a Penitentiary, but none as a place of detention, to be adapted to the cultivation of moral and religious impressions, and to the prevention of all kinds of improper communication. It is a most serious and painful reflection to one who looks back upon the history of this country, that for ages, it may be said, all the great opportunities of doing social good on a great scale, and on enlightened principles, have been neglected in a vile struggle for mere place and the wretched power of distributing patronage.

The principles on which the Houses of Detention ought to be based may all be found in an excellent pamphlet lately published by Mr. James Simpson of Edinburgh: it is true that his scheme

is too vast; but it is the mistake of a physician, if it be a mistake, who sees that a local complaint arises from a derangement of the whole constitution, and instead of applying himself especially to the part affected, and thus patching up a cure, prefers the arduous task of repairing a cachectic habit. How glad we should be, if the noisy confusion and insane struggle of selfish parties could permit the hope even of an attempt to carry into execution such benevolent plans as those broached by Mr. Simpson. We had hoped that the era of a true reform was about to commence: in common with many others we have been disappointed: good men are not enough, they must fall on good times: the meaning of which is, that the execution of general plans of public good must wait until they can be proposed without injury to powerful but particular interests.

The mention of the moral uses to which a prison of detention might be turned reminds us of the Refuges for destitute children in America, and the Philanthropic Institution of this country, which must form a branch of any enlarged system of Prison Discipline. In the Boston reports, the "Refuge" and the benefits derivable from such institutions form a very prominent topic. It may be seen also that Mr. Simpson, in the philanthropic views we have already alluded to, reckons greatly on the efficacy of the plan of catching the criminal in embryo, and turning him into an honest career. This is a subject which has been practically well handled in this country by Captain Brenton and his society, which, by his exertions and the aid of small funds, has done more for the prevention of crime than most, if not all, the Secretaries of State for the Home Department for the last hundred years.

In the present state of this country, however, vast difficulty attends the consideration of all measures which imply a provision for children. The pauper system verges so close upon the prison schemes, that it is very difficult to draw the line. Parents, it has been said publicly, have been known to accuse their own children to get them into the Philanthropic Institution. If provision were generally made for the poor, the destitute, and the criminal below a certain age, there is vast reason to fear that the pauper in his very affection for his child would throw him on some criminal establishment—even for the preservation of his morals, and the best chance of procuring a subsistence. To such dilemma are we come at last. The subject, however, is one which deserves a far ampler consideration than at this moment we can give it.

The debtors' prisons of America, in those states where imprisonment for debt is not abolished, have no superiority over the wretched accommodations supplied in England for such persons

as are charged with being guilty of debt. It is to be hoped that this class of gaols will not long be required at all.* The same punishment ought not to await the unfortunate debtor (the fraudulent debtor is a criminal) and the felon. If imprisonment for debt is instituted for the recovery of debts, it is absurd, for in gaol no man can work; and if the debtor has property, why not take it without depriving him of his liberty? If it is instituted for the prevention of debt, it has the precisely contrary effect; it dangerously increases the facility with which credit is given by tradesmen, who have a fancied security in their hold of the body, and this, joined with the distance and uncertainty of the infliction, is a serious temptation to the thoughtless and sanguine.

We have thus gone through the various points which must necessarily very soon come under the consideration of our legislature. The United States have confessedly got the start of us in the solution of the great problem of the prevention of crime, and the profitable disposal of the labour of convicts. The system of our secondary punishments is so inefficacious and so expensive, that it must necessarily undergo a thorough revision before long. In the mean time, the minds of inquirers should be directed to those sources whence practical information is to be derived: with this view, it is probable, that even the general view we have been enabled to take of this wide and branching subject, may be useful. It has been our object to consider the principles of imprisonment as exemplified in the Penitentiaries of America: we are well aware how very imperfectly the task has been accomplished, aided as we have been by the enlightened and copious volume of the French Commissioners, whose work does honour to the bar of France. Little is however to be done within the limits of a review, beyond awakening the attention, and stimulating the appetite for information; if our esquisse of American prison discipline answers this purpose, we shall be satisfied.

* The Solicitor-General, Sir John Campbell, has at present a bill before the House for the abolition of imprisonment for debt, and the more effectual recovery of debts.

ART. IV.—*Goethe's nachgelassene Werke.* (Goethe's Posthumous Works.) Bände I—V. 18mo. Stuttgart and Tubingen, 1833.

THE volumes before us, five in number, constitute only what is termed the first delivery (*Lieferung*) of Goethe's Posthumous Works. They contain, as mentioned in our last number: 1. The second part, forming the continuation and completion, of *Faust*. 2. *Gottfried von Berlichingen*, never before printed, and *Götz von Berlichingen*, adapted to the stage. 3. *A Journey in Switzerland in 1797*, and *A Journey on the Rhine and Main in 1814*. 4. *Miscellanies*, hitherto unedited, upon Art. 5. *Miscellanies* relating to the Drama and German Literature. We propose to indicate the general character of each volume of the lot, but our principal attention will be directed to the first, which, though containing no less than 344 pages, is occupied exclusively with *Faust*.

So much has been said and written about this celebrated production of late, so many ingenious speculations have been set afloat with regard to its real meaning and tendency, that the English public, we are sure, will be glad to know something of the subsequent conduct and conclusion of the plot, though we are far from certain that any further disquisition on the philosophical object of the work will be tolerated. Nor is this our only reason for wishing to shun all disquisitions of the sort. It is, we know, a rather dangerous acknowledgment and may bring a storm of objurgation on our heads—but after giving our best consideration to the controversy and comparing the problem proposed at the outset of the poem with what must now be termed the solution of it, we cannot help suspecting that the author had no object at all, beyond the very ordinary one of wishing to possess a subject which should give full scope to his wondrous universality, and allow him to employ all the stores of fancy, feeling, observation and reading, which a life of study might enable him to hive up; that, in short, as the author of *Waverley* confessed to be not unfrequently *his* case, Goethe began his story in a happy state of recklessness, and left the ending to take care of itself. This somewhat hazardous opinion will appear far less so after a fair examination of the plan; all, therefore, that we think it necessary to prefix by way of preamble to our analysis of this second and concluding part, is a slight recapitulation of the main incidents of the first; for unless these be fresh in the memory, the following analysis, as well as any critical remarks we may annex to it, will be understood with difficulty, if at all.

The first part of *Faust* then, be it remembered, now opens (for it did not originally*) with a Prologue in Heaven, in which a somewhat irreverent colloquy between Mephistopheles and the Lord is set forth. Amongst other topics this colloquy turns upon *Faust*, whom Mephistopheles obtains leave to tempt to destruction if he can; the futility of the enterprise being at the same time clearly intimated by words placed in a mouth which must be regarded as infallible :

"Enough, (says the Lord), it is permitted thee. Divert this spirit from his original source, and bear him, if thou canst seize him, down on thy own path with thee. And stand abashed, when thou art compelled to own—a good man, in his dark perplexity, may still be conscious of the right way." "Well, well, (replies Mephistopheles,) only it will not last long. I am not at all in pain for my wager. Should I succeed, excuse my triumphing with my whole soul. Dust shall he eat, and with a relish, like my cousin, the renowned snake."

The Lord reiterates his permission, Heaven closes, and the Archangels disperse, leaving Mephistopheles to compass the destruction of *Faust* as he best may. We are next introduced to the hero himself, who, after careering over the whole learning of the world, has just arrived at pretty nearly the same sagacious conclusion as Solomon :

"I communed with my own heart, saying, Lo, I am come to great estate, and have gotten more wisdom than all they that have been before me in Jerusalem. Yea, my heart had great experience of wisdom and knowledge.

And I gave my heart to know wisdom, and to know madness and folly. I perceived also that this also is vexation of spirit. For in much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow." (*Eccl. ch. 1.*)

It would be difficult to conceive a fitter mood for a philosopher to be tempted in; and after two or three soliloquies, two or three conversations with his amanuensis Wagner (a mere book-worm), and a stroll into the country amongst the villagers—all introduced for the more perfect development of the character—*Faust* becomes acquainted, by a somewhat singular mode of introduction, with Mephistopheles, and what may be esteemed the essential action of the drama begins. After a good deal of metaphysical quibbling, a regular (or rather irregular) compact is formed; the high contracting parties agree, like Archer and Aimwell in the play, to be master and servant by turns—*Faust* to be master upon earth, and Mephistopheles to be master in hell.† All imaginable

* This circumstance must never be lost sight of in speculations as to the author's original object or plan.

† Mephistopheles says : "I will bind myself to your service *here*, and never sleep

delights are put at Faust's command, but he only looks forward with any pleasurable anticipations to one :

" If ever (says he) I lie down, calm and composed, upon a couch, be there at once an end of me. If thou canst ever flatteringly delude me into self-complacency—if thou canst cheat me into enjoyment, be that day my last.

If ever I say to the passing moment—' Stay, thou art so fair !' then may thou cast me into chains ; then will I readily perish ; then may the death-bell toll ; then art thou free from thy service. The clock may stand, the index hand may fall : be time a thing no more for me !"

Mephistopheles gladly nails him down to this limitation, but manifests the most commendable alacrity to give him some immediate compensation for the anticipated *auto-da-fe* of his soul. After a few minutes delay, spent by Faust in packing up a bundle (he is positively interdicted a trunk), and by Mephistopheles in packing off a student who had just arrived to place himself under the tuition of Faust, this interesting pair of fellow-travellers set out by a mode of conveyance similar to that employed by Asmodeus and Don Cleofas (to wit, a mantle) with the slight addition of a little inflammable gas, not quite so common in those days as in our own. We shall run over very rapidly the scenes through which they pass. The first is a Leipzig wine-vault, which might compete with our Cyder-Cellar or Coal-Hole in celebrity ; here Faust is initiated, so far as a mere spectator can be, in the mysteries and madneses of a drinking bout. The second is a witch's kitchen, whither Faust repairs for the same purpose which proved fatal to Medea's papa—i. e. to be made young again ; but instead of being cut up into little pieces and boiled, he is simply required to tip off a dram, and all his appetites are instantly as fresh as if the edges of them had never been rubbed off. The immediate result is that he takes the first pretty girl who crosses him for a Helen, and forthwith declares his admiration. She is fluttered by his abruptness, but—

" Women, born to be controlled,
Yield to the forward and the bold"—

in the solitude of her chamber his very impudence presents itself attractively, and when the first impression has been followed up by a present of jewels and an interview, she drops almost without a struggle into his arms. A train of horrible consequences ensue—her mother's, brother's, new-born infant's death ; whilst Faust, lured away from her by Mephistopheles, visits the magic mountain of the Blocksberg, and witnesses the orgies of

nor slumber at your call. When we meet on *the other side*, you shall do as much for me." The few passages quoted from the First Part of Faust are taken from the Prose Translation mentioned in our last number.

sorcery on the grandest scale of supernatural magnificence. But the news of Margaret's condemnation reaches him, he hurries back to rescue her, and the First Part concludes with a prison scene (one of the most exquisite that ever was composed), in which Margaret, refusing to profit by the opportunity of escaping presented to her through Mephistopheles' agency by Faust, solemnly submits herself to God's mercy, and dies.

It thus appears that, inimitable as the scenes of this first part undoubtedly are in themselves, they do but very little to advance the action of the piece. In fact, the whole of Faust's additional experiences may be summed up in a drunken bout, a love affair, and a more intimate acquaintance with an art (magic) of which he already knew rather too much than too little.

Let us now see what modes the second part presents of purifying the head and heart of a philosopher. In this, however, the essential part of our undertaking, we have something more to do than merely giving a bare outline of the plot. It is our duty to convey some notion of the style in which it is worked out, which can only be done by specimens. And here a difficulty almost insuperable presents itself. The second part presents few (if any) of those fine trains of philosophic thinking, or those exquisite touches of natural pathos, which form the great attraction of the first. The principal charm of the present work will be found to consist in the idiomatic ease of the language, the spirit with which the lighter measures are struck off, and (above all) the unrivalled beauty of the descriptive passages; a department of art in which Goethe appears to have maintained his supremacy to the last. No modern poet, except Wordsworth, ever described the emotions produced by scenes of natural beauty or sublimity like him; and even Wordsworth seems less vividly impressed by what may be termed the sensual charms of the objects and situations alluded to—as the gladdening influence of a rising sun, or the soothing influence of a summer moonlight, upon the frame—though he far more than atones for the deficiency by the variety and nobleness of the associations he connects with them. The opening scene of the first act of the continuation affords a favourable specimen of Goethe's powers in this style; we shall therefore give a literal translation of the whole of it. We are thus sacrificing the charm of metre, it is true, but there is a beauty in the thoughts and feelings wholly independent of the metrical arrangement of the words:

“ FIRST ACT.

“ [A pleasant neighbourhood—Faust bedded upon flowery turf, tired, restless, endeavouring to sleep.—Twilight.—A circle of spirits hovering round, graceful little forms.]

ARIEL.

(*Song, accompanied by Æolian Harps.*)

When the spring-shower of blossoms drops, wavering, over all; when the green blessing of the fields glitters for all the sons of earth; the swarm of little elves hasten wherever they can aid; be he good or be he wicked—their pity is excited by the unfortunate.

Ye, who now are hovering in airy circles round this head, act here like noble elves; soften down the stern struggle of the heart, avert the burningly bitter arrows of remorse; cleanse his heart's core of the horrors it has felt. Four are the pauses of night; now without more ado, fill them pleasingly up. First sink down his head upon the cooling pillow, then bathe him in the dew from Lethe's stream; soon relaxed and pliant are his cramp-stiffened limbs, when reinvigorated he rests to meet the day. Fulfil the fairest duty of elves; give him back to the sacred light of the sun.

CHORUS.

(*Singly, by pairs and more, alternating and together.*)

When the breezes swell tepidly around the green-girt landscape, the twilight brings down sweet exhalations and mist-veils in its train, gently murmurs sweet tranquillity, rocks the heart to child-like rest, and closes the gates of day on the eyes of this exhausted life.

Night has already sunk down, star follows in the hallowed track of star; great lights, little sparklings, glitter far and near—glitter here below reflected in the sea—glance there above in the azure clearness of night; crowning the bliss of this most profound repose, reigns the full pomp of the moon.

The hours are already extinguished, pain and joy have disappeared. Feel it by anticipation! Thou becomest well again. Trust to the new aspect of day. The dales grow green, the hills swell and thicken into shades, and the harvest crops wave on in tapering silvery undulations.

To obtain wish on wish, look yonder towards the glare. Thou art but gently encircled; sleep is emptiness, cast it off! Neglect not to call up thy courage when the many stray loitering about; that noble spirit is capable of every thing which knows how to set about it and grasps unhesitatingly. (*A tremendous alarum announces the approach of the Sun.*)

ARIEL.

Harken! harken! to the storm of the hours; the new-born day is already giving forth music to the ears of the spirit. The rocky gates jar, the wheels of Phœbus roll clashingly; what a din follows in the train of light! Drums are beating, trumpets sounding; the eye is dazzled, the ear is stunned, the unheard is heard not. Slip down into the flowers' coronets,—deeper, deeper, that ye may dwell in peace—into the rocks, under the foliage! If it reaches you, you are deaf.

FAUST.

The pulses of life beat with renewed vigour, mildly to greet the ethereal dawn. Thou, too, Earth, wert constant this night, and

breathedst newly invigorated at my feet. Thou art already beginning to encompass me with enjoyment, thou stirrest and excitest a vigorous resolve—to aspire eternally towards the most exalted state of being. The world lies already rapt in the glimmering haze of morn, the wood resounds with thousand-voiced life; within—without the vale the streaks of mist are streaming; yet heaven's clearness sinks down into the depths, and bough and branch, revived, sprout out from the streaming abyss where they have slept immersed. And colour after colour comes out, clear and distinct, upon the ground, where leaves and flowers drip with tremulous pearls. On every side a Paradise is growing up about me.

Look up!—The giant peaks of the mountains already announce the most solemn hour. They are permitted to enjoy thus early the everlasting light, which later will be turned on us down here below.* Now new brilliancy and distinctness are lavished on the green-embedded Alpine meads, and step by step have they won their way downwards. He comes forth! and, to my sorrow, already dazzled I turn away, agonized by the glare.

Thus then is it, when a longing hope has worked itself trustingly into the most exalted wish, it finds the gates of fulfilment with their wings thrown wide. Now, however, from these everlasting grounds a superabundant mass of flame breaks forth; we stand confounded. We wished to light the torch of life,—a sea of fire encompasses us, what a fire! Is it Love? is it Hate?—which glowing encircles us, wondrously alternating with pain and joy, so that we bend our gaze again upon the earth, to hide us in the veil of earliest youth.

Thus, then, let the sun continue at my back! The cataract roaring through the rocks—I gaze upon with ever-growing transport. It rolls from fall to fall, ever and anon scattering itself into a thousand streams, whizzing foam on foam aloft into the air. But how gloriously ascending with this storm, the alternating consistency of the variegated bow expands its arch, now purely marked, now dissolving into air, diffusing all around showers of breezy coolness. It mirrors the struggles of humanity. Meditate upon it, and you will conceive more accurately: In the coloured reflection we have Life.”†

* The image, here presented, was finely applied by Mr. Macaulay in his article on Dryden, in the *Edinburgh Review*: “The Sun illuminates the hills whilst it is still below the horizon, and truth is discovered by the highest minds only a little before it becomes manifest to the multitude. This is the extent of their superiority. They are the first to catch and reflect a light, which, without their assistance, must in a short time be visible to those who lie far beneath them.” There is an analogous allusion in Mackintosh's *Discourse on the Law of Nature and Nations*.

† “There are two maxims of translation,” says Goethe, “the one requires that the author of a foreign nation be brought to us in such a manner that we may regard him as our own; the other, on the contrary, demands of us that we transport ourselves over to him, and adopt his situation, his mode of speaking, his peculiarities. The advantages of both are sufficiently known to all instructed persons, from masterly examples.” We consider the second of these maxims to be most applicable to the greatest work of so great an author as Goethe, and have accordingly been guided by it in our specimens. For so doing we are happy to be able to cite the example of one who has done more than any one else to popularise translations in this country. In the *Preface to her Characteristics of Goethe*, after quoting the above passage, Mrs. Austin ex-

The next scene is laid in the emperor's court. What emperor? is a question which it would require the ingenuity of a Sir Thomas Brown to solve, according to whom "what song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself amongst women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture." This anonymous emperor is seated in full pomp upon his throne, surrounded by all his officers of state, to whom he condescendingly addresses himself:—"I greet my true, my loving subjects, congregated from far and near; I see the sage (meaning the astrologer) at my side, but where carries the fool?" The fool, it seems, has just been carried out drunk or in a fit, most probably by the contrivance of Mephistopheles, who instantly steps forward in his place, and proposes a riddle to his majesty. He puts it aside with the remark that riddles are for his council, and only (it is to be inferred) simple unadulterated folly for himself. The new fool, however, is regularly installed; the emperor opens the conference, and all the high officers give their opinions upon the existing state of the realm, than which nothing can well be worse. The chancellor complains of the neglect of the laws, the commander in chief of the insubordination of the army, the marshal of the household of the waste in the kitchen, and the first lord of the treasury expatiates on the empty state of his coffers (the grand source of all the other evils) in terms which might become Lord Althorp himself. The emperor, sorely puzzled, reflects a moment, and then turns to the fool, or rather to Mephistopheles disguised as such: "Speak, fool, dost thou too know of no matter of complaint?" Mephistopheles replies in the negative, and expresses his astonishment that anything should be wanting where so much glittering splen-

presses herself thus: "The praise that a translated work might be taken for an original, is acceptable to the translator only when the original is a work in which form is unimportant. A light narrative, a scientific exposition, or a plain statement of facts, which pretends to nothing as a work of art, cannot be too thoroughly naturalized. Whatever may be thought of the difficulties in the way of this kind of translation, they are slight compared with those attending the other kind, as any body who carefully studies the masterpieces in this way must perceive. In the former kind the requisites are two—the meaning of the author, and a good vernacular style: in the latter, the translator has as far as possible to combine with these the idiomatic tone of the author—to place him before the reader with his national and individual peculiarities of thought and speech."

No one can well doubt that she was right in following the lax mode with regard to Prince Pückler, and the strict mode with regard to Goethe—that, in short, her judgment was as accurate, as her execution is admirable, in both instances; but what are those critics to say for themselves, who treated her first mode of translating as the only one? As what we are here saying might lead to an opinion that Mrs. Austin's work is exclusively a translated one, it is but fair to add that it contains a great deal of original matter of a very interesting sort, and altogether constitutes one of the most instructive and entertaining books on German literature which we possess. The notes contributed by Mr. A. Heller and Mr. H. C. Robinson will be found particularly valuable.

dour was to be seen. This calls forth a murmur from the courtiers, and such terms as rogue, liar, projector, &c. are in the course of being pretty freely applied, but Mephistopheles goes on undauntedly. We shall give his next speech, and the speeches called forth by it, entire, as some keen strokes of general satire will be found in them.

“MEPHISTOPHELES.

Where on this world is not something or other wanting? To this one, that; to that one, this; here, however, the thing wanting is cash. True, it is not to be gathered from this floor; but wisdom can find a way to get at the deepest. In the veins of the mountain, and under the foundations of walls, there is gold, coined and uncoined, to be found; and if you ask me who is to bring it to light?—The power of endowed man's nature and mind.

CHANCELLOR.

Nature and mind—this is no language for Christians. On this account we burn Atheists, because such speeches are highly dangerous. Nature is sin,—mind is devil,—between them they give birth to doubt, their misformed hermaphrodite offspring. Not so with us. Only two races have sprung up in the ancient realms of the emperor. These are the worthy props of his throne; they are the priests and the knights; they withstand every tempest, and take church and state for their recompense. An opposition arises from the vulgar feeling of perverted minds: it is the heretics! the sorcerers! and they ruin state and country. These wouldst thou now, with wanton jests, smuggle into this exalted circle; you rejoice in a corrupted heart; they are near akin to the fool.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There I recognize the true man of learning. What you do not touch, is miles away in your eyes; what you do not grasp, is altogether wanting; what you do not count, you do not believe to be true; what you do not weigh, has for you no weight; what you do not coin, that, in your opinion, is valueless.

EMPEROR.

Our wants are not to be supplied in this fashion. What wouldst thou with thy Lenten sermonizing? I have had enough of this eternal how and when; we want money, so set about getting it!”

Thus exhorted, Mephistopheles develops his plan, which is to begin digging for subterraneous treasures immediately, as all such, he observes, belong of right to the emperor. This plan is generally approved by all but the chancellor who does not think it in exact accordance with religion, and the emperor himself declares his intention of laying aside his sword and sceptre and with his own illustrious hands completing the job, if Mephistopheles lies not, and of sending Mephistopheles to hell, if he lies. The astrologer, however, calls on them to mitigate their zeal, and first finish the celebration of the approaching carnival. The em-

peror assents, and gives the word for a general rejoicing accordingly; the trumpets sound, and *exeunt omnes* but Mephistopheles, who concludes the scene with a sneer: "How desert and good fortune are linked together, this never occurs to fools; if they had the stone of the philosopher, they would want the philosopher for the stone."

The subject of the next scene is a mask got up by Faust for the amusement of the emperor, irregular and extravagant in the extreme. Gardeners, flower-girls, olive-branches, rose-buds, fishermen, bird-catchers, wood-hewers, parasites, satirists, the Graces, the Parcæ, the Furies, Fear, Hope, Prudence, Zoilothersites, Pan, Plutus, Fauns, Gnomes, Satyrs, Nymphs, are amongst the things and persons which come forward in the course of the entertainment. The verses placed in their mouths are often very beautiful, but appear to have no reference to a plot. There is also some clever general satire; for instance, the mother and daughter (at p. 28) seem introduced for the purpose of inculcating a somewhat similar moral to that of the "Mothers and Daughters" of Mrs. Gore. The scene closes, like most of our melodramas, with a general blaze, which is also described with great spirit by the herald.

The next scene is in one of the palace pleasure gardens, where the Court is found assembled as before, and the Emperor is represented thanking Faust for the mask, and congratulating himself on having discovered such a treasure of a man. Their converse is suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the Marshal of the Household, the Commander in Chief, and the Lord Treasurer, to announce that all their distresses have been suddenly removed by the creation of an odd sort of paper-money, bills promising payment in the emperor's name when the subterranean treasure before mentioned should be dug up. The circulation of this paper appears to have produced nearly the same effect in the emperor's dominions as the South Sea scheme in England or Law's project in France, which, we presume, it must be intended to ridicule. The people are represented as running absolutely wild at their fancied accession of wealth, and the emperor amuses himself by bestowing portions of it on the followers of his court, on condition of their declaring what use they intend to make of what they receive. The humour thus elicited does not rise beyond common-place. One says that he will lead a merry life upon it, a second that he will buy chains and rings for his sweetheart; a third has a fancy for good wine, and a fourth for sausages; a fifth proposes to redeem his mortgages, and a sixth to add it to his hoard. The fool comes last, and might well have been expected to say something sharp, but he simply avows a wish to become a landholder, and yet is complimented by Mephistopheles

on his wit. Faust and Mephistopheles are then represented walking in a dark gallery, whither Faust has withdrawn Mephistopheles, to procure the means of exhibiting Helen and Paris before the emperor, to whom he has pledged his word to that effect. Mephistopheles answers at first evasively: he has nothing (he says) to do with the heathen world, they live in a hell of their own; there is one mode, however—Faust must repair to certain Goddesses called, *par eminence*, The Mothers, dwelling in the deepest recesses of unearthly solitudes, through which he is to be guided by a key bestowed for that purpose by Mephistopheles. Faust shudders at the name, but undertakes the adventure and sets out.

The following scene represents the assembling of the court; Mephistopheles cures a blonde beauty of freckles, and a brunette of lameness, and bestows a love-potion on a third; after which exploits, we proceed to the grand hall, where the emperor and his suite are awaiting the arrival of Faust for the promised *spectacle* to begin. He appears at last, emerging as it were from the stage; he is dressed in sacrificial robes, and a tripod accompanies him. His first words are a solemn adjuration to The Mothers. The effect appears from the following scene, which we shall give:—

ASTROLOGER.

“Hardly does the glowing key touch the shell, when upon the instant a dark mist veils the space; it glides in, it undulates like a cloud, dilated, rounded, contracted, divided, paired. And now, behold a masterpiece of the spirits! they make music as they move. An I-know-not-what flows from ethereal tones; the shafts of the columns, even the triglyph rings; I verily believe the whole temple is ringing. The mist sinks; out of the light gauze steps forth a beautiful youth, keeping time as he comes on. There ends my office; I need not to name him; who could fail to recognise the lovely Paris!

LADY.

Oh, what a brilliancy in blooming youth!

A SECOND.

Fresh, and full of juice as an apricot!

A THIRD.

The delicately traced, the sweetly swelling lips!

A FOURTH.

Thou wouldst fain sip at such a goblet.

A FIFTH.

He is certainly pretty, though not so very delicate.

A SIXTH.

He might well be a little more sprightly.

KNIGHT.

I believe the shepherd boy is here to be traced throughout; nothing of the prince, and of courtly bearing, nothing.

ANOTHER.

Well, well! half naked the youngster is handsome enough I dare say, but we must first see him in harness.

LADY.

He sits down, softly, pleasingly.

KNIGHT.

You would find it very pleasant in his lap.

ANOTHER.

He bends his arm so gracefully over his head.

CHAMBERLAIN.

What boorishness! that I take to be unallowable!

LADY.

You men find something to carp at in everything.

CHAMBERLAIN.

To stretch himself in the presence of the emperor!

LADY.

It is only acting! He believes himself quite alone.

CHAMBERLAIN.

The drama itself should here be according to the rules of etiquette.

LADY.

Sleep has gently overcome the beautiful youth.

THE CHAMBERLAIN.

He will soon snore, as is no more than natural.

YOUNG LADY (*transported.*)

What divine halo mingles with the atmosphere, thrilling my heart to its core.

AN OLDER ONE.

Truly! a breath is breathed deep into my soul; it comes from him.

THE OLDEST.

It is the bloom of growth, prepared like ambrosia in the youth, and scattered atmospherically around.

HELEN (*coming forth*).

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There she is then! I shall now be left at rest for her. She is pretty, no doubt, but she does not suit me.

ASTROLOGER.

This once there is nothing more for me to do—I allow as a gentleman, I acknowledge it. The fair one comes, and had I tongues of fire!—Much, time immemorial, has been sung of beauty.—He to whom she appears will be beside himself, he to whom she should belong were too blest.

FAUST.

Have I still eyes? Is the full stream of beauty poured deep into my soul? My fear-fraught expedition brings forth the happiest result. How worthless, unexpanded, was the world to me! What is it now since my initiation? For the first time, worth wishing for, solid, durable!

May the breath of life abandon me, if I ever become estranged from thee again. The fair form which once before enchanted me, which in the magical reflection blest, was but a frothy image of such loveliness. Thou art she to whom I offer up as a tribute the highest emotions of my soul, the essence of passion, desire, love, adoration, madness.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*from the box.*)

Compose yourself, however, and do not forget your part.

AN ELDERLY LADY.

Large, well formed, only the head too small.

A YOUNG ONE.

Only look at her foot! How could it be bigger!

DIPLOMATIST.

I have seen princesses of this kind; in my opinion she is lovely from head to foot.

COURTIER.

She is softly and slyly approaching the sleeper.

LADY.

How odious by the side of a form of youthful purity.

POET.

Her beauty throws a halo over him.

LADY.

Endymion and Diana! what a picture!

THE POET.

Quite right! The Goddess seems to sink down; she leans over to inhale his breath; enviable indeed, a kiss!—The measure is full.

DUENNA.

Before all the company! It is really too bad.

FAUST.

A fearful favour for the youth!—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Softly, silence! Let the phantom do what it will.

COURTIER.

She steals away softly, he wakes!

LADY.

She looks around! I thought as much.

COURTIER.

He is amazed! What has happened is a wonder to him.

LADY.

What she sees before her is no wonder to her.

COURTIER.

She graciously turns to him.

LADY.

I see already she is taking him under her tuition; in such a situation all men are dull; I dare say he believes himself to be the first.

KNIGHT.

Let me admire her! Majestically elegant!

LADY.

The courtesan! That now I call vulgar.

PAGE.

I should like full well to be in his place.

COURTIER.

Who would not be caught in such a toil?

LADY.

The jewel has passed through many a hand, the gilding too is tolerably tarnished.

ANOTHER.

She has been good for nothing from her tenth year upwards.

KNIGHT.

Each takes the best he can as opportunity offers; I would stick by this lovely residue.

A MAN OF LEARNING.

I see her plainly, but I am free to own, it is a matter of doubt whether she be the right one. Her presence leads astray into exaggeration; I hold, before all, to what is written. There then I read: she particularly delighted all the grey beards of Troy; and in my opinion, that agrees exactly; I am not young, and yet she delights me.

ASTROLOGER.

Boy no longer—a bold hero, he embraces her, who can scarcely get away from him. With vigorous arm he raises her on high. Will he really carry her off?

FAUST.

Confounded fool! Thou darest! Thou hearest not! hold! that is too much.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet thou thyself art making the silly spirit-play.

ASTROLOGER.

One word more! After all that has happened, I call the piece, The Rape of Helen.

FAUST.

What rape! Am I for nothing here. Is not this key in my hand. It led me hither to firm ground, through the horrors and the waves and billows of solitudes. Here do I plant my foot. These are realities. From hence the spirit is free to struggle with spirits, and prepare itself the double realm, the mighty one. Far off as she was, how can she be nearer. I will rescue her, and she is doubly mine. Be bold! ye Mothers! Mothers, ye must secure it me. Who has known her once, can never part from her again.

ASTROLOGER.

What art thou doing, Faust! With violent hand he seizes on her, the form is already troubled. He turns the key towards the youth, touches him! Woe to us, woe! Now—now!

(Explosion, Faust is stretched on the ground. The Spirits ascend in vapour.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

(Who takes Faust upon his shoulders.)

There you have it now! to burden himself with fools will at last bring the devil himself to shame. *(Darkness, tumult.)*"

There is some spice of humour in parts of this scene, but Faust's burst of admiration at the appearance of Helen is in our opinion excelled by that which Marlowe has put into his mouth on a similar occasion. To give the reader the opportunity of comparison, we shall copy it:

(Enter Helen again, passing over between two Cupids.)

FAUSTUS.

"Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships
And burnt the topless tow'rs of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
Her lips suck forth my soul! see where it flies.
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for Heav'n is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy shall Wittenberg be sack'd;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my plumed crest;
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
—Oh! thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars:
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter,
When he appear'd to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azure arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour."

So ends the first act. At the commencement of the second we find Faust laid on an old-fashioned bed in his old study, with Mephistopheles attending him. "He whom Helen paralyses (says the latter) comes not easily to his senses again." From a conversation between Mephistopheles and an attendant, it appears that, ever since Faust's disappearance, Wagner has lived on in his house, and has now attained to almost as great a reputation as his master. At the opening of the scene he has been long busied in his laboratory, endeavouring, like another Franken-

* "There is one passage more, which is so striking and beautiful, so like a rapturous and deeply passionate dream, that I cannot help quoting it here: it is the Address to the Apparition of Helen."—*Haslitt's Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*.

stein, to discover the principle of life. To make the train of old associations complete, the Student, now a Bachelor, enters, and thus affords us an opportunity of seeing how far he has profited by Mephistopheles' advice. He is made to develop his own mental constitution as follows :

BACCALAUREUS.

" It is, in my opinion, mere presumption, that at the worst period man will be something, when man is no longer any thing. The life of man lives in the blood, and where does that stir as in the youngster ? *That* is life-blood in fresh vigour which makes itself new life out of life. Then all is stirring, then something is done, the weak falls, the strong strides on. Whilst we have been winning half the world, what then have ye been doing ? nodded, thought, dreamed, weighed,—plan, never any thing but plan ! Of a surety, old age is a cold fever in the frost of capricious necessity. If a man has passed thirty years, then is he already as good as dead. It were best to put you to death betimes.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The devil can add nothing to this.

BACCALAUREUS.

If I do not will it, there cannot be a devil.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

The devil, though, may come across you before long.

BACCALAUREUS.

This is youth's noblest calling ! The world, it was not before I created it : I brought the sun up out of the sea ; with me began the changeful course of the moon ; the day decked itself on my account ; the earth grew green and blossomed to meet me : at my nod, in that first night, the pomp of all the stars developed itself ; who but I set you free from all the bonds of philisterlike* contracting thoughts ? I, however, emancipated as my mind assures me, gladly pursue my inward light, and advance boldly, in a transport most peculiarly my own,—the clear before me, and the dark behind." (*Exit.*)

The readers of Madame de Staël's *Germany* will be at no loss to discover what Goethe is aiming at in the last speech of the Bachelor. The object is to quiz Fichte, who, on one occasion, is said by her to have pushed idealism to the length of saying that in the next lecture he was going to create God. Of course, all he meant was, that he was about to show how the idea of the Deity arose in the mind.

After this dialogue we are conducted into Wagner's laboratory, who has just succeeded in manufacturing an Homunculus, a

* *Philister* is a cant term first brought into use by the students at the German universities. It is generally employed to designate a common-place prosaic sort of person, full of wise saws and modern instances.

clever little imp, incarcerated in a bottle, bearing a strong resemblance to the Devil upon Two Sticks. He is introduced apparently to act as a guide to the Classical Walpurgis Night; Mephistopheles, as has been already intimated, having no jurisdiction over the heathen world. Of this Classical Walpurgis Night itself, which occupies the next sixty or seventy pages, it is quite impossible to give any thing like a regular description or analysis; though the readers of the First Part of Faust may form some notion of it on being told, that it is formed upon pretty nearly the same plan as the wilder part of the scenes upon the Blocksberg, with the difference, that all the characters are classical. The number of these is prodigious. Besides other monsters of various sorts, we find Erichtho, the Sphynx, the Sirens, the Pigmies, the Nymphs, Chiron, talking Dactyls, Lamiaë, Anaxagoras, Thales, Dryas, Phorkyas, Nereids, Tritons, Nereus, Proteus, and many other less familiar names, which it would be wearisome to recapitulate, all scattering apothegms or allusions at random, with (we say it with all due humility) very little immediate fitness or point.

The Helena, which in some sense may be considered a part of the Classical Walpurgis Night, follows, and forms the third act of the continuation. This was printed six or seven years ago, and has been pretty generally condemned as a failure. A full account of it, with ample extracts, appeared in the second number of the *Foreign Review*, from the pen of a distinguished German scholar, whom we are also proud to call a contributor of our own. A very brief abstract is therefore all we think it now necessary to attempt.

Helen enters upon the stage (before the palace of Menelaus at Sparta,) accompanied by a chorus of captive Trojan women. From her opening speech it appears that she has just landed with her lord, who has sent her on before, and is expected to follow immediately. She has been directed to prepare all things for a sacrifice, but on entering the palace for this purpose, she encounters an apparition in the shape of a gigantic old woman, who, before Helen has well done relating what she had seen to the chorus, comes forth *in propria persona*. This is Phorkyas, who begins by upbraiding Helen, and gets into a not very edifying squabble with her maids. But the main object is to frighten them away; with this view Phorkyas plays on Helen's fears by suggesting, that, amidst all the required preparations for the sacrifice, nothing had yet transpired as to the intended victim, and that the victim was most probably herself. It is further intimated that the chorus had nothing very pleasing to look forward to, and

Menelaus' treatment of Deiphobus, whose nose and ears he cropped, is considerably alluded to in illustration of the Spartan chief's mode of dealing with his enemies. The plan succeeds, and the Queen consents to fly to a neighbouring country of barbarians, described in glowing colours by Phorkyas. Instantly clouds veil the scene, which shifts to the inner court of a town, surrounded by rich fantastic buildings of the middle ages. She is here received by Faust, the lord of the place, who appears dragging along one Lynceus, his watchman, in chains, for not giving due notice of the beauty's approach. Lynceus excuses himself in fine flowing verse, and receives his pardon as a matter of course. Faust makes good use of his time, and is rapidly growing into high favour with Helen, when Phorkyas rushes in with the tidings that Menelaus, with all his army, is at hand. Faust, exclaiming

“ Nur der verdient die Gunst der Frauen,
Der kräftigst sie zu schützen weiss,”

which may be freely rendered—

“ None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserve the fair”—

starts up to encounter the enemy, but, instead of being turned into a battle-field, the scene changes into a beautiful Arcadian landscape, set round with leafy bowers, amongst which Faust and Helen contrive to lose themselves for a time. Whilst they are out of sight, Phorkyas converses with the chorus, and amongst other topics describes to them a beautiful Cupid-like sort of boy, called Euphorion, who directly afterwards comes forward with Helen and Faust. This youngster, after exhorting by turns all the party to merriment, and behaving with some rudeness to one of the young ladies of the chorus, who out of sheer modesty vanishes into air, springs upon a high rock, talks wildly about battles and warlike fame, and finishes by bounding up into the air, through which he darts like a rocket, with a stream of brightness in his train, leaving his clothes and lyre upon the ground. The act now hurries to a conclusion; Helen bids Faust farewell, and throws herself into his arms to give him a farewell kiss, but the corporeal part of her vanishes, and only her veil and vest remain in his embrace. These, however, also dissolve into clouds, which encircle Faust, lift him up on high, and finally fly away with him. Phorkyas picks up Euphorion's clothes and lyre, and seats herself by a pillar in the front of the stage. The leader of the chorus, supposing her to be gone for good and all, exhorts the chorus to avail themselves of the opportunity of re-

turning to Hades, which they decline, saying, that as they have been given back to the light of the day, they prefer remaining there, though at the same time well aware that they are no longer to be considered as persons. One part profess an intention of remaining as Hamadryads, living among and having their being in trees; a second propose to exist as echoes; a third, to be the animating spirits of brooks; and a fourth, to take up their abode in vineyards. After this declaration of their respective intentions, the curtain falls, and Phorkyas, laying aside the mask and veil, comes forward in his or her real character of Mephistopheles, "to comment (this is the stage direction) so far as might be necessary, in the way of epilogue on the piece."

The fourth act is conversant with more familiar matters, but its bearing on the main action is equally remote. The scene is a high mountain. A cloud comes down and breaks apart: Faust steps forth and soliloquises: a seven-mile boot walks up; then another: then Mephistopheles, upon whose appearance the boots hurry off, and we see and hear no more of them. A dialogue takes place between Faust and Mephistopheles, in the course of which it appears that Faust has formed some new desire, which he tells Mephistopheles to guess. He guesses empire, pleasure, glory, but it is none of them; Faust has grown jealous of the daily incroachments of the sea, and his wish is step by step to shut it out. Just as this wish is uttered, the sound of trumpets is heard; the cause is explained by Mephistopheles. Our old friend, the emperor, is advancing to encounter a rival, whom his ungrateful subjects have set up. Mephistopheles proposes to Faust to aid him and gain from his gratitude the grant of a boundless extent of strand for their experiment, to which Faust apparently consents. Three spirits are called up by Mephistopheles, in the guise of armed men, to assist. Faust joins the Emperor's army and proffers him the aid of his men. The fight commences, and is won by the magical assistance of Faust. Some of the changes of the battle are sketched with great force and spirit, as seen from the rising ground, where the emperor, Faust and Mephistopheles are witnessing it. This, by the by, was Sir Walter Scott's favourite mode of describing;* and there is hardly a description of any sort in the poem before us which is not placed in the mouth of some one looking down from a commanding point of view upon the scene. The last scene of the act is laid in the rebel emperor's tent, where several plunderers are busily engaged until disturbed by the entrance of the victorious emperor with four of

* Several instances are enumerated in Mr. L. Adolphus' delightful *Letters on the Author of Waverley*.—p. 242.

his chiefs, each of whom he rewards with some post of honour. Then enters an archbishop, who reproaches the emperor for leaguings himself with sorcerers, and succeeds in extorting a handsome endowment for the church.

The first scene of the fifth and last act represents an aged couple (Baucis and Philemon by name), extending their hospitality to a stranger. From a few words which drop from them, it appears that their cottage stands in the way of Faust's improvements, and that, Ahab-like, he has already manifested an undue eagerness to possess himself of it. The next scene represents a palace, with an extensive pleasure garden and a large canal. Faust appears in extreme old age, and plunged in thought. The subject of his meditations is the cottage of the old couple, which "comes him cramping in," and spoils the symmetry of his estate. A richly-laden vessel arrives, but the cargo fails to soothe him; the little property which he does not possess would embitter, he says, the possession of a world. All is now deep night, and Lynceus the watchman is on his tower, when a fire breaks out in the cottage of the old couple, thus vividly described. It is Lynceus, looking down from his watch tower, who speaks:

"But I am not placed up so high here solely for my own pleasure; what a fearful horror threatens me from out the darkened world! I see fire-sparks sprouting through the double night of the lime-trees, and stronger and stronger rages a glow, fanned by the air-current. Ah! the inner hut is blazing, which was so moss-covered and damp. Speedy aid is necessary; no deliverance is at hand. Alas, the good old couple, in other times so careful about the fire, they are falling a prey to the conflagration. What a horrible adventure! Flames are flaring, the black mossed building is reddening in the glow. If the good old people could but save themselves from the raging burning hell! Light tongue-like flashes ascend between the leaves and branches; dry boughs, which burn flaringly, glow a moment and fall in? Ought ye eyes of mine to witness it? Am I doomed to be so far sighted. The little chapel gives way under the fall and weight of the boughs; the winding tops are already wrapped in forked flames; the hollow trunks, purple-red with the glow, are burning to the very roots.

(A long pause.—Song.)

What was once so grateful to the sight, is gone with the ages that are past."

Mephistopheles, with three sailors belonging to the vessel, has set fire to the cottage, and the old couple perish in the conflagration. Without any immediate connection with the foregoing incidents, four grey old women are brought upon the stage—Guilt, Want, Care and Misery—and hold an uninteresting conversation with Faust. We have then Mephistopheles acting as overseer to a set of workmen (earthly as well as unearthly, it would

seem) employed in consummating Faust's wish of limiting the dominion of the waves. We give the whole of the concluding part of the scene, rendered into as literal English as we could command, conceiving this to be one of those instances in which the matter is not more an object of curiosity than the form :

FAUST.

"A marsh extends along the mountain's foot, infecting all that is already won: to draw off the noisome pool—the last would be the crowning success; I lay open a space for many millions to dwell, not safely it is true, but in free activity: the plain, green and fruitful; men and flocks forthwith made happy on the newest soil, forthwith settled on the mound's firm base, which the eager industry of the people has thrown up. Here within, a land like Paradise; there without, the flood may rage up to the brim, and as it nibbles powerfully to shoot in, the community throngs to close up the openings. Yes, heart and soul am I devoted to this wish; this is the last resolve of wisdom. He only deserves freedom and life who is daily compelled to conquer them for himself; and thus here, hemmed round by danger, bring childhood, manhood and old age their well-spent years to a close. I would fain see such a busy multitude,—stand upon free soil with free people. I might then say to the moment—'Stay, thou art so fair!' The trace of my earthly days cannot perish in centuries. In the presentiment of such exalted bliss I now enjoy the most exalted moment.

(Faust sinks back: the Lemures take him up and place him upon the ground.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No pleasure satisfies him, no happiness contents him, so is he ever in pursuit of changing forms: the last, the worst, the empty moment, the poor one wishes to hold it fast. He who withstood me so vigorously! Time has obtained the mastery, here lies the greybeard in the dust! The clock stands still!

CHORUS.

Stands still! It is as silent as midnight. The index hand falls.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It falls; it is concluded.

CHORUS.

It is past.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Past! a stupid word! Why past? Past and pure Nothing, perfect sameness. To what purpose then is eternal production; to bear away what is produced to nothingness.—"There it is past." What is to be read in that? It is as good as if it had never been, and yet it is driven round in the circle as if it were. I should therefore prefer the Eternally Void.

(Burying.)

LEMUR.—*Solo.*

Who has built the house so ill,
With shovels and with spades?

LEMURES.—*Chorus.*

With thee, dead guest, in hempen vest,
Matters have gone far too well.

LEMUR.—*Solo.*

Who has tended the saloon so ill,
Where were left table and chairs?

LEMURES.—*Chorus.*

It was borrowed for a short time,
There are so many creditors.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'There lies the body, and if the spirit seeks to fly off, I will at once exhibit my blood-signed title; but unfortunately there are now so many modes of rescuing souls from the devil. On the old way, one is rudely encountered; on the new one, we are not favoured. In other times I would have done it alone; now I am obliged to fetch helpers. Every thing goes wrong with us! Hereditary custom, ancient right—nothing, absolutely nothing, is any longer to be depended upon. Formerly it flew out with the last breath: I lay in wait for it, and, like the quickest mouse, snap! I held it in my fast-closed claws. Now it lingers, and will not leave the gloomy spot, the loathsome dwelling of the wretched corpse: the elements which hate each other, they will drive it forth contemptuously in the end. And when I have been plaguing myself to death for hours and days—When? How? and Where?—that is the unlucky question—old Death lost the quick power—the Whether? has certainly long been doubtful. I often gazed longingly upon the stiff limbs; it was only seeming, it stirred, it revived again. (*Phantastical conjuration-gestures like a flugelman.*)

But come on boldly! Double your pace, ye of the straight, ye of the crumpled horn! From the old devil's block and grain bring the jaws of hell along with you. Hell, in truth, has many jaws! many! It yawns for rank and dignity. Yet even in this last sport folks will not be so sceptical in future. (*The horrible jaw of hell opens on the left.*)

Teeth gnash; from the vault of the gulf the fire-stream bursts ragingly forth, and in the seething vapour of the back-ground I see the flame-city in everlasting glow. The red conflagration darts up even to the teeth; damned souls, hoping salvation, swim up; but the hyena, with its colossal bulk, crushes them back, and they tread anew their scalding, agonizing path. In the corners much still remains to be unveiled, so much of the horriblest in the narrowest space! You do very well to terrify sinners, yet they hold it for falsehood, and delusion, and dreams.

(*To the thick-set devils with short straight horns.*)

Now, ye big-bellied fellows, with the fiery cheeks, you glow so ruddily, fattened with hell's brimstone; clod-like, short, never-animated necks! Watch here below whether it shines like phosphorus. That is the soul, Psyche with the wings; if you tear them off, it is a filthy worm; I will put my seal upon it, then away with it into the fiery whirlwind.

Keep a watch on the lower regions, ye gullets, that is your duty ; whether it prefers dwelling there, is not so precisely known. It likes living in the navel—take care, or it will slip away from you there.

(To the parched devils with long crumpled horns.)

Ye jolly boys, ye giants like flugelmen ! grasp up into the air, try unceasingly ; keep your arms ready, your claws sharp, that you may seize the fluttering, the evanescent. It is certainly but badly off in the old dwelling-place, and the Genius must soon come forth.

(Glory from above, to the right.)

The Heavenly Host here chaunt a short hymn, formed of broken, unconnected sentences, which it is impossible to translate. Mephistopheles 'continues :

" I hear discordant sounds, revolting jangle ; it comes, with unwelcome day, from above. It is the boyish, girlish strumming, such as methodistical tastes may approve. Ye know how we, in hours of deepest wickedness, meditated annihilation to the human race. The wickedest we invented, suits well with their devotion.

They come in glittering array, the boobies ! Thus have they snatched many a one away from us, encountering us with our own weapons ; they are devils too, but disguised. To lose on this occasion, were everlasting shame upon you ; forward to the grave, and keep firm at the brink.

CHORUS OF ANGELS *(strewing roses.)*

Roses, ye dazzling, ye
Balsam diffusing,
Fluttering, hovering,
Mysteriously life-infusing,
Bewinged with little boughs,
Let loose from your buds,
Hasten to bloom.

Spring arise !
Purple and green ;
Bear Paradise
Away to the resting one.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(to the satanic crew.)*

What do you bend and tremble at ? is that the wont of hell ? Keep your ground then and let them strew. Every dolt to his place. They think perhaps to snow in the burning devils with such blossomings. It melts and shrivels at your breath. Now blow away. Enough, enough ! the whole troop pales at the exhalations you send forth. Not so powerfully ; close mouth and nose. In truth, you have blown too strong. That you should never know the true measure ! That not only shrivels, it browns yonder, it burns ! Already is it waving onwards with poisonously clear flames. Make head against it, draw yourselves firmly together. Their vigour vanishes ! gone is all their courage ! The devils feel the insinuating influence of the hitherto uncongenial glow.

ANGELS.

The blessed blossoms,
The gladdening flames,
Love do they diffuse,
Bliss do they prepare.
As heart could wish,
Words the true ones,
Ether in azure
To the eternal Hosts
Every where day!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh curse, oh shame on such simpletons! The devils stand upon their heads, the clumsy fools turn head over heels, and tumble, stern foremost, into hell. Be the well-merited hot bath a blessing for you! I however remain at my post.—(*contending with the hovering roses.*)

Will o'th'wisp, advance! thou, glitter as brightly as thou wilt, when grasped, thou remainest but a filthy jelly. Why flutterest thou? Wilt thou begone! It sticks like pitch and brimstone to my neck.

ANGELS.—(*Chorus.*)

What does not belong to you
Must you avoid;
What stirs your inmost soul
May ye not bear.
If it burst in by force
We must take care.
Love conducts
Only lovers in here!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'My head, my heart, my liver burns; a super-devilish element, far sharper than the fire of hell! Therefore are ye such dreadful objects of pity, unfortunate lovers! who, scorned, gaze with twisted necks after the loved ones.

Me too! What draws my head to that side? I am moreover in sworn strife with you! Your aspect was in other times so bitterly hostile to me. Has something foreign to my nature come over me? I take a pleasure in looking at them—the charming young creatures; what is it that forbids me to curse? And if I suffer myself to be befooled, who then will be called a fool for the future? These young rogues, whom I detest, they appear far too loveable to me! Ye lovely young creatures, tell me: are not ye too of Lucifer's race. Ye are so pretty, in truth I would fain kiss you. I feel as if you came quite *apropos*. It seems as pleasing, as natural, as if I had already seen you a thousand times, with your strange sort of kittenlike attractiveness. With every look do ye grow fairer and fairer. Oh come nearer, oh grudge me not a look!

ANGELS.

We are already coming, wherefore retreatest thou?
We are coming nearer, abide if thou canst.

(*The angels, spreading themselves around, occupy the whole space.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*who is driven into the Proscenium.*)

You rail at us as damned spirits, and you yourselves are the true wizards; for you lead both man and woman astray. What a cursed adventure! Is this love's element? My whole body is steeped in fire; I scarcely feel the burning in my neck. Ye wave hither and thither; but descend, move your sweet limbs a little more after the manner of the world. Assuredly, seriousness becomes you right well, but I would fain see you smile for once; that were to me an eternal delight. I mean, as when lovers look; a little turn of the mouth, and it is done. Thou tall youngster, thou could I be fondest of; the priestish air will not sit on you at all, so look at me a little more wantonly; you might also go more becomingly naked, the long robe is over-modest. They turn round—seen from behind! The wenches are really too appetizing.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Turn to the azure light
Ye living flames!
Those who are damned
Let Truth make whole;
That they from the wicked one
Gladly may loose themselves;
In the All-Uniting
Blissful to be.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*composing himself.*)

What is come to me? Job-like, boil on boil, the whole fellow, who shudders at himself, and at the same time triumphs when he reviews his whole self, when he confides in himself and his stock: the noble parts of the devil are saved, the love-fit breaks out upon the skin. The abominable flames are already burnt out, and, as I ought, I curse you all together!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Flames of Holiness!
Whom they flit around,
Feels in the life
Blest with the good.
All united,
Arise and glorify;
The air is purified,
The Spirit may breathe!

(*They ascend, bearing off the immortal part of Faust.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*looking round.*)

But how? whither are they gone? Young as you are, you have overreached me. They have flown heavenwards with the booty; for this have they been nibbling at this grave! a great, singularly precious treasure has been wrested from me; the exalted soul which had pledged itself to me, this have they cunningly smuggled away from me. To whom must I now complain? who will regain my fairly won right for me. Thou art cheated in thy old days; thou hast deserved it; matters turn out fear-

fully ill for thee. I have scandalously mismanaged matters; a great outlay, to my shame, is thrown away; common desire, absurd amorousness, take possession of the out-pitched devil. And if the old one, with all the wisdom of experience, has meddled in this childish, silly business, in truth it is no small folly which possesses him at the close."

There is yet another scene of considerable merit in its way, in which several seraphic and scriptural characters are introduced, singing in a sort of alternating chaunt;—amongst others, Margaret, now an angel in heaven, is seen rejoicing over the salvation of Faust; but the scene just quoted may be regarded as the virtual conclusion of the drama, and a most lame and impotent conclusion it is. We are wholly at a loss to conceive how the pleasure of draining bogs, or even of contending eternally for existence with the sea, could be of so exalted a nature as to make the bare anticipation of it sufficient to content a man who had run the whole round of sublunary enjoyment—indeed Faust had only to be born a Dutchman to enjoy this last pleasure from the first. Still less can we understand why the devil is cheated of his due; for not one virtuous action, and scarcely one ennobling thought in addition to those which he started with, is any where attributed to Faust. His soul appears to have made little, if any, progress towards fitting it for that higher region it is wafted to; nor, to say truth, is there much in his adventures to inform or purify the mind or heart of any man.

Schiller, in a letter to Goethe, written in 1797, says:—"What troubles me is that Faust, according to the plan, seems to demand even a totality of matter, if the idea is to appear fully developed in the end, and I know of no poetical band capable of holding so elastic a mass together." Schelling went still further. In one of his lectures on *Æsthetics*, he stated that Goethe's Faust, like Dante's *Divine Comedy*, would consist of three parts; the first part, which was all that was then executed, he took to correspond with the *Inferno*, and avowed an expectation that the *Purgatory* and the *Heaven* would be regularly worked out. We shall therefore hardly stand alone in the expression of our disappointment at finding Faust hurried off to Heaven, after playing off a few tricks before an emperor, holding a flighty sort of intercourse with sundry characters of classical antiquity, burning out an old couple, and draining a bog. At the same time, it is right to forewarn the reader that the above mode of concluding the fable was deliberately resolved upon, and that Goethe was not dissatisfied with the consummation of his plan. This may be in part collected from the remarks on the *Helena*, published some years ago in the *Kunst und*

Alterthum, and translated at length in the article in the *Foreign Review* already mentioned. But it is still more obvious from the following communication, which has but recently appeared, and bears so immediately upon the subject, that we think it right to quote it entire. In a letter to Meyer, dated Weimar, July 20th, 1831, Goethe writes as follows:—

“ I have now arranged the second part of *Faust*, which, during the last four years, I have taken up again in earnest,—filled up chasms and connected together the matter I had ready by me, from beginning to end.

“ I hope I have succeeded in obliterating all difference between Earlier and Later.

“ I have known for a long time *what* I wanted, and even *how* I wanted it, and have borne it about within me for so many years as an inward tale of wonder—but I only executed portions which from time to time peculiarly attracted me. This second part, then, must not and could not be so fragmentary as the first. The reason has more claim upon it, as has been seen in the part already printed. It has indeed at last required a most vigorous determination to work up the whole together in such a manner that it could stand before a cultivated mind. I, therefore, made a firm resolution that it should be finished before my birthday. And so it was; the whole lies before me, and I have only trifles to alter. And thus I seal it up; and then it may increase the specific gravity of my succeeding volumes, be they what they may.

“ *If it contains problems enough (inasmuch as, like the history of man, the last solved problem ever produces a new one to solve), it will nevertheless please those who understand by a gesture, a wink, a slight indication. They will find in it more than I could give.*

“ And thus is a heavy stone now rolled over the summit of the mountain, and down on the other side. Others, however, still lie behind me, which must be pushed onwards, that it may be fulfilled which was written, ‘ Such labour hath God appointed to man.’ ”

We copy this from the third volume of Mrs. Austin's *Characteristics*, which also contains an extract from one of Goethe's letters to M. Wilhelm von Humboldt, to the following effect:

“ It is now above sixty years since the conception of *Faust* had a distinct pre-existence in my youthful mind, though the complete series lay less clearly before me. Now I have let the design slip softly by me, and have only worked out the passages most interesting to me, singly; so, that in the second part there are gaps, which it would be necessary to fill, in order to connect it with the rest in equal interest.

“ But here came the great difficulty—to accomplish that by plan and character, which the spontaneous activity of nature alone can properly attain to. It were not well, however, if, after so long a life of activity and reflection, even this were impossible; and I have no fear that people will be able to discriminate the old from the new, the former from the latter; but this we will leave future readers to decide.”

There can be little doubt that many over-zealous admirers of Goethe, relying on the above passage in italics, will object that we are judging the poem superficially, and that there must be an under-stream of meanings, though we have not the ingenuity or profundity to discover it; a theory which is also rendered plausible by Goethe's avowed liking for the enigmatical. "Goethe (says von Müller) had a strong liking for the enigmatical, which frequently interferes with the enjoyment of his works. I have often heard him maintain that a work of art, especially a poem, which left nothing to divine, could be no true consummate work; that its highest destination must ever be to excite to reflection; and that the spectator or reader could never thoroughly enjoy and love it, but when it compelled him to expound it after his own mode of thinking, and to fill it up out of his own imagination." Here again we are borrowing from Mrs. Austin, who adds: "I remember long ago hearing a remark in which I then concurred, and see more and more reason to think true—that Goethe is the most *suggestive* of all writers."

In all this we perfectly concur; but there must be limits to the use of the enigmatical, and the suggestive faculty is of comparatively little value when it only speaks indefinitely and to a few. A thinking man may easily connect reflections on the great problems of life with almost every thing he reads or encounters in it—

"To me the meanest thing that lives can give
Thoughts that will often lie too deep for tears."

and there are few subjects for which we cannot find analogies by long brooding over them or by setting our imaginations at work. For instance, some of the German critics asserted that Euphorion in the Helena was a type of Lord Byron, and eulogised the conception accordingly. The new Faust, for aught we know, may be crowded with such allusions. All we mean to assert is, that it is mostly made up of scenes and characters, which no one, to the best of our belief, has yet succeeded either in explaining individually or connecting as a whole, and that a poem which is a sealed book to all but the initiated, is chargeable with one of the greatest failings a poem can have. We have already mentioned the frequent felicity of the execution. Many of the songs and chorusses, and almost all of the descriptive passages, are such as no other writer, dead or living, could have produced.

Faust has occupied so much more space than we anticipated, that we find it quite impossible to act upon our original intention of reviewing the other volumes at length. We must rest satisfied

with stating generally what degree of entertainment or instruction the reader is to expect from them.

The contents of the second volume are entitled "*Geschichte Gottfriedens von Berlichingen mit der Eisernen Hand, dramatisirt* (History of Gottfried von Berlichingen with the Iron Hand, dramatised"); and "*Götz von Berlichingen mit der Eisernen Hand, Schauspiel in Fünf Aufzügen, für die Bühne bearbeitet* (Götz von Berlichingen with the Iron Hand, Drama in Five Acts. Adapted for the Stage.)" As Götz von Berlichingen forms part of the last corrected edition of Goethe's works, of which the volumes before us are a continuation, nothing less than very important emendations or striking points of difference could well justify the filling of a whole volume in this manner; but on a careful comparison it will be found that Götz von Berlichingen of 1828 (of which year the volume of the complete edition, containing this drama, bears date) is essentially the same as the Götz von Berlichingen of 1832; and, what is still more astonishing, that the History of Gottfried is essentially the same as the Drama of Götz. It occupies precisely the same portion of time, is conversant with precisely the same prominent events, has the same beginning, the same middle, and the same end. In a word, it is not a History of Gottfried or Götz von Berlichingen at all, but a third copy of the same drama with variations—variations, be it remembered, just as slight as those which distinguish the two dramas bearing the denomination of Götz.* One of the most material points of difference between the three is the following. In the original drama we are left to imagine the fate of Adelheid, after hearing her doom pronounced by the Secret Tribunal of the Vehme.† In the History she is put to death upon the stage by an agent of the Secret Tribunal, who comes from under her bed in the dead of night. In the Drama adapted for the stage she is introduced soliloquizing in her bedchamber, immediately after parting with Franz: the shadow of a black muffled form, armed with cord and dagger, appears to her; it becomes more and more palpable, and at length the real murderer steals in; but she alarms the house by her cries, and for the time is rescued from all but the terrors of remorse. This scene, with a Siddons to act in it, would be little inferior to the sleep-walking scene in Macbeth.

* There seems no good reason for even varying the name, as the hero in question appears to have been called indiscriminately by each. The article devoted to him in the *Conversations-Lexicon* begins—"Gottfried or Götz von Berlichingen," &c.

† We incline to think that the scene in *Anne of Geierstein*, where Oxford is dragged before the Vehme, was suggested by this scene, though Sir Walter makes no mention of the analogy in his notes.

The third volume is made up of notes taken and letters written during a journey into Switzerland by Frankfort, Heidelberg, Stuttgart and Tübingen, in the year 1797; and a journey on the Rhine, Maine, and Neckar, in the years 1814 and 1815. These are full of acute remarks and vivid descriptions; nor does Goethe confine himself to that class of subjects which commonly occupy the whole attention of a traveller. Mixed up with accounts of natural scenery, buildings, paintings, and specimens of *virtu*, will be found, for instance, short essays on the arts of theatrical decoration and painting on glass, with catalogues *raisonnées* of Frankfort actors and Italian newspapers. Occasionally too the page is chequered by short pieces of poetry.

The fourth volume is made up of a variety of short essays on objects of art—painting, sculpture and architecture—and concludes with two very singular little treatises: *On the so-called Dilettanteism or Practical Amateurship in the Arts*, written in 1799; and *Rules for Players*, not short and pithy like Hamlet's, but comprising the most minute directions for the management of both action and voice.

The fifth volume is a very interesting one; it contains between fifty and sixty short essays or criticisms on subjects of dramatic and general literature. The number renders even enumeration impracticable, but there are two which we cannot refrain from particularising: an essay of about twenty pages, entitled *Shakespeare and No End*, in which our great bard is systematically considered as a poet generally, as a dramatic poet in particular, and in comparison with both ancient and modern competitors; and a review of the first edition (London, 1603) of Hamlet, which was reprinted at Leipsic in 1825, and is perhaps better known in Germany than amongst us. The article turns principally on the dress of the Ghost, who, in the old play, enters the queen's closet in his night-gown; but no one who remembers Goethe's remarks on Hamlet, in *Wilhelm Meister*, can help feeling interested in every thing upon that subject from his pen.

ART. V.—*Histoire Philosophique de l'Hypochondrie et de l'Hysterie.* Par E. Frédéric Dubois (d'Amiens), Docteur en Médecine, &c. *Ouvrage couronnée par la Société Royale de Médecine de Bordeaux.* Paris. 1833. 8vo.

AMONG the parts of medical study which would seem particularly to recommend themselves to general readers, we should be disposed to place that "philosophical" consideration professed by Dr. Dubois of the melancholy malady to which physicians give the name of hypochondriasis; and of that changeful disorder which vexes the female constitution, and baffles the medical practitioner, under the comprehensive appellation of hysteria. Both these affections, whilst they grievously disturb the body, either take their origin, or derive aggravation from, or induce, in different examples, great disturbance or impairment of mind; insomuch that the most zealous writer of prescriptions can hardly promise deliverance from either disease, unaided by some general mental regimen.

Like all states of mental disorder too, these appear to increase in frequency with the increasing civilization of communities; to accompany the rising degrees of refinement, and most to develop themselves—but especially hypochondriasis—in nervous systems which cultivation and enterprise have excited, and reflection has exercised, and vehement passions have moved. This consideration adds to their interest with those who are naturally or accidentally the guardians and directors of young persons, especially in an age and country in which the general aspiration seems to be to repress the natural emotions, and level all varieties of mind to a smooth and indiscriminate apathy; leaving, however, a free admission to all the miseries which spring from artificial wants—from an ill-regulated ambition, inconsistent with true independence of character—and from a wide-spreading love of ostentation and luxury.

Reflections of this kind run the risk of being classed among the common-places of writers unable to take a rational view of society, and who draw conclusions without the advantage of a sufficient range of observation. Nevertheless, the connection between such circumstances and nervous disorders has attracted the attention of every observant physician from Galen down to the present time.

M. Dubois' treatise was published in answer to a question proposed by the Royal Society of Medicine of Bordeaux, by which the respondents were required "to examine and compare the different opinions entertained concerning the nature, seat, causes, symptoms, prognostics and remedies of hypochondriasis

and hysteria, and to demonstrate the identity or the distinctness of these two diseases." In undertaking his task M. Dubois has proceeded with so much judgment, and has evinced so much research and reflection, as to illustrate, with great credit to himself, the calm and philosophical spirit of inquiry which we venture to pronounce the characteristic of the most eminent among French physicians of the present day. We have in this treatise none of those fanciful hypotheses unsustained by facts, and none of that verbose and idle declamation which not many years ago too much abounded in French medicine, but which seem now to have found a place of refuge among the Germans, leaving the French territory under the dominion of sense and reason alone.

We shall not think it incumbent upon us to follow M. Dubois throughout his somewhat long examination of all the authorities, ancient and modern, who have either asserted or denied the identity or separateness of the two diseases of which he treats. His particular plan necessarily led him fully into that comparison of opinions, and has caused his book to be in its nature critical; whilst at the same time his industry and taste have prevented its being superficial. If it must be allowed that on some points he is too diffuse, such a fault is not to be too severely censured in a provincial author, who is always likely to forget that his lucubrations will meet eyes more learned than those of his immediate professional neighbours. The learning and ability displayed by him are such, that both general and professional readers will peruse the "*Philosophical History of Hypochondriasis and Hysteria*" with pleasure and advantage.

It is remarkable that the idea which occasioned the publication of M. Dubois' work is such as would seem, so far from requiring any discussion, to be entirely without even probable support—we mean that of the identity of hypochondriasis and hysteria. Although this identity has been maintained by many authors, there is not only, in the symptoms, the causes, and the treatment of the maladies, little like an approach to identity, but there actually appears to us to be no kind of resemblance. In the symptoms of the two disorders especially, there is little or nothing in common. Hysterical patients may indeed be hypochondriacal, and hypochondriacs may be hysterical; but the mobility, the super-excitability of the hysteric constitution is still broadly distinguished from the dull mono-maniacal fancies of the hypochondriacal temperament. Hysteria seldom appears in men; hypochondriasis much more frequently in men than in women. Hysteria is a disease of the weak, the restless, the excitable; hypochondriasis, of the sedate and contemplative. Hysteria is often linked with inordinate passions, and fostered by luxury; hypochondriasis

assails those whose minds, after being severely bent to one pursuit, are allowed to fall into relaxation and comparative indolence. Whatever exalts the sensibility, as poetry, music, the fine arts, may dispose to hysteria; but in many of these things the harassed hypochondriac finds temporary relief. Hypochondriasis affects the retired man of business, the disbanded soldier, the sailor paid off; hysteria affects young females, commonly in the prime of life, and whose profoundest application is to the perusal of the newest romance. The season of man's life in which the gloomy tortures of hypochondriasis advance upon him is more especially that in which, as M. Dubois has expressed it, "undecieved, and now reclaimed from all external attachments, man makes a sad return upon himself;" or in words more familiar to English ears, when the heyday of life is passed, and man has turned the corner of forty-five or fifty. There is no analogy between man's condition at this unwelcome period of life and that of the patients most prone to hysteria—the *juvenes mulierculæ, quæ sunt sensibilibioris generis nervosi, texturæ tenuioris*, so truly thus pourtrayed by Aretæus.

A comfortable looking gentleman, of easy fortune, whose house, whose equipage, whose dinners, whose general condition, seem calculated to excite the envy of his toiling neighbours, begins about the age of forty-five, then, or fifty, to lose his cheerfulness, to forego his customary exercises, to make his diet a subject of careful study, to regard with especial dislike any wind that approaches within a few points of the east, and to clothe himself in superabundant raiment. His conversation has undergone a change. From discourse relating to the sports of the field, or grave discussions of the corn laws and currency question, he perpetually deviates to the subject of his own health. He eats well three times a day, but complains of loss of appetite. He looks smooth and ruddy, but tells you that he loses flesh daily. His countenance assumes a melancholy cast, and all his meditations tend towards the subject of his digestive organs. He acquires an unhappy habit of feeling his own pulse, and he often walks to the looking-glass to inspect his tongue. He is very particular in the matter of his excretions, keeps a journal of his symptoms and feelings, and weighs himself once a week. There is nothing of which he is more convinced than that by his sensations he can trace his food through all the curves of his bowels down to one particular point, where he strongly suspects the intestinal canal ends in something very much like a *cul-de-sac*. If this unfortunate gentleman is blest with an apothecary largely endowed with the gift of listening, to him the patient unfolds a tale of sufferings various and distressing: all his sensations, perverted from their proper

ends, seem to have become the instruments of annoyance. All the powers of language are employed to describe the various perplexities which wait upon the functions of digestion and assimilation; the stomach has no capacity for suffering which is not called into activity; it is craving or vexed with nausea; it is distended, overloaded, aching, gnawing, burning, and drawn up with spasms; whilst the sympathetic intestines are seized with sudden pains and indescribable griefs, which lead the sufferer at length to believe that every viscus in his body is turned upside down. Every particular connected with the supposed history of his case seems to him worth preserving. M. Dubois quotes the letter of such a patient to his physician, and it begins—"You shall be told, sir, my whole history. I was born at Geneva, and my father and mother were both very nervous." This is to begin at the beginning.

It may be that the alterative pills of the excellent apothecary, and his infallible black draught, fail to give relief. But kind friends and neighbours, overflowing with compassion, fill the house with medicines of their own recommendation, and which are spoken very highly of in advertisements. Some of these are rather violent, and bring the patient to so faint a condition that he passes quickly to the other stages of a disorder which is now advanced to a very promising hypochondriasis.

The patient then, perhaps, experiences a division of his pains, without much diminution of them. No longer concentrated on the first passages, they are dispersed over the whole economy. Wherever, in the universal frame of his body, there is a nerve or a bloodvessel, there is there also some uneasy irregularity. His head alone is affected with as many maladies as would fill an hospital. Flashes of light affect his eyes; the noise of waters is in his ears; stabs of pain affect his temples; invisible bonds bind his aching brow; upon the vertex sits a load heavier than that carried by the strongest porter; the foot of a giant presses on his neck and shoulders. In these sensations there is frequent variety, but rare relief. All at once loud bells ring within the chambers of the inner ear; or the sound of artillery, or voices as of a multitude, break in upon the silence of the hypochondriac's parlour. Then his eyes become fantastically affected; the landscape is enveloped in smoke; the columns of the morning paper move en echelon; the patient is quite convinced that he is growing blind. It is incredible how much he suffers from the noise of children; the servants shut the doors with a violence that distracts him; and all his friends have acquired an unaccountable trick of talking loud.

In all this, although its detail conveys even to the most compassionate hearer an idea of fancy and exaggeration, there is much real and pitiable suffering. Yet this is but a part of the woes of a hypochondriac. His very heart does not beat as it used to beat: it throbs, and jumps, and flutters, and sometimes seems to come to a complete standstill. When he lies on his left side, it knocks against his ribs as if it would come out of his thorax; and when he turns for relief to his right, the heart turns too, and keeps up the same disturbance. Then every particle of his skin has acquired an intensity of feeling; a current of air, an open door, torments him; - the halo of fresh atmosphere which comes into his close room with friends who have been riding or walking out of doors feels raw and irritating to his organs of respiration, and chills his blood. Easy chair, or comfortable sofa, he can find none. He loads himself with under-waistcoats of all denominations, and in numbers without number. He cannot always open his mouth with impunity, for the fog penetrates to his stomach and refrigerates the vital organs, so that he does not recover it for the whole day.

The mind, which has not been quite free from impairment from the first, now becomes more gravely affected. Reading and all mental occupations become irksome; every view of the past is tinctured with sadness; the future prospect is without hope; and the fear of death is for ever impending.

“ The sun grows pale ;
A mournful visionary light o’erspreads
The cheerful face of nature : earth becomes
A dreary desert, and heaven frowns above.”

Strange fancies introduce themselves among the sufferer’s thoughts. Sometimes he supposes himself to be expanded like a balloon, and his specific gravity diminished, so that he dreads an involuntary ascent to the stars. Or his solid bulk is imagined to be so enlarged that it perplexes him to think how he shall get through the door. Certain untrue sensations in the lower limbs persuade him that they are made of glass; or his perceptions are so compressed that he conceives himself to be a piece of money. He often thinks himself dying, and is occasionally satisfied that he is dead.

Such is the disorder which medical writers call hypochondriasis. It happens, oddly enough, that the very errors of the faculty not unfrequently produce a great deal of comfort to persons labouring under this disorder. Well persuaded themselves that they labour under many grievous diseases, of which some one is the chief, they are never so happy as when they meet with a medical prac-

tioner who, either in his innocence or artfully, fixes boldly on some organ as the fountain and origin of all the patient's symptoms. The patient tells his friends, with the air of a man comfortably relieved from every doubt, that his new doctor has found out his complaint, and that he has got a disease of the mesenteric glands, or a scirrhus of the bowels, or a softening of the brain. He now knows what he is about, and can pursue a regular plan; which he does until he removes to some other fashionable resort of the sick,—calls in another doctor, and finds out they were quite mistaken at Bath and Cheltenham, and that he labours under some other malady, but quite as incurable.

In the mean time, the worst part of the case is, that there is probably some real disorder at the bottom of all these complaints, and which requires for its detection and management a rarer sagacity and a more skilful application of medicine than is to be expected from those who are the readiest to prey upon the weakness and credulity of hypochondriac patients.

In M. Dubois' opinion, the disorder in the commencement is always purely mental; some function becomes secondarily troubled, and disordered structure of some organ may be the ultimate consequence. A consideration of the different circumstances and different ranks and kinds of life in which hypochondriasis appears, would lead us, however, to think that this observation, although true in several instances, is not so in all; and that, by that reflex operation of morbid causes of which we find so many illustrations in other diseases, the hypochondriasis is often consequent on bodily disorders existing in the organs of digestion, which we have seen are in all cases soon and seriously disturbed.

By writers in general, hypochondriasis has been considered as particularly common in England. Admitting the fact, its explanation is not, we apprehend, to be sought solely in our variable climate. The frequent gloominess of our sky, which has been accused of "disposing all hearts to sadness," is more than compensated for by its enlivening mutability; and those who, ungrateful for the gorgeous springs, the cool refreshing autumns, and summers not intolerable, of our climate, have sung the praises of warmer regions and a cloudless sky, have in most instances had no opportunity of making a comparison between the climate of England and that of the over-rated South of Europe. Certainly, hypochondriac maladies seem most to affect the north-west portions of Europe; but the cause is perhaps to be found in the greater mental activity, enterprise, and exposure to all the reverses and fluctuations of fortune, which belong to the state of society in these countries. Even the imagination of the northern nations, as M. Dubois has well remarked, is less sensual, less corporeal,

if we may so say, and more abstract and creative than the same faculty in the listless people of the south.

Inasmuch as some forms of government are more or less favorable to the mental habits we have mentioned, they may, of course, be supposed to promote the growth of hypochondriasis. Republics, which afford opportunities of rising to ambitious persons in private life, and also expose them to be suddenly thrown down from their elevation by the fickle sentence of the multitude, are thought by M. Dubois to abound more in examples of hypochondriasis than other kinds of state government. It seems at first sight curious that spiritualists and other religious mystics are not prone to hypochondriasis, such vagaries of tender, sensitive, and pious minds being most frequently associated with the hysterical constitution.

Among trades, weavers and tailors are great hypochondriacs; but shoemakers seem to be in this respect pre-eminently wretched. Zimmerman pointed out this fact, and ample experience has verified it, so that we feel surprise to find M. Dubois expressing a doubt upon the subject. Seated all day on a low seat; pressing obdurate last and leather against the epigastrium; dragging reluctant thread into hard and durable stitches; or hammering heels and toes with much monotony; the cobbler's mind, regardless of the proverb, wanders into regions metaphysical and political and theological; and from men thus employed have sprung many founders of sects, religious reformers, gloomy politicians, "bards, sophists, statesmen," and all other "unquiet things," including a countless host of hypochondriacs. The dark and pensive aspect of shoemakers in general is matter of common observation. It is but justice to them, however, to say, that their acquisitions of knowledge and their habits of reflection are often such as to command admiration. The hypochondriacal cast of their minds is probably in part induced by the imperfect action of the stomach, liver, and intestines, in consequence of the position in which they usually sit at work. General readers may be glad to be informed that the regions under the short ribs on each side are called by anatomists the *hypochondria*, and that in these regions are lodged some of the most important organs of digestion, from a supposed impairment of which the hypochondriacal malady gained its appellation. It has also been called the English malady, and the *Spleen*, from its imaginary connection with a disease of that organ, which does not seem to be verified by experience.

But of all hypochondriacs commend us to clergymen. The active man of business, travelling with speed of horses or of steam to some great mart of traffic and gain, sighs as he passes a beautiful parsonage-house, and laments that his father had not

brought him up for the church. The clergyman, meanwhile, repines over the inactivity of his station, and the absence of all the stimuli to ambition which banish rest from other men. His duties are few and easy; his income, it may be, comfortable, but often neither good nor bad, nor likely to be increased. Except in the shooting season, he takes very little exercise; his appetite for food is, unavoidably, and without the least reflection upon him, one of the principal things which redeems his life from a condition of chronic drowsiness; on those days, at least, when there is nobody to be buried, or christened, or married, or sent to prison. Hence flow many evils; digestion imperfect, sluggish and yet untranquil bowels, restless nights, nervous mornings, and devils blue—in short, all the grievances of hypochondriasis.

The professors of medicine are, we fear, open to the reproach not only of desponding when they are ill concerning the efficacy of the many coloured mixtures with which they face the fell diseases of other persons, but also to that of fancying themselves the subjects of lamentable maladies which have no real existence. We believe, however, that these suspicious appearances of hypochondriasis are only common among young practitioners, whom the small number of their patients leaves too much time to reflect upon their individual physiology.

It is some disappointment to a humane person to find that of all men who are discontented with their lot, none exceed in the quantity of their grumbling, and in the habit of looking on the wrong side of things, and in a proclivity to hypochondriacal imaginations, the old pensioners of the army and the navy at Chelsea and at Greenwich. Placed above the fear of want, but deprived of all motive to exertion, neither moved by hope nor by fear, for they have neither promotion to look to nor disgrace to apprehend, they are miserable precisely because they have nothing to do. We have often thought that some gentle duties, analogous to the former habits of the lives of these deserving old men, would be a great blessing to them.

Many amusing stories have been told of elderly men of business, who, retiring from trade or customary occupations, with a fortune, have lived to feel all the embarrassment of riches. Professional men have furnished some examples, also, of persons who, although possessing an ample income, yet, missing their daily accumulation of fees, and finding that their expenses were not diminished, have been heartily glad to abandon all rural ambition, and, deserting the dull ranks of country gentlemen, have thrown themselves once more into the great gulf-stream of London and of business; driven to this resolution by finding that fears of ruin began to haunt them, that the stomach was never in

good humour, and that leisure and dignity, although praised by the poets, were exceedingly uncomfortable.

The most interesting and the most melancholy hypochondriacs are, however, to be found among men of cultivated minds and sedentary habits, whose sufferings appear but little in their works. Many a page, which has made a thousand readers gay, has been written in all the misery of hypochondriasis; and some of the finest productions of literature have been produced at the price of an affliction which seems to embody every other form of affliction. On persons of this kind, both the mental and the bodily causes of hypochondriasis are accumulated. Neglect of exercise is combined with frequent mental excitement, and a constitution of peculiar sensibility is exposed to all the trials incidental to men of little worldly wisdom and small possessions. Depressing circumstances, a jaded mind, a feeble body, and rebellious digestive organs, thus conspire to call up all the demons of hypochondriasis and of melancholy, and the days of the unhappy victim become pretty equally divided between mental brilliancy and a state bordering on moody madness. To all English readers the illustration afforded by the accomplished and amiable Cowper will present itself. Among French writers, few have presented a more remarkable example of it than Jean Jaques Rousseau, whose case, recorded in his own vivid language, M. Dubois has quoted in his treatise.

"My health, however," says Rousseau, after he had gone into the country with Madame de Warens, "did not improve; I was as pale as death, and meagre as a skeleton; I had dreadful pulsations of arteries:—to finish myself, having read among other things a little physiology, I set to work to study anatomy; and passing in review the multitude and the play of the parts which compose my machine, I was in expectation of finding them all put out of order twenty times a day. Far from being astonished at finding myself dying, I was only astonished that I continued to live; and I did not read a description of any malady which I did not at once believe myself to have. I am sure, that if I had never been ill, this fatal study would have made me so. Finding in every disease the symptoms of my own, I thought I had them every one; and I acquired in addition one still more cruel, of which I thought myself free, the fantasy of curing myself. It is difficult to avoid this when one takes to reading books of medicine. By dint of exploring, reflecting, and comparing, I conceived that the foundation of all my ailments was a polypus of the heart, and even a physician seemed struck with this notion. I exercised all the powers of my mind to find out how to cure a polypus of the heart, being resolved to undertake this wonderful case. It had been said that M. Fizes, of Montpellier, had cured a polypus of that sort: nothing more was requisite to inspire me with the desire of going to consult M. Fizes. The hope of being cured revived my courage and my strength."

On his way to Montpellier, Rousseau, who spent much of his life in flirtations, commenced a flirtation with a certain Madame de Larnage,

“ So, Madame de Larnage,” he continues, “ takes me under hand, and adieu poor Jean Jaques! or rather, adieu fever, vapours, and the polypus! I forgot during my journey that I was a sick man; but I recollected it when I got to Montpellier. I went and consulted the most celebrated practitioners, and above all M. Fizes. By way of additional precaution, I became a boarder in the house of a physician. I quitted that city at the end of six weeks or two months, leaving there a dozen louis, without any advantage to my health.”

Supported by this case and others, M. Dubois lays great stress on the evil habit of reading medical books. There can be no doubt that hypochondriacal persons are fond of perusing works that treat of disease, and much addicted to seeing their own case in every page; but we should not, on this account, be inclined to discourage all attempts to make the truths of medicine familiar to unprofessional persons. Medical books of some kind or other, such persons will purchase and will study. Care should be taken to supply them with sensible books, and such as, informing them of the wonders of the bodily functions, would also teach them to place their greatest reliance, as regarded setting the functions in order when impaired, on those who had most studied them. It is to the deplorable ignorance, even of persons of education, with respect to the structure and functions of the human body, and every thing which relates to health and disease, that we must ascribe the inability of such persons to distinguish between the rational practitioner and the quack. The higher classes, especially, hold regular physic and physicians of small account. Their idea of medicine is, that it is an art, a craft, a kind of *knack*, (to use a somewhat inelegant but not inexpressive word,) which some people are born with, or attain without study, and by the mere felicity of nature. If anatomy and physiology formed part of a good education, physic would reach its proper rank. But those who hang with ecstasy over stamens and pistils, or fragments of granite and spar, never seem to consider how noble and useful a subject for contemplation exists in their own frames.

With increased knowledge, faith in the nostrums of empirics would soon be extinguished, and rash and absurd methods of cure abandoned. No patients are more disposed to rely on trifles for relief than hypochondriacs. Some put their trust in ginger-lozenges, some in hiera-picra, some in Daffy's Elixir, and some in Doctor Somebody's famous dinner pill. Some rest their hopes on white mustard-seed, and others seek solace in

breakfasting on fried bacon. Some are persuaded that animal food will be fatal to them, and some that vegetables are poison. They heroically abandon whatever is denounced; some giving up their wine without a sigh, and others resigning their tea without a struggle. Rousseau was hypochondriac at a time when the motto of medicine might have been that opening line of Pindar, which has so much puzzled the learned, and which a French translator courageously rendered "*c'est une excellente chose que l'eau.*"

"I was languishing," says Rousseau, in his Confessions, "I could not bear to take milk; it was necessary to give it up. Water was then the fashionable remedy. I took to water; and with so little discretion that it well nigh cured me, not of my maladies, but of my life. Every morning I went to the fountain with a huge goblet, and drank away, whilst I walked about, to the amount of a couple of bottles. I gave up drinking wine with my meals. The water was a little hard, as are most of the mountain springs. In short, I managed so well, that in less than two months I utterly destroyed the tone of my stomach, which up to that time had been very good. Being no longer able to digest, I saw that I must no longer hope to be cured."

There are not many maladies of which the early and proper treatment is more important than this malady of hypochondriasis. Habit daily adds to the mental part of the disorder; the corporeal derangements, whether primary or secondary, become inveterate by delay; the continual attention to sensations heightens their force, and seems to impart an activity to the extreme nervous branches, or in some other way so to disturb both them and the small blood-vessels, as actually to cause the supervention of disorders, of which a long dread has been entertained. The illustrious Laennec was of opinion that long continued mental depression favoured the development of pulmonary consumption; and an apprehension of the occurrence of cancer has often been thought to dispose to cancer. But if these terrible consequences should not follow, the condition of the hypochondriac is yet exceedingly to be pitied. He is disqualified from many or all of the duties of life; his temper yields to continual irritations; his mind becomes weak and habitually directed to trifles; his feelings become selfish and contemptible; and his life is little better than a long disease.

The treatment must necessarily be partly mental, and partly directed to the regulation of the disordered bodily functions. To restore the proper condition of the stomach, the liver, the duodenum, or some other portion of the intestines, may require a skilful physician, and varied means; only applicable by those whom experience has taught to adapt general principles to individual examples.

Whatever medicines are given, it will generally be found serviceable to combine with them some form of bathing. Early hours of going to bed and rising; a careful avoidance of great irregularities in living, which are of all things the most surely paid for by fits of despondency; an agreeable course of reading; much exercise in the open air; cheerful society whenever society is not more irksome than silence and retirement; a moderate pursuit of field-sports; but, above all things, when it is practicable, a frequent change of residence;—all these things may be looked upon as important parts of the treatment.

The proper regulation of the diet is very material; and it will be happy for the hypochondriac if, amidst the fancies and the follies of medical authorities on this particular point, he can elicit from his adviser some rules which are not utterly irrational. In general, we apprehend that the *quantity* of food taken, and the times at which it is taken, demand more attention than the *quality* or nature of the food. Particular cases will suggest particular precautions; but what is commonly called living by rule is certainly not the rule of health. With a few exceptions, we would rather recommend the invalid to peruse Lord Bacon's short Essay on the Regimen of Health than all the books on diet that were ever compiled.

Of the importance of a proper regimen of the *mind* in this unfortunate malady, too much cannot be said. In some unhappy cases the mind is from the first too much diseased to permit the establishment of such regimen, and, as in the case of Cowper, the prospect is truly cheerless. But in many cases the efforts of the patient may be successfully roused. A journey, a new study or pursuit, frequent rides on horseback, or any thing which effects a complete diversion of the thoughts, is most expedient; and contrivances apparently slight are sometimes rewarded by great results. The patient has, in favourable cases, sufficient power left to abstract his attention from the subject of his own health, and from medical reading, if strongly impressed with the danger of pursuing such trains of thought: and when exhorted to change his diet or regimen, to take exercise, or make any other effort, he may truly be encouraged with the assurance that if he

“Throw but a stone, the giant dies.”

Such are some of the principal circumstances worthy of observation in hypochondriasis, a disease which, although it sometimes attacks women, is much more common, as a consideration of its causes might lead us to expect, in men; and one of the worst of woes of that period of life when the activity of youth is gone and the characteristic serenity of age is not yet attained.

There is no time in a man's life in which the management of the mind is more important than in this; as, without care and due precaution, it may prove to be a period of discontent, of unhappiness, and even of imprudencies and rashness, for which there is no longer the excuse of youth and inexperience.

HYSTERIA, or hysterical disorder, is, as we have already remarked, so different a malady from hypochondriasis, that there would be no particular propriety in speaking of it after the latter disease, if M. Dubois' book, which is our text, was not devoted to the consideration and comparison of the two affections. Hysteria is not the disorder of middle aged gentlemen, but of young women, for the most part of delicate frame, highly susceptible nerves, indolent habits, and minds less carefully regulated than would be desirable. It is, however, sometimes the affliction of older females, females of middle age, and occasioned by derangements of the health which especially disorder the nervous system. In most of its forms it is a very troublesome malady, and difficult of cure. Yet so much may be done, by a careful attention to the general regimen of young women, to lessen the extreme susceptibility of the nervous system, that hysteria deserves quite as much attention as hypochondriasis.

The slighter indications of the hysteric temperament generally become observable in young women after they have attained the age of fourteen or fifteen, and consist of an increased sensibility to all causes, however trifling, of a nature to produce pleasure or chagrin. After a few years, if the habit of giving way to every emotion is not checked, and if any circumstances happen which are of a nature to disturb the affections, the more marked features of the disorder called hysterical are wont to appear; such as immoderate fits of crying or of laughing, easily induced, and very irregular spirits. At length, on the occurrence of something which causes either great disappointment or unusual sensations of pleasure, or after the excitement of animated society, or after dissipation and fatigue, the young lady has what is known to be an hysteric fit. She bursts into tears, and sobs violently, and for a long time, and as if she would inevitably be choked; or, being moved to laughter, she continues laughing so loudly and so long as to alarm the bystanders. Perhaps she falls down, or sinks into a chair, quite exhausted. Her face is red, her eyes are closed, and the eyelids are tremulous; the mouth is often firmly shut. It is perceived that the heart palpitates violently, and the arteries in the neck pulsate strongly. The breathing is variously affected; very often there is an evident constriction of the throat,

and the patient forcibly applies her hands as if to remove it; sometimes the respiration is profound and tranquil, sometimes short and hurried. In some cases the hysteric person lies composed and quiet, but very often the hands and arms are violently thrown about, or the hands are strongly pressed upon the stomach, as if for the relief of violent pain; in some instances the trunk of the body is contorted, and occasionally the convulsive movements are more general and not easily controuled. Such an attack may last a quarter of an hour, or an hour, or even many hours, and may leave the patient uncomfortable, affected with headach, and feeling pain in the throat, and in those muscles which have been in strong action during the fit. Her own account of the fit commonly is, that she perceived a sensation as of a round ball in some part of the bowels, which seemed gradually to ascend until it reached the upper part of the throat, and then to remain, pressing upon the windpipe until she thought she should be suffocated. Although there has been such loss of controul over the voluntary muscles during the fit, and such irregularity in their action, it will not be found that the patient has always been deprived of consciousness of what was taking place around her; she has perhaps heard all that was said, and known all that was done, although quite without the power to speak, or to give any indication of her own feelings or wishes.

One of the most singular characteristics of the hysterical disorder is, that in individuals liable to attacks of the above description, or any modification of them, (for the forms of the paroxysm itself are very variable), there is often a resemblance or simulation of various other maladies. There would appear to be some unusual condition of all the nerves of the body, productive, according to various accidental circumstances, of the signs of disease in the various parts which they supply, although such diseases do not in reality exist. Medical practitioners learn to recognize these spurious maladies, which quite impose upon common observers. A patient is thought to be suddenly and violently attacked with inflammation of the brain, or of the bowels, or of the lungs; or, some previous disease actually existing, certain symptoms are superadded, which make the case unlike any that are ever found in systematic descriptions of disease. Even in the course of a fever, a disease which seldom fails to excite the practitioner's anxiety, he is liable to be surprised, when the subjects of them are hysterical by constitution, by such strange accidents as but for that explanation would be either unintelligible or would mislead him into very erroneous practice. The diagnosis, consequently, or detection of hysteria, in all its possible forms and combinations, is a very important study to the physician;

and a thorough acquaintance with its mutable character, and its property of mixing itself up with other maladies, sometimes enables him to tranquillize the fears which such odd combinations of disorder are well calculated to excite in the patient's friends and relations.

Among the many troublesome accompaniments or parts of hysteria, may be mentioned a particularly distressing cough, of a distinct and marked character. All coughs derive some modification from the cause in which they originate. The cough of a common cold differs from the deep hollow cough of consumption, and both are distinct from the hoarse cough which generally attends or precedes the measles. The cough of whooping-cough is distinct from all. But the cough of hysteria is not less peculiar; it is commonly loud, short, and repeated; dry and hard, and shaking the whole frame; induced and prolonged by all kinds of mental irritation, and quite refractory under common demulcent and anodyne treatment. It is sometimes periodical, and dependent on temporary causes; but often permanent, or at least not removed until by general means the patient's health and strength undergo great improvement. In some patients it puts on the character of croup, and in others of asthma; still, however, in most cases, only admitting of abatement by means directed to the general improvement of the constitution.

Imitating almost every disease, hysteria occasionally puts on many of the signs of approaching death. The pulse sinks until it can hardly be felt; the hands and feet become cold; the patient breathes with difficulty, and feels convinced that nothing can save her; and these very distressing symptoms and sensations may last for many hours; may return on many successive days, and yield at last, leaving the patient quite well. Such things happening to persons in the prime of life, their blooming appearance some weeks after recovery is often remarkably contrasted with the gloomy circumstances by which they were surrounded when the attacks were at the worst.

If the hypochondriacal patient feels a dread of diseases merely on account of some depraved sensations, we cannot wonder that the hysteric patient, in whom many of the functions are often manifestly disturbed, should believe herself to be labouring under incurable disorders. The action of the heart, for instance, is very frequently irregular in hysterical patients; the pulse intermits, and peculiar sensations of oppression, or obstruction, or temporary cessation or interruption of the heart's action, are not uncommon. The distinction of such cases from those in which the heart is actually undergoing some change of structure is exceedingly important; especially where, as not unfrequently happens, the pal-

pitiation depends on debility, induced perhaps by a previous attack of fever or other illness; for in such weakened states the symptoms of hysteria often manifest themselves, and bloodletting and other measures, which in the case of slow organic change might be requisite, would, by still further increasing the debility, exasperate the hysterical malady, and probably render it inveterate.

Divers troublesome symptoms incidental to females of delicate constitution, and often looked upon as inexplicable, and consequently as affording no clear indications of treatment, are discovered to be truly hysterical in their nature, either from its being found that less equivocal signs of hysteria are occasionally exhibited by the patients liable to them, or from the success which follows the administration of what are called anti-hysterical remedies. Among these symptoms are an occasional loss of voice; a difficulty of swallowing, sometimes so great as to create fears of an obstruction of the gullet; pain fixed to one particular spot, as in the left side, or in the loins, or over one eye. These affections are not unfrequently very obstinate, resisting all kinds of treatment for months, or returning after short intervals of relief, even for years. When their dependence on a disordered condition of the nerves is not suspected, the patients are, of course, needlessly subjected to various plans of treatment, founded on a belief in the existence of local disorder. Extreme pain in the course of the spine, with great tenderness and a loss of power in one or in both of the lower extremities,—a combination of symptoms sufficient to excite apprehension,—are all found, in some cases, to depend on a morbid condition of the nervous system, and to be parts of hysteria. All these circumstances expose the hysterical patient to the same deceptions which we have said that unprincipled pretenders to medicine practise with so much impunity on the hypochondriacal. To assert the existence of some serious local disease is to gratify the patient by conforming to her own belief, and to ensure her fullest confidence. To tell her there is no local disease; that her symptoms depend upon her general state of health; and that relief is only to be expected from long perseverance in the use of medicine calculated to improve it, and united with the sacrifice of some indolent or luxurious habits; is to preach a very unwelcome doctrine, and often ensures the dismissal of the too-faithful counsellor.

The attacks of hysterical pain are sometimes so sudden and so violent as, when affecting the head or the bowels, to excite, even in the mind of the practitioner, much doubt as to their possible origin and tendency, and few parts of medical practice call for a more careful comparison of all the attendant symptoms. The

absence of fever, the tranquillity of the pulse, the complete intermissions of pain occasionally occurring, and other symptoms according to the particular case, can alone be guides to practice, and, warily regarded, save the patient from very unnecessary measures.

In certain examples of hysteria, the paroxysm or fit is such that the patient lies motionless, breathing slowly and deeply, and resembling one apoplectic. What is called catalepsy, or a state in which the muscles, no longer obeying the will, continue contracted in whatever position or attitude the limbs or body may be placed, seems to be a variety of hysteria. The *trances* in which patients have been supposed to be dead, but many of the cases of which are fabulous or exaggerated, are also of the family of hysteria.

There are other varieties of hysterical affections, so extravagantly odd as sometimes to have caused suspicions that the subjects of them were under the influence of magic or witchcraft. Such strange motions of the limbs, such unaccountable predilection for the repetition of some unmeaning syllables, or for singing, "without mitigation or remorse of voice," a few notes suggested no one can tell by what association of ideas, or snatches of ballads or spiritual songs, have at times characterized this disorder, that its being ascribed to supernatural agency really cannot excite surprise; the more especially as such strange forms of affliction, like all the forms of hysteria, are found to be *catching*, and have even at times prevailed as a kind of epidemic. It has also sometimes happened, that amidst the excitement of the malady the patients have been gifted with such acute mental perception, or so much activity of the mental powers, and such unwonted eloquence, as to seem to the unaffected to be endued with the spirit of prophecy and divination. The history of animal magnetism presents some remarkable illustrations of these circumstances.

The *causes* of hysteria are often purely corporeal, connected with some disorder which the physician may recognize; either some disorder peculiar to the female system, or existing in the organs of digestion, and particularly in the neglected state of the bowels; or in the state of the patient's strength or weakness, as in fulness of habit, or the state opposite to fulness; or in a peculiar susceptibility of the whole nervous system. This susceptibility is always one link in the chain of causes, and sometimes it is itself the chief cause. When depending, with all the hysteric phenomena elicited in consequence of its existence, on primary disorder of the stomach and bowels, or of the uterus, the cure is strictly medical. The removal of the primary disorder will

sometimes be followed by a return of the nervous system to its healthy condition, even in cases in which hope had almost been abandoned; but both in this case, and in the case of the nervous susceptibility being itself apparently the chief or primary cause, a mixed treatment is demanded, regiminal, medicinal, dietetic, and moral, which can only be instituted or pursued by the combined efforts of the physician, and of parents, relatives, friends, and guardians.

M. Dubois thinks that southern climates tend to develop the too great sensibility of the nerves which disposes to hysteria; and certainly the enervating and artificial atmosphere of very warm rooms, in which young women often spend much of their time in our own climate, is exceedingly detrimental to the general tone of the nervous system, entirely indisposing them to face the air and persevere in taking exercise on foot. The indolence of the morning is very ill compensated for by the fatigues of the evening, where, in rooms greatly heated and crowded, the young lady who passed the morning in bed, and the middle of the day on the sofa or in an easy chair, passes the night in dancing, or in listening to musical performances, prolonged far beyond midnight.

Nothing is more remarkable in the present age of mental excitement than the care with which, by most of the prevalent customs and a system of fashionable education, the minds of the generality of females are consigned to inactivity and utter uncompanionable insipidity. Whilst the expression of almost every elevated feeling is repressed as inconsistent with refinement, every artificial want, every habit of selfish gratification, is as much as possible indulged. Active exercise in the open air, cheerful country walks, a joyful participation of the hearty pleasures of any society in which every movement is not taught by the posture-master, or conversation conducted according to the rules laid down in books professing to teach female duty and behaviour;—all this would be inconsistent with the general aim of all classes to imitate the manners and habits of the highest. All kind of reading, except of works the most frivolous, is considered ungenteel, or, at least, singular; and any display of deep and unsophisticated sentiment excites universal pity. The beauties of nature, the triumphs of science, the miracles of art, excite no more than a languid expression of wonder. To apply the mind to read or understand such things would destroy the apathetic elegance which those desire to preserve, who still believe knowledge to be a very good thing for persons who live by it. With as much care as the natural proportions of the female figure are destroyed by stays made upon abstract principles, is the mind cribbed and cabined by custom and fashion. Then, universal

ambition leads to universal difficulties as to fortune; and the only serious duty to daughters is to obtain an advantageous settlement, which, whether gained or missed, is too often thus the cause of cureless discontent, injured health, and all the nervous maladies incidental to an ill-managed mind and infirm body.

Barely equal to sustain a life of indolence, from which all strong and all noble emotions are shut out, the slighter pains and disappointments of life induce suffering in the frivolous and morbid mind; and any serious contradiction, any check to indulgence, any appeal of duty against pleasure, produces discontent, agitation of the nervous system, tears, low spirits, bewailings, the vapours, or a hysteric fit. The tendency to the latter exhibition of feelings injured or irritated, is found to be partly under the control of the will, or is at least often yielded to as the shortest way of putting an end to the disagreeable opposition of parents or a husband. Youth gives place to middle age, and middle age leads on to declining years, and, the mind having no resources to retreat upon, the frivolity of early life is too frequently exchanged for a feverish devotion and a chronic hysteric sensibility. Vainly hoping to obtain from various stimulants that feeling of health which no stimulants can bestow, so long as good atmospheric air is not breathed and the voluntary muscles are not exercised, the invalid sinks by slow degrees into all the selfish inactivity of a confirmed valetudinarian; and in these cases the double grievance of hypochondriasis and hysteria is often incurred by the same individual, and seems to furnish an excuse for the neglect of every duty requiring the smallest exertion of body and mind.

If any hope could be entertained that declamation against follies so notorious and hurtful would be rewarded by success, or that advice given to counteract them would be listened to, we would say to the parents of the present day,—“Let your first care be to give your little girls a good *physical* education. Let their early years be passed, if possible, in the country, gathering flowers in the fields, and partaking of all the free exercises in which they delight. When they grow older, do not condemn them to sit eight listless hours a day over their books, their work, their maps, and their music. Be assured that half the number of hours passed in real attention to well-ordered studies will make them more accomplished and more agreeable companions than those commonly are who have been most elaborately *finished*, in the modern acceptation of the term.” The systems by which young ladies are taught to move their limbs according to the rules of art, to come into a room with studied diffidence, and to step into a carriage with measured action and premeditated grace, are only calculated to keep the degrading idea perpetu-

ally present, that they are preparing for the great market of the world. Real elegance of demeanour springs from the mind; fashionable schools do but teach its imitation, whilst their rules forbid to be ingenuous. Philosophers never conceived the idea of so perfect a vacuum as is found to exist in the minds of young women who are supposed to have finished their education in such establishments. If they marry husbands as uninformed as themselves, they fall into habits of indolent insignificance without much pain; if they marry persons more accomplished, they can retain no hold of their affections. Hence many matrimonial miseries, in the midst of which the wife finds it a consolation to be always complaining of her health and ruined nerves.

In the education of young women we would say—let them be secured from all the trappings and manacles of such a system; let them partake of every active exercise not absolutely unfeminine, and trust to their being able to get into or out of a carriage with a light and graceful step, which no drilling can accomplish. Let them rise early and retire early to rest, and trust that their beauty will not need to be coined into artificial smiles in order to ensure a welcome, whatever room they enter. Let them ride, walk, run, dance, in the open air. Encourage the merry and innocent diversions in which the young delight; let them, under proper guidance, explore every hill and valley; let them plant and cultivate the garden, and make hay when the summer sun shines, and surmount all dread of a shower of rain or the boisterous wind; and, above all, let them take *no medicine* except when the doctor orders it. The demons of hysteria and melancholy might hover over a group of young ladies so brought up; but they would not find one of them upon whom they could exercise any power.

When a system quite opposite to this is pursued, what is the consequence? A blooming girl, just on the verge of womanhood, begins to wither and decay. Her complexion fades, her spirits desert her, she becomes hysterical, she cannot walk, or ride, or hold herself upright. The physician is consulted; he advises what we have advised; but the cure is entrusted to other hands. The young lady is removed to London, and placed under some one who professes to cure deformities of the spine, as if the feeble bend, which probably does exist, were the cause of all the bad health, and not, as well as the hysteric feelings, the result of a foolish system of physical education. And now for many months the young patient passes the precious morning hours in rooms crowded with other victims, and in an atmosphere no better than that respired by the factory girls; and, as substitutes for all the natural exercises which she ought to be taking in the

country,—instead of playing with ball and battledore, instead of riding, walking, running races, jumping, swinging, and other vulgar but healthful diversions,—she is instructed how to climb ropes, or to get to the top of a pole; she is indoctrinated in the mystery of throwing summersets over a bar; or applied to the rubbing and scrubbing of tables; or drilled by calisthenic arts to emulate the mystic motions of a telegraph: and all this time, mental education is suspended as a matter of course.

We do sincerely believe, that if parents could be convinced that by their endeavours to produce an excessive and mistaken refinement, a refinement which, confined to looks, and words, and motions, and attitudes, does not imply the greater refinement of mind from which all the rest would spring, they are only laying the foundations of suffering, and would determine to follow entirely opposite rules, there would be as few instances of spinal disorder, and as few hysterical and nervous complaints in the upper classes of society, or in families in comfortable circumstances as to fortune, as there are in those in which the luxuries of life (very erroneously so called) cannot be procured, or the indulgence of superfluities allowed. Many a young woman now doomed to peevishness, pale sickness, disappointed hopes, or matrimonial discontent, would become a cheerful, active, happy person, and if married, a contented wife, a healthy mother, and a blessing to her husband and her children.

The chance of freedom from all nervous complaints, including some of the most dreadful mental visitations, is increased by every rational means of increasing individual happiness; by that great blessing, a contented mind; by a calm dependence on a benevolent and all-wise Creator; by a freedom from all mean forms of ambition—as for establishment, equipage, and restless gaiety; by a love of home-duties, country scenery, and useful occupations; by a reasonable acquaintance with some of the sciences; by a taste for the arts, and for the improving pleasures of elegant literature, and the society of the virtuous and well-informed. The divine, the philosopher, and the physician speak the same language. The dictates of reason and of duty are sufficiently plain, and few are blind to them; and they are the dictates of health, bodily and mental; but so opposed to them are the dictates of fashion, and the habits of what is called *the world*, in a country too much given to the worship of gold, that of all who profess to acknowledge their truth, the greater number are still ever found

“To see the best, and yet the worst pursue.”

ART. VI.—*Svea Rikes Häfder, af Erik Gustaf Geijer*. Försrta Delen. (History of Sweden, by E. G. Geijer, Vol. I.) Upsala. 1825. 8vo.

ON a first cursory view of the dearth of literary productions in the Scandinavian peninsula previous to the last century, we might be apt to indulge in theory, and ascribe it to the ungenial nature of the soil and climate, which, demanding all the efforts of men to be applied to obtaining the means of supporting existence, left little leisure for the cultivation of mind, and the exercise of literary talent. But this theory would be at once overturned by a glance at the far more inhospitable region of Iceland, where literature was cultivated, and had even attained its golden age, at a time when Scandinavia—or rather Sweden, Norway *having* an historian—had little to exhibit but the rhymed History of Alexander the Great—for the deeds of the wide-praised Macedonian, by a singular fortune, were celebrated nearly at the same time in the tongue of Persia, and in almost every European language—and other romantic legends of the middle ages, introduced when German princes had mounted the throne of Sweden. The clergy in this, as in all the Transalpine countries, were in almost exclusive possession of the important arts of reading and writing, but they did not here, as elsewhere, sedulously devote themselves to collecting and composing the annals of their country. Sweden has no names to set beside a Saxo Grammaticus and an Adam of Bremen; the chief productions of her monks, besides the works already mentioned, are translations of the romantic History of Charlemagne, the Romance of Flores and Blanchefleur, the Seven Wise Masters, and others of a similar stamp. With the exception, perhaps, of the Slavonian nations, no other European country possesses so few remains of middle-age literature. It is probable that the true cause of this poverty lay in the remote situation of Sweden, in her limited intercourse with the rest of Europe, and the consequent want of stimulus. The causes of the literary superiority of Iceland are peculiar, but we cannot now stop to consider them.

The Reformation gave in Sweden, as it did everywhere else, a powerful impetus to the human mind, and coeval with its introduction, was the accession to the throne of the family of Vasa, the patrons of every thing calculated to advance the dignity and prosperity of the realm over which they ruled. Yet still literature languished, and the 16th and 17th centuries have little to show beyond books of devotion, translations in a great measure from the German, which language exercised the same influence over the Swedish as it did over the Danish idiom. The brilliant

period of Louis XIV. extended the sway of the French language and literature even to Sweden, now become an important actor on the theatre of Europe. The history of the recovery of Swedish literature from Gallic influence, and its resumption of nationality, is precisely the same as that of the emancipation of those of Germany and Denmark. Since the commencement of the present century, the literary productions of this northern kingdom have been such as to give promise of ensuring her as respectable a station in the republic of letters, as can well be attained by a nation whose limited territory and small population do not permit of literature forming the sole occupation of a numerous class of persons.

As we have not had as yet an opportunity of consulting the *Scriptores Rerum Suecicarum Mediæ Ævi*, edited by Geijer and Schröder, we are unable to say what scraps of Swedish history may have been composed in the earlier part of that period; but as what is called the Old Swedish Chronicle commences at page 240 of the first volume, we cannot suppose them to have been numerous. This Old Chronicle, which ends at the year 1449, is extremely concise. Another, somewhat older, called the Lesser Rhyme-Chronicle, is rather more full, but equally devoid of real historic value. Johannes Magnus, the last Catholic archbishop in Sweden, after his banishment, devoted his hours to the celebration of the deeds of his fathers, and wrote, at Venice, his History of the Goths and Swedes, which was, after his death, published at Rome (in 1554) by his brother, the celebrated Olaus Magnus. It was for a long time the chief source for the early history of Sweden, and it spread the fables it contained over Europe. Meanwhile, a sober, and, for the time, a judicious history of the northern kingdom had been written by the reformer of the Swedish church, (and successor of J. Magnus in his office,) Laurentius Petri, assisted by his brother Olaus, a work which it was reserved for the present century to give to the light. During the 17th century but little appears to have been done in this department; even the exploits of Gustavus Adolphus and of Charles XII. failed to rouse the historic muse of Sweden from her lethargy, and her slumbers continued till the year 1747,* when Dalin published his History of Sweden, in three volumes quarto. His example was followed by Bolin and Lagerbring, but none of these native historians could boast of any transcendent merit; and the best History of Sweden (as

* We speak only of *published* works, for there are various biographical and historical pieces of the 16th and 17th centuries, in MS. in the Swedish libraries, most of which will probably be committed to the press before long.

was proved in some measure by its translation into Swedish) was the German one of Rûhs. There is also a Latin History of Sweden by the celebrated Puffendorf, of which, however, the merit is not considerable; and Sweden occupies of course a considerable place in the general History of the North of the prejudiced and dogmatical Schlötzer. The little work of Vertot on the Revolutions of Sweden has the merit of elegance, but is of no great value in an historic point of view. The Life of Gustavus Vasa by Celsius, written in Swedish, is an excellent piece of biography.

It, therefore, appears that there was room for a good History of Sweden; and among the scholars of that country there are few, we believe, who would dispute the superior pretensions of Geijer, the author before us, for the execution of the task. He is professor of history in the university of Upsala, and one of the editors of the collection of the old Swedish writers above referred to; and it may be farther mentioned, that when the present King of Sweden sent the Crown Prince, Oscar, to the University of Upsala, Geijer was the person selected to have the charge of his education. His majesty was so well satisfied with the way in which he fulfilled the charge, that, by way of recompense, he appointed him to the office of royal historiographer. He has also been advantageously known to the public by his contributions to "*Iduna*," "*Svea*," and other periodicals, and by his admirable introduction to the collection of Popular Swedish Ballads, edited by himself and Afzelius.* In these pieces Geijer had shown himself to be possessed of a sound judgment, correct taste, extensive knowledge, a due feeling for the great, the noble, and the good, and a dignified style.

In the history of a country so peculiar as Sweden, correct physical ideas are of paramount importance, and we therefore deem it highly judicious in its historian to have devoted to that subject a portion of his introductory volume. The first of the ten sections into which the volume is divided, contains a geographical and geological view of the region whose history he is about to record. He accurately describes, from the best authorities, its extent, boundaries, natural divisions, and the physical character of the different districts of which it is composed. Of the surface in general he remarks, after Wahlenberg, one striking difference between it and that of more southern countries: namely, that while in the latter the granite is usually covered over by the secondary formations, and only comes forth to view as the summits

* See *Foreign Quarterly Review*, vol. i. p. 192; vol. ii. p. 746.

of lofty mountains, in Sweden, on the contrary, it presents itself in the form of low hills, and in the level parts of the country lies close to the surface; on the coasts, as it were, in conflict with the waves, it forms numerous little bays, creeks, and a crowd of rocks running out into the sea. From this quality of the surface it comes that the iron-ore is not, as elsewhere, confined to particular spots, but is diffused over the greater part of the country, and constitutes a kind of broad belt round the centre of Sweden, between the islands of Upland, Vestmanland, and Värmland. Hence the ore is more accessible; but this structure is detrimental to the fertility of the superjacent soil. This, however, applies not to the more fertile parts of the country around the great lakes, where the soil lies on limestone, clayslate, and other secondary rocks; but it is only in Skåne, the most southern province of the kingdom, that we discern traces of the latest formations, which, as is well known, are the most favourable to vegetation.

"Yet," says Mr. Geijer, "even in many of the spots to which nature has been most niggardly, the powerful influence of an ancient cultivation on fertility exhibits itself. This peculiar quality of our native soil contributes not less than the climate to demand from the Swedish husbandman comparatively greater labour for an inferior produce, though this produce is obtained of a finer quality than in those countries where a soil, which is at the same time easy to work and more productive, sends up the weeds along with the wheat. Ought we to call this lot depressing? No: we should learn to estimate ourselves, and to follow up our father's toils upon this land; we should rejoice over the conquests, already so productive of a rich return, which Swedish industry has made, and is still making over it; and if we could perceive that the moral force, which is the surest pledge of a nation's independence, forms with us more than with most other nations the very means of physical permanence, we would not lament over it."

Our author next considers the question, whether the waters of the Baltic have diminished or not. This was, we believe, first maintained in the affirmative by Celsius, towards the middle of the last century, and he determined the rate of diminution to be about two and a half ells in a century. Dalin thence concluded, that at the birth of Christ the water stood in the north thirteen fathoms higher than it did at the time he wrote, and on this foundation he based the whole ancient history of Sweden. Theologians and antiquaries both took up arms against him, and his theory is now totally exploded. Yet many still maintain the fact of a diminution, misled, as our author justly observes, by the error of not considering that the earth, as is now matter of demonstration, was at one period in a totally different state from

what it is at present, and that the marine remains from which the advocates of this doctrine argue, belong to those ages which preceded the creation of man. Sweden contains, perhaps, the oldest petrifications, and in the greatest abundance, of any country, but it exhibits no remains of the large antediluvian animals; in Skåne alone, have any traces of southern vegetation been discovered. They present themselves in the stone-coal at Hör and Höganäs. Mr. Geijer thinks that at the time of the Flood nature was less developed in Scandinavia, which was perhaps then devoid of the higher species of animals. The chief marks which it exhibits of diluvial action are the blocks of granite scattered over all the level country, and its ranges are probably the source whence come those *boulders* which are spread over the north of Germany. The great sandhills which in Sweden run from north to south, and other natural appearances there, vouch for the fact of the Flood having extended to that country, and moreover of its direction having been, as the latest geologists assert, a southern one. Mr. Geijer notices, while on this subject, first, the extraordinary fact of there being oyster-shells and iron-rings still to be seen in the steep cliffs of the south-eastern part of the Crimea, which originally formed the verge of the Black Sea, and which rings are several hundred feet above the surface of the present sea, though it is almost certain that, as the inhabitants affirm, they were put there for the purpose of securing the vessels which navigated that sea in those distant ages; and second, the still more extraordinary fact, mentioned in the *Hermes*,* of the discovery of similar rings in the perpendicular rocks of Mount Hæmus or the Balkan, facing the valley of the Danube. These, coupled with various geological observations, testify strongly for there having been a time when the Black Sea communicated with the Caspian, and that of Aral extended itself far into Hungary, till the opening of the Bosphorus and the straits of Gades gave its waters access to the ocean. But in all these cases, the effect was sudden and produced by a convulsion of nature, arising from unknown causes, and then ceasing to operate. Mr. Geijer in fine considers that there is little ground for supposing that there has been any diminution of the waters of the Baltic.

No country abounds more in water than Sweden. Its lakes cover 200 square Swedish miles of its surface; its rivers are numerous and distinguished for the clearness and purity of the water, which, interrupted by frequent falls, runs rapidly over their sandy beds. The climate is far milder than that of any other country under the same parallel of latitude. In Swedish Lapp-

* For 1821, No. X. p. 133; 1823, No. XVIII. p. 101.

mark, corn ripens and fruit trees bear at a polar elevation of $68\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, and the case is the same in northern Finnmark, even as high as 70 degrees; whereas in Siberia all cultivation ceases about the 60th degree, and in Canada no corn is sown even under the 51st. Peking, which is under the same parallel with Naples, has its winters colder than those of Upsala. This is, we believe justly, ascribed by Mr. Geijer to the peninsular form of Scandinavia, and to the influence of ancient cultivation.

“The shortness of our summer is in some measure compensated by the longer stay of the sun above the horizon, which in the north makes the corn ripen within six or eight weeks. This bright summer, whose dawn and twilight are among those indescribable beauties peculiar to our sky, calls forth all the splendour of the northern Flora, which, though not abounding in varieties, is the more rich in those which are peculiar to the country and climate. In closeness and verdure, the flowery carpet of the northern spring far exceeds that of the south. On the other hand, the pure bracing cold of a northern winter exalts the active powers and the vigour of life, and is found, at least by the natives, to be far less oppressive than the moist piercing cold of the same season in more southern regions.”

Within the last seventy years, a gradually progressive change of seasons has been remarked in Sweden; winter continually encroaching on spring, and summer on autumn, so that a bastard winter, as our author terms it, exhibits itself in April, and a bastard summer in October. The cause of this, he thinks, has not yet been clearly assigned. After a variety of other observations on the climate, he concludes with noticing the influence it exerts on the minds of the inhabitants, which is just what was to be expected from one so full of cheerful and healthy vicissitude.

“Hence the very country itself, though it cannot boast of the treasures of fertility, infuses into the inhabitants a degree of happiness, greater perhaps than is felt in most other regions. The natural affection for the land of his birth is particularly deep-planted in the bosom of a Swede. He quits his native country with reluctance. He almost always returns to it, drawn home by that longing whose invisible band has everywhere encompassed him.”

In a note, Mr. Geijer informs us, that he is acquainted with a celebrated artist who had been so long from Sweden as to have nearly forgotten his mother tongue, but just as this last tie was giving way, he began to be seized with an irresistible longing after his native country, and every phenomenon which reminded him of the aspect of the north brought tears into his eyes.

It is an extraordinary fact, but we believe it to be the truth, that it is only the land of the mountain and the lake, the spreading heath, and the dark forest, which exerts this powerful effect

over the human mind, and that this is rarely felt in any strong degree by the inhabitants of the south.

We are next conducted over the different provinces of Sweden, and shown their various climates and productions. *Skane*, or *Scania*, the most southern of these, produces the chesnut and the mulberry; the rye ripens there as early as in Germany, and the winters at Lund are milder than those of Berlin or even Vienna. The transition is great in passing from the level land of *Skane* to the high land of *Smaland*, where the traveller first encounters the true northern aspect. *Halland*, on the sea-coast, northwest of *Skane*, presents to the view a cold heath, where vegetation is checked by the influence of the sea-winds, though in the eleventh century, according to the *Knyttlingasaga*, it was distinguished for its woods of oak and beech. Then comes *Bohusland*, with its lovely fertile dales, amidst steep precipitous rocks. Proceeding along the east-coast, *Bleking* shows the milder temperature of the small isles of the Baltic, and the coast from Carlskrona to Calmar is hardly to be equalled in the north. The beech-woods cease above Calmar, though single trees are to be met with somewhat higher. The clear but restless waves of the great Vetter lake divide *East* and *West Gothland*, two of Sweden's most fruitful provinces. The lakes *Hjelmar* and *Mälar* are surrounded by fertile plains; then follow the mountainous districts of *Varmland* and The *Dales* (*Dalecarlia*), in which cultivation has penetrated amidst the recesses of the mountains. Beyond the Dale river the oak-woods cease, and then begin to show themselves the indigenous trees of the North, amidst which the dark groves of the fir tower to a height and size to which that tree never attains in more southern regions. Agriculture gradually gives place to hunting, fishing, and pasturage; but the culture and the manufacture of flax still afford some employment to the people. At the southern boundary of *Helsingland* the rye no longer ripens with such rapidity that the corn of one harvest may be sown as seed for the next. *Herjeadal*, on the west, presents a valley shut in by mountains, and is, with the exception of Lapland, the most barren of Sweden's Northern regions. But to the north of this inhospitable clime, one is surprised to meet in *Jamtland*, around the great lake *Storsjö*, one of the loveliest and most pleasing districts in Sweden, though it rather entices than rewards the agriculturist, as night-frosts continually ravage the expected crop. When we have passed the river Angerman, fruit trees are no longer to be seen. The sandy, wooded *West-Bothnia* (*Vester-botten*, i. e. West bottom or soil), furnishes in little an example of the generally-observed property of the climate of coasts facing the east being less mild than those which have a

western exposures; for East Bothnia, in Finland, which lies opposite to it, is much milder and more fertile. Ulea in the latter, though an entire degree higher, is not colder than Umea in the former. The heaths and wooded hills of West Bothnia form the boundary towards the Lappmarks, in which the land, at first depressed, gradually elevates itself, till it assumes the form of mountain-ridges.

“ Travellers have compared these mountains to a sea, whose innumerable waves have been, at the moment of its greatest uproar, suddenly frozen. Covered with ice and snow of a dazzling whiteness, they fling around them in clear weather a brilliant blue. We see above the clouds in the azure sky the tops of the mountains, which thus acquire to the eye an immense height, while as they reflect from their smooth sides the beams of the sun, they seem as if they were the very heaven itself. Even at midnight, their snowy tops still flame with the sunbeams which stream from the horizon, and the ice-blink (*isblink*), as it is called, glows like fire in the deep twilight of the valley below. When, far north, we approach the mountains, we reach the limit where the fir ceases to grow. It has already assumed an unusual appearance; thick set from the very ground, with dusky boughs, and with, as it were, a singed top, it affords a melancholy prospect in the savage woods. The blackberry has, at the the same time, ceased to ripen. The last habitations of the beaver are now visible beside the brooks; the carp and perch disappear from the lakes. The limit of the growth of the fir is in the Lappmarks, about 3,200 feet below that of perpetual snow. The pine woods still remain, but the trees are no longer gigantic; their trunks are now short, with coarse wide-spreading branches, demanding centuries to attain even a moderate height. The marshes assume a most dreary appearance. The Alpine salmon and the *harr* are no longer found in the waters; bilberries hardly appear; the bear comes no higher; corn ceases to ripen; but small cottages, whose inhabitants live by fishing and keeping cattle, are still to be found up to within 2,600 feet of the region of snow. Within 2,800 feet of this limit the pine ceases, and the birch alone thenceforward forms the low woods. With a short knotty stem and stiff rough branches, it seems to set itself to resist the violence of the mountain blast. Its light-green lively hue still continues to gratify the eye, but is at the same time a proof of the decline of the power of vegetation. These woods soon become so low, that when a man stands up on a piece of turf, he can look over the whole of them. They grow rarer and rarer as we proceed; and as, in consequence, the heat of the sun can act without impediment on the sides of the hills, we often find on them a great abundance of mountain plants. The reindeer-moss covers the more arid plains. At 2,000 feet below the verge of the snow, even the low birch-woods disappear, and fish are no longer to be found in any waters: the Alpine salmon is the last. All hills which go beyond the limit at which no trees can grow, are properly denominated in Swedish *Fjäll* (*Fell*). Bushes of a dark-coloured species of dwarf-birch grow 400 feet higher, and raspberries (*hjntron*) ripen, but not beyond; the glutton

still visits these high latitudes. Thus high ascends Dalfjäll near Transtrand. After this, even the birches disappear, the streams are covered only with brown rather than green mountain-plants; the only berries which ripen are the whortleberries. The Laplanders, the wandering dwellers of this region, do not willingly pitch their tents higher up than within 800 feet of the limit of perpetual snow, for there food fails even for the rein-deer.

"Eternal snow now occupies the land, first covering the plain, in some spots of which, out of the brown swampy ground, sprout up here and there scattered mountain-plants. Even amidst the more level extended snow-ground, tufts of these may be seen shooting up from the springs of some rock rising out of the snow; and even to 200 feet beyond the limit of snow some lichens can sustain their wretched existence. But there all vegetation is at an end. The snow-sparrow is the only living creature which comes so high, except man, eager in pursuit of knowledge."

After this picturesque description of the country, Mr. Geijer proceeds to consider the glaciers and other phenomena of the ice and snow which it presents, and to make some observations on the portion of the peninsula lying still farther north and bordering on the Frozen Ocean, where, even in the isle of Majer, at the North Cape, men are found to dwell, living on fish, and continuing throughout the winter; there the perils of the cold are as nothing compared with the dreadful storms, which rage with a fury passing the conception of any one who has not witnessed their tremendous energy. Concluding his survey with this, the extreme point of the North, our author reflects with complacency that the Scandinavian peninsula now forms *one whole*, as by nature and history it was destined to be; and he calls on every Swede and Norwegian to join in the language employed by the Norwegian estates and people, when, in 1449, on choosing a Swedish king, because Norway and Sweden were by God so closely joined together, and of old times united in love and union, they added, "for there is no reason why these two kingdoms should ever with our will be parted in discord." Language which every friend to Scandinavia, whatever he may think of the mode of the union, will, we apprehend, readily adopt.

A statement of his reasons for entering into this minute description of the country, leads our author to reflect how easily its peculiarities, at the very time when they exert a powerful influence over him, escape the observation of the native, and to show the effects of the aspect of Sweden, at once awful and majestic, on the mind of a native of the South. With that view, he quotes those passages from the autobiography of Alfieri, in which that eccentric genius describes the feelings excited in his mind by the sight of the wild majesty of the immense woods, the lakes and

precipices of Sweden—passages which seem to have greatly struck Mr. Geijer, as he had already quoted them in his introduction to the Swedish ballads. The remarks of his own which immediately follow, are so highly creditable to Mr. Geijer as a writer, a patriot, and a philosopher, that we feel pleasure in extracting them.

“The season of flowers forms here a greater contrast to the rigour of winter, and is therefore greeted with a far more lively joy than in those countries where the inhabitants are unaccustomed to that rapid transition, just as the warm glance of maternal love most affects the child, over whom it does not at all times play. Spring, which enlivens all beings, seems in the North more than elsewhere to touch, as it were, the very heart of nature, and exhibits,—more especially in the mountainous districts, where the transition is most sudden,—a scene which must penetrate even the most gloomy, the most depressed bosom, with a ray of the lively happiness of existence. The snow melting before the heat of the sun, bursting from the mountains in innumerable brooks, and hurrying over the swelling verdure of the dales; the mighty waters now loosened from their icy chains, and with augmented velocity rolling along their channels; the trees, almost instantaneously bursting into leaf, from which the singing birds, once more greeting the North, and, as it were, drunk with delight, fill the clear elastic air of spring with their lays; the heavens swimming in a luminous sea, which soon knows no more of night; the joy which seizes the whole animated creation;—all combine in the northern spring to infuse an overflowing perception of life suddenly awaking from a protracted slumber. If this first transition makes a strong impression, the still flowing progression which immediately succeeds it has a more touching delight of its own, from its contrast with the frequently barren magnificence of northern scenery, and the shadow of speedy departure which is reflected over the peculiar loveliness of spring. All the beauty of nature in the North has a certain air of delicacy. This appears in colours, not less in the clear tints of the budding rose than in the red which blooms in the cheek of the northern maiden; it appears in the brighter hue of the northern heaven compared with the dark-blue sky of the South; it appears in the lighter, livelier green of grass and leaf, that forms so striking a contrast to the unchanged witnesses of winter, our dusky dark pine-forests, which still survive, and affords peculiar proof of a weakness of vegetation not to be found in the riper nature, and, as it were, more full-blooded productions of the South. Beauty in the North, therefore, almost always resembles a delicate and lovely child, whose moving innocent charms seem, even in the cradle, to implore for exemption from the hard fate by which it must before long be doomed to perish; and the strong contrast between rigour and gentleness, liveliness and lethargy, which is displayed in the variations of the northern year, in this manner makes itself be felt even in the midst of its most blooming spring. These and many other striking peculiarities, which affect human life with pleasure or with pain, seem, on this very account, to draw the attention and the sympathy of

men to nature more in the North than elsewhere, to form a closer affinity with her and her secrets, and to make a deeper and more comprehensive feeling of nature a prominent trait of the more distinguished northern minds. Even in the oldest theology and poetry of the North, it is this sentiment which displays itself in obscure tones and images; it is this, too, which, refined by culture, has since been chiefly developed in science and art."

The remaining sections of this volume are devoted to an inquiry into the North of the Ancients—the Sources of Swedish History—the *Runes*—the *Icelanders*—the *Mythology of the North*—and to the history of the Ynglinga race, and the line of kings ending with Ragnar Lodbrok, who is supposed to have lived at the close of the eighth century. Most of these subjects have been already discussed at some length in this journal, and we may therefore be excused from again entering upon them; and as the portion that specially relates to the professed object of the work—the History of Sweden—is in this volume confined to the fabulous or ante-historic period, which we regard as destitute of interest to all but natives, we need not extend this article further by any observations upon it.

Our intention of reviewing this work has been long suspended in expectation of the appearance of Mr. Geijer's *second* volume, which was announced as nearly ready five years ago; with the circumstances which have occasioned the extraordinary delay, and indeed almost led to a belief that the author had abandoned the farther prosecution of the work, we are wholly unacquainted. Must we take it for granted that it has arisen from a want of sufficient encouragement on the part of the Swedish public? Be that as it may, we now learn from a recent announcement of the publishers of MM. Heeren and Ukert's manual *Histories of the European States*, that Mr. Geijer has undertaken to write a *History of Sweden* for that collection, and that until this is finished, the continuation of the present work will be suspended. The compendious history will be printed in German and Swedish, on opposite pages: the German translation is executed by Mr. Leffler, under the author's own inspection. Whenever it appears, we hope to find materials in it for an article that may compensate to our readers and ourselves for the disappointment arising from the suspension of Mr. Geijer's larger history, which, we trust, he will live long enough to resume and complete.

ART. VII.—*Le Tyrol et le Nord de l'Italie. Esquisses des Mœurs, Anecdotes, Paysages, Chants Populaires, Croquis Historiques, Statistiques, &c. Extrait du Journal d'une Excursion dans ces contrées en 1830. Par M. Frédéric Mercey. 2 tom. 8vo. Paris, 1833.*

It is singular that, till the appearance of this book in France, and the works of Mr. Latrobe and Mr. Inglis in England, we should have had so few regular books of travels in the Tyrol; and yet there is scarcely a country in Europe more interesting, none which more amply repays the traveller for his visit. In many points the Tyrol rivals its neighbour Switzerland, into every valley and over every mountain range of which, the English, Germans, and Americans are accustomed to pry with unsated curiosity every succeeding season. The vastness and gloomy grandeur of some of the Alpine passes of Switzerland surpass what is to be found in the Tyrol; but there are things there which far exceed what are to be met with in Switzerland.

First (and it is one of the most important points to a traveller) the People. The *beau idéal* which we form to ourselves of the Swiss peasantry is far nearer realized in the Tyrol than in the Swiss Alps: the innocence, the gaiety, the simplicity, and the hospitality which every one dreams he shall discover in Switzerland, but which are rarely found, will be met with in the Tyrol. Again, the climate and the productions of the soil greatly surpass those of Switzerland.

Although M. Mercey's book does not quite come up to our standard of a good book of travels, still he has done some service by pointing out the best means of exploring this interesting country. Besides, those who are afraid of taking up a book of modern travels, from the apprehension of being overwhelmed with political and statistical discussions, and essays on at least some few of the different *ologies*, may rest secure. The book is of the lightest kind, and admirably well suited for a post-chaise companion through the north of Italy and the Tyrol. The writer starts from Geneva, and, as usual, we have a description of the first view of the Alps. It would be wrong, we suppose, to leave this out. Every one feels, on seeing it for the first time, that it is the grandest thing he has yet beheld, and therefore attempts the description accordingly: there is, however, some difference between seeing and describing, and when other and greater pens have failed, M. Mercey must not despair.

“Le postillon parcourait au galop la corniche aérienne sur laquelle serpente la route. Emportés par ce mouvement fougueux, nous jouissions avec frémissement, et nos yeux plongeaient, avec une émotion de

terreur et de plaisir indéfinissables, dans cet univers qui se déroulait devant nous." &c. &c.

From Geneva he proceeds over the Simplon, and at the Lago Maggiore we have the usual discussion as to the merits and demerits of the Isola Bella, whether it is the most beautiful or the most ugly thing in the world. The subject employs the pens of all tourists; it is the first fair debateable point on entering Italy. The first view of the Alps, the valley of Chamouni, the Vallais, the Cretins and the Goitres, the passage of the Simplon, are points on which all are agreed; but on the merits of the Isola Bella,—whether an artificial island with regular bastions, covered with oranges and lemons and a grotto-work palace, is in harmony with the surrounding scenery, is certainly a question—on which there is much to be said on both sides. M. Mercey, who is a painter as well as a describer (as is shown by a number of well-executed etchings which bear his name), is rather against the island, though at last he becomes in better humour, finding that it pleases by contrast with the grandeur of the surrounding scenery, “as does a ballad of Moore or a canto of Childe Harold after reading a page of old Homer.” Having settled this point, he goes to Milan, and being a liberal, Austria and its police, enslaved Italy and its causes, naturally engage his attention; and what traveller’s attention do these subjects not engage who, for the first time, sets foot within the domains of Metternich? We well recollect never to have felt the real merit of an English garden till we saw its imitation, and perhaps no citizen of a free state ever discovered the whole value of liberal institutions till he entered the territory of Austria, Russia, or Turkey.

“But,” observes M. Mercey, “you will say, are these people really unhappy? As far as physical wants, I say no.—Do they want bread?—Do they die of hunger? No.—Are their fields well cultivated, their villages well peopled? Better perhaps than those of other countries.—Is the police well regulated? Admirably well.—Do they tyrannize over or annoy the people? I think not.—Is the peasantry worse off than our own? No.—Can the mechanics find work? Yes.—Are the people generally well off? Yes.—Are they gay? They sing from morning to night.—Well, then comes the question, what is it they *do* want to make them really happy?”

M. Mercey answers the question as all men who have been in the habit of considering man in any other light than that of an animal, as all who consider that there are other wants than mere animal enjoyment, have answered it before.

“That which they want is—LIBERTY—LIBERTY to think, to write, to publish, to read—to go and to come, what and where they please; all these rights have been wrested from them, and without these, now-a-days, a people cannot exist. Their physical wants are well supplied, it is true;

in this respect nature has been prodigal ; but the food for the mind, as necessary to the moral being of man as bread is to his physical existence, is absolutely wanting ; the circulation of ideas, as essential to the existence of a nation as the circulation of blood is to the life of man, is denied to them."

There is nothing very new in these remarks ; but they are dictated in a liberal spirit, and show that the writer is well able to appreciate the want of that, which he, as a Frenchman, has so recently obtained ; without good government, without liberal and enlightened institutions, the very beauty of nature perhaps but increases the mortification, aggravates the feeling of regret, that the one thing only is wanting which is necessary to the real enjoyment of our moral existence. The days in which statesmen were wont to sing "*Nunquam libertas gratior extat quam sub rege pio,*" are gone by, and perhaps gone for ever. How Italy is to be freed from the yoke of Austria, or that of its indigenous tyrants, is a question yet to be solved. But M. Mercey, we suspect, will not afford us much assistance in its solution. At Milan he hears the story of a M. B., whose villa in a retired valley near Belgirate he had seen and admired. M. Mercey has adopted the mode of illustrating the manners of the people whom he describes by anecdotes and stories, which he picked up on the road. How far these are indigenous or the production of his own imagination, has been a question with us ; at all events, we suspect that they have received a little sentimental dressing up at his hands ; but he professes to give them *neat* as he hears them, without even pruning "*une certaine enluminure Italienne qui nuit peut être à la vérité.*" He has, however, told the story prettily enough ; it is too long to extract, and has nothing that is very new or very varied, though it would not make a bad piece at the Adelphi, always supposing that Miss Kelly or Mrs. Yates could be got for the heroine. The substance of it is this : An old German, who has experienced misfortunes and griefs in early life, collects together the remains of a shattered fortune, and retires with an only daughter, then a child, to a little villa near Belgirate, where he takes the precaution to become a domiciled subject of Piedmont, lodging in the public archives the certificates of his marriage and of the baptism of his child. He passes his time betwixt the care of his daughter, his orchards and gardens : the young lady retains all the freshness of complexion and a mixture of the enthusiastic and mysterious sentimentalism of her native country ; this, however, is a little warmed and improved by the more genial sun of Italy. The father appears occasionally oppressed by some concealed grief, and is soothed by her native songs. When she attains the important age of

fifteen, her father is desirous that her manners should receive that polish which is only to be acquired by intercourse with the upper classes of society. And now comes what has so often happened before: the girl—educated in the most perfect simplicity and ignorance of life, without having acquired any of that tact which enables women to distinguish the good from the bad, the true from the counterfeit—is taken every winter to Milan, and by the kindness of a Marchesina, their neighbour at the Lake, gets introduced into the best circles. Here she sees a Count G., whose handsome person makes him the fashion, notwithstanding he is a gambler, and strongly suspected of being something worse. He sees Judith, is charmed with the beauty of her fair German complexion, and the naiveté and affectionate singleness of her manners, and makes his proposals: the father, indignant at what he considers the defilement of his daughter, by her being approached by such a lover, rejects him. The Count's love turns to hatred. As spring returns, the father and daughter retire to their villa. The Count, having laid his plans, had preceded them in disguise. Judith in her walks, pensively ruminating on the events of the winter and the Count, meets her lover. The seduction commences: the matter, however, is easily accomplished by one so eminently skilled; on the one side was consummate villainy, on the other nothing but confidence, ignorance, and innocence. She determines to confide her hopes and griefs to her father, who, instantly on hearing her name the Count, stops her harshly. At once he becomes in her mind a tyrant instead of a father,—the Count prevails, and Judith flies with him, under the idea that she is going to her wedding. With her she takes a casket, containing her mother's jewels and some papers which she had been told related to herself. She leaves a letter for her father, who, discovering that she had carried away the casket with the letters, exclaims in the presence of a friend, that she had utterly ruined them both: the friend pursues, the fugitives are arrested, the papers examined, it is discovered that the daughter is illegitimate, and that a forged certificate of marriage had been deposited by the old German, in order to establish the status of his beloved daughter. He is imprisoned, tried, and convicted of falsifying a public document, and condemned to death, but, in consequence of the extenuating circumstances of the case, gets off with twenty years of *carcere duro*, and dies broken-hearted at the end of the first two months: the daughter dies in a madhouse at Turin. The Count, who had not falsified a public document, escapes with a year or two's imprisonment, and, being let loose again on the public, becomes a brigand, and finishes his career in 1826 by being hung for robbing the mail.

Quitting Milan, M. Mercey goes in a kind of omnibus (for there are omnibuses in Italy) to Lecco, to take the steam-boat which passes daily up the lake of Como to Domaso. On board the steam-boat he hears another story, and, as at Milan, he illustrated the general manners of society by the account of the villany of the Italian Count, he now gives us a narrative of a deliberate murder committed by a priest on a married woman whom he had endeavoured to seduce, to revenge an insult she had offered him.

Amongst the steam-boat passengers were "*trois ou quatre Anglais, pareils à ceux que l'on rencontre partout, s'évitant entr'eux comme la peste, et gardant une certaine dignité même avec leur ombre.*" We suspect that M. Mercey, in the observations which he at different times makes on English travellers, both male and female, has either been guided by foregone conclusions, or has not taken the trouble to converse much with them; or perhaps, like most of his countrymen, he is not very capable of forming a correct judgment on the matter.

That there are to be met with a vast number of ignorant, ill-bred, and prejudiced English travellers, no one can doubt; but it must be considered what are the numbers who now travel, and from what various classes they are selected. At least half who go to the Continent are persons in the middling ranks of life, who go from idleness, for a holiday, or merely to say that they have been abroad. But if M. Mercey, or any other intelligent Frenchman, would take the trouble to exercise a little judgment in the selection, we suspect he would find much less of reserve or pride than it is the fashion to give to all English travellers. Our reputation on the Continent is mainly founded on the style of our countrymen who used to travel before the French revolution, when the "Grand Tour" was a necessary part of the education of a gentleman, and when young men from Oxford and Cambridge were started off, under the care of a travelling tutor, with half a dozen court suits in the imperial, a courier, a valet de chambre, and four horses, to make their bow at the different courts of Europe, be present at the carnival, run through the Vatican, and bring home a collection of Scagliola tables and water-coloured daubs of the eruption of Vesuvius. If the tutor humoured their follies, he was in time installed in one of the family livings; or, if there was parliamentary influence, he not unfrequently got on the bench of bishops. These were the veritable "*milords Anglais*;" and if they did not establish our reputation as being wise men, the profusion with which they lavished their money gave a very high notion of our riches and liberality,—occasionally, it is true, at the expense of our good sense. To this class succeeded, after the peace of 1814-15, a host of shop-

keepers and others of the middling classes. These had little to recommend them; and money being of more importance to them than to their predecessors (the rich *milords*), they were more careful of it: half their time is spent in wrangling and squabbling with waiters and post boys, and in beating down the prices of Parisian shopkeepers. From these two classes, together with a pretty potent admixture of those who, for certain good reasons, do not find it convenient to live at home, the French notion of the English has, in a great measure, been formed. We trust, however, that they will arrive at a far different estimate before long, when some of their old prejudices against the English, and in favour of themselves, are worn away. That this is already the case with many, we are certain. It is really singular that there should be so few who are capable of forming an estimate of our real character amongst a nation which has produced such writers on England as Rapin, Guizot, Thierry, Mazure, Charles Dupin, &c.

The usual route from Domaso is to Chiavenna, at the head of the lake, and thence over the magnificent pass of the Splügen through the Via Mala to the Grisons. M. Mercey, whose object was the Tyrol, went from Domaso across the lake to Colico, and then up the Valteline through Morbegno, and Sondrio, to Bormio. This valley is comparatively little visited, but as the road from the Tyrol over the Ortler-Spitz runs through it, and thence along the shore of the lake of Como to Lecco, it will soon become as much frequented as some of the more known vallies of Switzerland.

M. Mercey is a sentimental Frenchman, and a young one: he is singularly fortunate in his *rencontres* with the ladies both of Italy and the Tyrol; he is sure to have a *felicissima notte* pronounced in a way that sends him to bed in very good humour. At Sondrio he has his usual luck, for on sitting down to dinner alone, in the large *salle*, a young girl placed herself at some distance from him. He found she was his host's daughter, and attended to keep him company whilst he ate his dinner. At first, she blushed a little and was rather shy; a few questions soon put her at her ease: she spoke French tolerably, on which she of course is complimented, to her great delight: this naturally makes her communicative; she tells him that she had been brought up at the boarding-school at Como, where they taught Italian and French, but that music was forbidden, "*comme trop vive*;"—that there were an hundred boarders, amongst whom she had a great many friends, several of whom were to pass the winter at Sondrio. She finished by a sigh, complaining of the strictness of their *curé*, who forbade all dancing except during the carnival—that carnival which lasts but so short a time—and even then he

considered dancing almost as a sin. One had no idea that so near to Italy, any one, lay or ecclesiastical, considered crime and dancing to be so nearly allied. This interesting conversation is interrupted by a fat waiter, who speaks neither Italian, French, nor German, but a sort of patois. The young lady, not liking the interruption, sends him about his business, accompanying her command "*d'une sorte de petit juron tout-à-fait aimable!*" She then resumes her former gentle timid style and interesting prattle, and begins to question our traveller, requiring a reciprocity of confidence in consideration of all she had told him; and, "like all the Italian women," observes M. Mercey, was particularly desirous of learning whether the Parisian ladies were very handsome? There is no manner of doubt of his gallantry on this head, and the next question was, if they were very amiable? if Paris was very fine? &c. &c. Having answered all inquiries to the best of his power, he received the flattering avowal that she much preferred the French to the Germans. Julia (the name of the young lady), at the close of this interesting conference, pulls out a pocket album in which were inserted sonnets and verses, both in Italian and English, and ends by desiring to have the name of the traveller, and a French sonnet inscribed. M. Mercey, not trusting to his muse, copies the first twelve lines of the fable of the Two Pigeons, and begs a song in return. A Tyrolese air is offered and accepted. This is executed "*avec beaucoup d'âme et de douceur*;" and by the time the words of it were copied into the traveller's journal, the postilion comes to the door.

"*C'était l'heure des adieux: quoique ne connaissant la jolie fille que depuis quelques momens, ils ont été pénibles. Enfin, grâce à ma fermeté de voyageur, j'ai fait bonne contenance; et, souriant, je me suis lancé de nouveau dans la vie changeante et vagabonde!*"

M. Mercey is fortunate in these kind of adventures: much more so than ourselves, for neither at breakfast nor dinner in the Valte-line or the Tyrol had we ever once the good luck to have our solitude enlivened by a sentimental Tyrolese. His luck will probably in some degree extend itself to the inn, for there can be little doubt that few, who intend to make a tour of the Tyrol, will be without his amusing book, and we are certain that none who have read his account of the gay and sentimental Julia, will pass through Sondrio without stopping for the chance of having their dinner enlivened by her presence, and of being asked to add a sonnet to her Album.

From Tirano M. Mercey makes an expedition to the Pus-clave, a mountain lake in the neighbourhood, which appears to have repaid his pains. We may here once for all, as M. Mercey is young, give him a piece of advice. Sentimentalism or its af-

fectionation is his besetting sin; whenever he is alone and in the midst of grand scenery, and often even without this excitement, (to say nothing of his meeting with Julius, &c.,) he becomes sentimental. At the lake Pusclave he finds nothing so poetical as the "douce navigation" in the midst of grand and austere solitudes, the brown and naked summits of the mountains, the gloomy and magnificent verdure of the forests descending from their sides to the waters of the lake into which they appear to become buried; the lake, a vast basin at the bottom of a precipice, the stillness and transparency of its dark and deep waters, the silence in the air, the over-clouded sky through which only a single ray of sunlight pierces but to lose itself on the distant waters of the lake. The total solitude of the scene, of which he appeared to be the sole inhabitant, "tout saisit fortement le cœur, et le jette dans ses rêves, l'extase, et une profonde et mélancolique admiration." Either he feels all these things, or he does not; if he does, he will in future do wisely to suppress much of his enthusiasm, or at least to vary the subject on which he expresses it. If he does not feel them, but thinks it right to affect what he has not, the sooner he is undeceived the better.

We must however hasten to the Tyrol, as our space does not admit of loitering by the way. From Tirano to Bormio the ascent becomes steeper, and the Adda, as it approaches nearer its source, partakes more of the character of a mountain torrent. The change of the scenery in the ascent of the vine-clad valley, to the sterility of Bormio and the surrounding mountains, together with the change in the character and resources of the inhabitants and their costume, are all well and gaily described. At Boladore, betwixt Tirano and Bormio, his host tells him a marvellous story (which was afterwards confirmed to him by the reverend hero himself) of a curé of a village near Bormio, whose personal prowess has raised him into a sort of ecclesiastical Hercules. In 1825 or 1826, in the month of October, the curate was returning from Sondrio, and had with him a well-laden purse. About dusk, whilst he was muttering his *Angelus*, the vesper bell then tolling in the valley, he was accosted from behind a jutting rock, by a loud "Stand!"—lending a deaf ear to this order, he but pricked on his sorry beast the faster. "Stand!" again came from another quarter in a yet more determined tone, which even the rushing of the torrent could not be supposed to prevent his hearing. He however still kept on his way, but having ascertained that he had three men to deal with, which put an end to all hope of resistance, he put spurs to his horse, and attempted to dash past the rock behind which the danger lurked, when a ball passed through his horse's head. It became clear to the priest that those who adopted this

mode of stopping a horse would not be very nice as to the means they might adopt to arrest his own course. Further attempt at escape was therefore out of the question, yet he did not abandon all hope, but seeking to gain time, whilst the robbers were seizing his bag of money, under pretence of giving it to them, he contrived to open it and let the money roll on the road; his clumsiness cost him a good blow with a cudgel, which he bore without murmuring, notwithstanding he was some six inches taller than his aggressor. He seated himself by the road-side a few yards off, taking note of what was passing, and determined not to give up the game for lost. The three robbers were on their knees, scrambling up the *lire*, that were lying about; one of them (he who had put so sudden a stop to the career of the horse) had thrown aside his discharged carbine; the second was armed with a stout cudgel, with which the curé had already made acquaintance; and the third, who was nearest to him, had in his girdle a pair of loaded pistols.

The priest having ascertained the resources of the enemy, instantly decided on his plan of campaign, and although the opposing forces were far from equal, he did not despair of victory. Mindful of the good of his soul, he had his breviary and rosary; but not forgetful of the well-being of the body, he was armed with a stout stick, his usual companion, and more especially on rent days. The robbers, seeing they were three to one, and conceiving they had only to do with a priest, had not thought it necessary to disarm him. Seizing a moment when they were taking a last look to see if any of the money had escaped their search, and stealing behind him who had the pistols, he raised his stick in his Herculean arm, and let it descend like lightning on the skull of the robber, who rolled senseless at his feet; then, before the other two had time to recover themselves, snatched up the two pistols, and one in each hand, standing up at his full height, cried out—"back, you scoundrels—fall back, or you are both dead men." The end is, that after some swearing, pistols in hand, he makes the one take up the saddle of the dead horse, and the other the body of his wounded comrade, who began to show signs of life, and march before him to his home, which he entered in triumph amidst the shouts and congratulations of his wondering parishioners. "Au quinzième siècle un tel homme eût été canonisé après sa mort!" This exploit of the curé procured him the continued admiration and respect of his simple parishioners; we think it is only exceeded by that of the courageous old Irish gentleman, who, as most of our readers may recollect, dispatched so many ruffians in the dark with the knife with which he had been cutting the round of beef for supper, that stood by his bed-side.

Whilst at Bormio he makes an excursion to the Mont Gavio, and accompanies a sportsman to the lake in the valley of Fraële (*Vallis Ferrea*), both of which repay the trouble. The following extract is a fair specimen of M. Mercey's style.

“ It is useless on arriving at a town to desire the postilion to drive to the best inn, for all are bad alike. You usually meet on the threshold a red faced fat fellow, like what the common people of Paris call *un bel homme*; this is the master of the inn, (*padrone*), a species of filthy giant, who displays one or two goitres, and appears to be placed there as a scarecrow to travellers. This lumpish indolent animal interferes only in one thing, the receipt and change of money.

The wife, more stirring, stimulates the cook (*koch*), into activity, gives an eye herself to the boiling and frying, and often, bottle in hand, attends the traveller at table, ready to seize every opportunity of his being off his guard, to ply him with enormous bumpers of Sondrio wine. She is, moreover, a walking scandalous chronicle, and in a few minutes will have put you up to all that has been said or done for a month past for some leagues round.

In default of a wife, the innkeeper sometimes sends you his daughter, as I have before mentioned. This is the most praiseworthy of the customs of the country. Their prattle—agreeable enough, lets one into a thousand familiar practices which we should never get at if wrapped up in aristocratic pride, or afraid of opening one's mouth from the fear of compromising one's dignity, a childish fear enough in a traveller, whose positive duty it is to talk with all, in order to learn all that is worth knowing.

The girls tell us all about their village habits, wretched enough sometimes, but interesting as pictures of manners. Going to church, dress, balls, love affairs, the good or bad temper of the priest, whose only fault sometimes is, that of not being able to make the carnival longer than the rubrick allows,—all is passed in review. Au reste, the priest here is commonly a good kind of man, and that perhaps from policy and self interest. Far from keeping aloof from their poor neighbours, making a doleful matter of their religion, and aping a gloomy appearance or dress, these gentlemen talk on all subjects, have a finger in every pie, laugh like their neighbours at what comes uppermost, are not very particular as to the dress in which they perform their sacerdotal functions, and are seen in the coffee-houses amidst the glasses and the cards; and would, I doubt not, be great lovers of weddings like that of Cana, where the water was turned into wine. Even the young curé, generally the most stubborn to manage of the whole genus, does not here think it necessary to assume the starch austere gait which distinguishes the rest of the fraternity in other places; he has no objection to a joke, and can look at a woman without making a wry face.

At Bormio, I entered a church as they were christening a little girl, who roared lustily. She was most cruelly bound up in swaddling clothes, and appeared to suffer from the cold water which was sluiced over her. The curé was in high good humour, blew his fingers, cut some rather odd jokes with the nurse and by-standers, interlarding all he said with a

certain emphatic word, that an Italian pops out as unhesitatingly on all occasions, as if it was the most innocent thing imaginable, but which the traveller *qui se respecte* does not dare to repeat."

In 1620, the Valteline was the theatre of a new massacre of St. Bartholomew. M. Mercey has given an interesting sketch of the religious wars which raged in the Valteline, derived from the "History of the Reformation in the Grisons" by Aporta.

Most of our readers are aware that a new military road has been recently constructed by Austria at an enormous expense, to enable the troops of that power to pass from Germany into the Milanese without infringing on the territories of any neutral power. The Swiss have long and nobly resisted the cession of the neighbouring Monte Brauglio to facilitate that purpose. This road passes over the Stilsferjoch or Monte Stelvio, is 9091 feet above the level of the sea, and consequently the most elevated road in Europe; as it passes near the Great Ortler-Spitz, the route has been usually called the pass of the Ortler.

The Great Ortler-Spitz (L'Ortel-Spilz M. Mercey invariably calls it) ranks as the third summit in the chain of the European Alps, having an elevation of 14,466 feet above the Mediterranean. It rises from an extensive range of high glaciers, but is not to be viewed from the vallies at its foot, as their extreme narrowness prevents the spectator gaining such a point of view as would give the mountain the full advantage of its great height. The first ascent of this mountain took place in the year 1804. The Archduke John directed Dr. Gebhard, a gentleman devoted to scientific pursuits, to ascertain whether the summit was accessible or not. The different sides of the mountain were examined, rewards offered, and the doctor began to despair of success, when a chamois hunter of the name of Pichler, a native of the Passeyrthal, offered himself for the attempt. His known courage as a fearless and skilful hunter obtained him the assistance of two peasants of the Zillerthal: and on the 27th of September, they set off from Drofui, a village at the foot of the mountain on the Tyrolese side. Between ten and eleven a. m. they reached the highest point. The difficulty of breathing was so great, that they were only able to make a halt of five minutes: but they made use of this short interval to observe the barometer. At eight in the evening, they were back at Drofui. Fatigue had almost deprived them of the power of speech, as they had been seventeen hours incessantly in motion, over rock, snow and ice, and often in the most appalling danger. The two barometers tallied exactly; corresponding observations having been made at Mals. Pichler, observes Mr. Latrobe,

(from whose tour in 1830* we have taken this account) is still living, and is described in his movements as more like a goat than a human being. From fifty to sixty chamois in the course of a summer are his usual spoil. The Great Ortler was ascended from the Suldnerthal three several times, by Dr. Gebhard in the course of the following summer.

M. Mercey ascended the Monte Stelvio from the side of the Valteline, and Mr. Latrobe from that of the Tyrol. We prefer the account given by the latter of his expedition, and shall make bold to copy it.

“Threatening as the weather had been for some days, I was yet to be favoured, and while I was quickly wending my way up the narrow vale, down which a foaming stream descends from these mighty glaciers, I was cheered by seeing the gradual dispersion of the mist that had clothed all objects for some hours after sunrise; and by the time I reached the little chapelry and village of Drofui, but little lingered upon the mountains below me, and none upon the broad glistening waste of glaciers rising from the head of the valley. The ravine upon which I advanced, forms the only approach to the base of these glaciers from the northward, though it has two distinct heads, separated by the buttresses of the Ortler; the westernmost of Drofui, and the easternmost that of Sulden. Had my time permitted it, I should have been glad to have visited the latter. The great glacier descending into it is recorded to have suddenly made an advance of nearly five miles in the course of 1823, and to be now gradually retiring. Beyond Drofui the head of the valley opens into a kind of basin, overhung by impending glaciers; the Ortler-Spitz rises to the left, and before you lies the long waste of ice and snow stretching between the latter and the Madatsch-spitz, a singular black mass of rock, starting abruptly from the breast of the snowy mountain, directly over the further end of the valley. Extensive glaciers descend on either side towards the base. The acclivities are partially covered with larch forest, and furrowed by immense earth-slides. You are too much under the Ortler to see it to advantage.

In these elevated vallies, lying under the shadow of the huge mountains to the southward, spring makes its appearance at a very advanced period of the year: at that cheering and delicious season, when the face of nature appears to smile under the influence of genial suns, and fruitful showers, in the lower and more favoured portions of these regions, and upon the vast plain at their feet, the gales of winter are still moaning in these awful solitudes. And while other lands put on their fresh

* “The Pedestrian, a Summer’s Ramble in the Tyrol, and some of the adjacent Provinces, by Charles Joseph Latrobe, 1830.” This work contains, as far as we have observed, much more accurate and detailed information relating to the Tyrol and Engadine than either the works of M. Mercey or Mr. Inglis—but the Pedestrian though an excellent Itinerary, is very dull reading. One of the parts of Mr. Brockedon’s splendid graphic illustrations of the Passes of the Alps, is devoted to the passage of the Monte Stelvio, and in that will be found some interesting topographical and statistical information illustrative of the engravings.

covering of verdure, a fearful contrast is afforded by the broad war of desolation which here heralds the close of winter. There is no early verdure,—no cheerful song of birds; but the frequent avalanche, the bursting and encroaching glacier, and the fall of rocks, are tokens of the sun's return.

The road over the Stilsfer-joch now turns to the right up the north side of a ravine, descending from the westward, and opposite to an enormous and precipitous pile of rock forming the shoulder of the Madatsch-berg. After clearing the first angle of the mountain by following its windings, you arrive at a small inn, from whence the eye commands the depth and termination of the ravine before you, and the whole course of this astonishing route to the summit of the ridge, in a series of interminable zig-zags, lessening in the perspective. The sun was getting to its full power, and as I surmounted turn after turn, I felt that some fatigue would be incurred before I stood between the boundary of the Tyrol and the Valteline. The forests ceased with the Valley of Drofui, but to them succeeded slopes covered with a vegetation of such brilliancy and beauty, that I could not but be amused. Many rare plants found only upon the southern Alps crowd the sod at the side of the road. Long before the five miles at which the ascent is calculated had been surmounted, the herbage grew thinner, and at length ceased altogether, giving place to rock and shale, which returned the hot sun-beams with interest. The greater portion of the last league presented a singular and astonishing example of human labour. Half the width of the road is for the most part, covered in by strongly constructed wooden galleries, with roofs and supports sufficiently massive to resist the pressure of descending avalanches, to which this slope is very subject. This need not be wondered at, when the great height of the ridge, over which this great undertaking is carried, is recollected. The glaciers descending from the flanks of the Madatsch-berg had long been under my feet, and when, breathless and exhausted, I stood on the highest point, I seemed nearly on the same level as the waste of glaciers from which the principal summits are seen to arise.

As the ridge is computed to rise nearly eight hundred feet above this new line, the road is scarcely practicable for troops or heavy stores for longer than a period of eight weeks in the height of summer. It is not the most picturesque of the passes of the Alps, but certainly one of the most singular.”—(*Pedestrian*, p. 317.)

We suspect that the statement as to the road not being passable for troops for more than eight weeks in the year, must be incorrect, as a large body of cantonieri is stationed on the spot, for the purpose of keeping it constantly freed from snow. We passed it in the autumn of the same year in which it was passed by Mr. Latrobe, and although several feet of snow had fallen but two days before, it was then entirely cleared off. Indeed it would hardly have been worth the vast expense incurred by Austria to open a road required, in fact, but for troops, and which could only be of service for eight out of the fifty-two weeks of the year.

It is true that the passage of the Stelvio cannot be compared for picturesque beauty, with the Via Mala, leading to the Splugen, or with parts of the Simplon pass, or some of the other great Alpine roads; yet the vast and solemn grandeur of the interminable glaciers and fields of snow which surround the traveller, and the towering Ortler, wild in all the majesty of eternal snow, well repay his fatigues. In these modern days of luxury, it will be a recommendation that all this may be seen without any risk or inconvenience beyond that of a bad bed at Bormio or Prad.

M. Mercey starts for the ascent from Bormio, between which plain and the first stage there are eight bridges, and the road passes through seven galleries; in the rock on the road to the left, is the beautiful source of the Adda, which, unlike that of most rivers (the sources of which are generally insignificant), gushes forth in vast streams of the purest emerald green, from a cleft in the rock at a height of fifty feet. Not far from the summit is the post house, inhabited throughout the year by the master, a young woman, and three douaniers, the sole inhabitants of this inhospitable dwelling, where the snow lies for nine months out of the twelve. The pass, up to September, 1830, had been but little frequented by travellers. M. Mercey did not discover one French name: even those of the English, noted for their fancy for new and unfrequented routes, did not appear in any number; but there were several Germans, and amongst the princes and barons, the names of Marie-Louise and Metternich appear "*accolés d'une manière plaisamment sinistre, comme le nom du geôlier à côté de celui du prisonnier.*" It was in 1825 that these *high* personages traversed the solitudes of the Stelvio.

After the summit was passed, M. Mercey's charioteer starts off for the descent at a pace quicker than was agreeable to his nerves: very soon, however, he becomes used to it, the pain becomes mixed with pleasure, and swinging round the zig-zag turns of the road ceases to alarm. "At the fourth turning"—but we must let him explain his own feelings:

"Au quatrième détour, l'abandon avait remplacé la crainte, et vers le milieu du trajet, une sorte de confiance inexplicable était venue se joindre à ce plaisir un peu troublé que donne ce mouvement vif au bord de l'abîme. En voyant fuir à mes côtés, avec la rapidité de la flèche, tant de tableaux ou terribles ou rians, et tourner sur ma tête ces monts formidables, je m'abandonnai à une rêverie pleine de trouble, à une joie fantastique et bizarre:—bonheur moral mêlé d'un peu de souffrance pour les sens, un plaisir des sens mêlé d'un peu de souffrance morale, que font toujours éprouver *l'imprévu, la poésie, dans la vie.*"

We cannot accuse M. Mercey in passing the Stelvio of making

mountains of molehills; but certainly the road is perfectly safe, broad and good, and the descent easy; he had therefore nothing to do but to desire the driver of his gig to go gently, and relieve himself from all uncomfortable apprehension: but he seems rather to court these situations which excite in him so much of the poetry of existence. We have said thus much in justice to this splendid road, and to moderate the apprehensions of future tourists on commencing the descent, whether towards Prad or Bormio. A drive down Regent's Street in a hack cab, drawn by a tired horse, has, in truth, far more of real danger than the descent he has described. Leaving the Ortler-Spitz, our traveller passes along the upper valley of the Adige by Prad, Glurns, Mals, to Finstermuntz, and along the splendid Valley of the Inn to Innsbruck. His descriptions and observations on this part of his tour are all lively and well written.

The difference in the manners and dress on passing from the Valteline to the Tyrol is remarkable: few of the Swiss costumes are handsome or convenient, whilst the fine persons and handsome dress of the Tyrolese peasants (mostly similar to that worn by the inhabitants of the Zillerthall, who came to this country as Tyrolese minstrels), add much to the interest of the scene.

On the way to Landeck, in the midst of the traveller's admiration of a fine view, a "singular incident" occurs. A young girl starts from behind a rock, springs into his car, and, without much ceremony, seats herself by his side. He is well pleased with this *compagne de voyage*, as she was very pretty. There was some difficulty as to verbal communication, but at last he discovers she knows a little Italian, and they manage to get on very well. She was going to a fête at Landeck, and was dressed in her holiday clothes. Here is another *bonne fortune*, and another opportunity to praise the beauty of the Tyrolese women. On approaching the town, some young peasants called up her blushes by an unseasonable joke, and she takes her leave, not wishing to compromise her reputation by making her *entrée* in company with a stranger,

"ce qu'elle m'a naïvement expliqué par un mot Italien très-énergique, que je lui ai fait répéter à deux reprises, tant il me paraissait étrange dans cette jolie bouche!"

M. Mercey is no great lover of statistics; but to this there is an exception in favour of beauty, which induced him to make estimates and calculations in the different countries he passed through, in order to ascertain the relative quantum of beauty in each. Thus, speaking of the Tyrolese women, he says the women are strong, often pretty, sometimes very handsome—*le calcul sur la beauté m'a presque toujours donné trois sur douze*. He has

not, however, been very precise in stating the data on which he makes his calculations, whether the old and the young are all taken as they come, or whether only those ranging within a certain age. The terms of the formula may make a material difference in the result. In his second edition he ought to clear up this important point.

Imst, a small town between Landeck and Innsbruck, may be considered (as regards canary birds) as the aviary of Europe. The trade in these birds is considerable. An inhabitant informed M. Mercey that in a good breeding year, above 150,000 francs worth of this musical merchandize is exported. Italy, Germany, Prussia, and even Russia, are the consumers of the stock.

The public buildings of Innsbruck have little of interest except the tomb of Maximilian, by far the most splendid and singular monument in Europe. It is in the church dedicated to the Holy Cross. Mr. Latrobe's account of this is better than that given by M. Mercey, and we copy it.

"In the centre of the main aisle rises the mausoleum of the Emperor Maximilian, an astonishing work of art. His ashes repose under the ponderous tomb, upon the sides of which his great actions are detailed in a series of matchless basso-relievos: and the effigy kneels on the summit in the attitude of prayer, the face turned to the high altar. On either side, between the red marble columns that support the roof and the altar screen, stand twenty-eight gigantic bronze statues of the princes of the House of Hapsburg and the illustrious knights of Christendom. The noble proportions, elaborate art, and workmanship; the curious specimens of ancient armour and costume which they exhibit, and the charm which the name of many of them exercises over the imagination in contemplating the characters and deeds of past times—all conspire to render this scene a strangely interesting one. Besides Rudolph and his immediate issue, the eye meets with several of the illustrious princes of Europe unconnected with the House of Hapsburg. There stands Theodoric, King of the Goths, and Clovis, and, as if for the express purpose of contrast, our own Arthur of England, a fine martial figure, stands with open beaver between Duke Sigismund with his heavy robes and heavier countenance on one side, and the grotesquely-armed Theopertius on the other.

"Few figures in the midst of that crowned and imperial assemblage strike the imagination more than the aged figure of Godfrey of Bouillon, standing erect, with the symbols of holy warfare spread over his shield, and blazoned upon his armour: but instead of the kingly crown or helmet, which decorate the major part of his neighbours, bearing upon his head his Master's twisted crown of thorns."—*Pedestrian*, p. 59.

These imposing figures are so arranged, that on fête days a wax torch can be placed in the hands of each; the effect of this scene must be magnificent. In a corner of the same church, a little to the left of the main entrance, under a plain marble flagstone let into the pavement, lie the ashes of ANDREW HOFER, a

peasant. If the traveller in Switzerland finds the name of Tell enshrined in the hearts of the peasantry, every step he takes in the Tyrol will remind him of Hofer: there is not a cottage which he enters in which the traveller does not see between the crucifix and the image of the patron saint, some representation of him in the dress he wore when leading his countrymen to their country's battles. Since his military murder, in his native vallies Andrew Hofer is revered by his countrymen as a saint and martyr. There is not in all history a more interesting or more instructive episode than the enterprises of Hofer and his companions;—the perfidy and cruelty of Austria, the injustice of his execution by the French, the matchless energy and heroism of a band of peasants led on by one of themselves, abandoned by Austria, by their own nobles, for whom they were fighting, making head against the powerful armies of Bavaria and France,—*all* unite to give a deep interest to every thing which relates to the patriot. When Hofer was led out to execution, his imprisoned countrymen, through whom he passed, could not contain their indignation and cries for vengeance. "Silence, I pray you, my friends," he said, "in pity both to you and myself—the time will come—I am about to die, but I tell you, that the Tyrol dies not with me." There are not a few in the Tyrol who already look anxiously for the fulfilment of the prophecy.

Whilst at Inspruck M. Mercey makes an ascent to the summit of the Solstein; from thence he passes over the Brenner to Brixen, makes an excursion up the lower valley of Meran, and then returns to Botzen, from Botzen to Trent, and from Trent to Roveredo: and he has well described the beautiful and fertile country, and the wild and romantic scenery through which his route led him, illustrating the manners of the people by little anecdotes and stories picked up by the way. It is the frankness, simplicity and open-heartedness of the people, the total absence of that griping, grasping greediness which meets the traveller at every turn in Switzerland, that make a journey in the Tyrol so much more pleasant than one amidst the wilder grandeur of the Swiss Alps and Lakes.

Among the many interesting subjects of observation afforded by a tour in the Tyrol, one of the most remarkable is the gradual admixture of the two peoples of Italy and Germany. On most of the other points at which the Alps are crossed, the change is more rapid, whilst the original difference of the people is not so marked: in passing up the Valteline the difference of manners, language, buildings, &c., is very striking, but it is still more so in passing over the Brenner down the valley of the Adige. At Roveredo, M. Mercey observes Italian customs begin to predo-

minate; no oaths are now heard but *per Diana, per Baccho, or per la Madonna*. The *canaille* of the city, half naked, lounge about, or sleep under the shade and shelter of the arcades; beggars without shirts appear in silk stockings and velvet waistcoats; here begins a large consumption of garlic, onions, and spices; polenta (a sort of hasty-pudding made of the flour of the maize), and vegetables form the principal food of the people. Nevertheless, although the Italian character preponderates, still the Tyrolian is not entirely obliterated. The character of the people is a kind of fused mass, making a whole in which southern spirit and gaiety is curiously tempered by German gravity and phlegm. It exhibits some analogy to that of the Brescians, Bergamese, &c., but the German mixture prevailing somewhat more largely, gives an original and piquant tone to the manners of these mountaineers.

At Roveredo M. Mercey falls in with two travelling companions, the one an Englishman *de Cantorbéry*, (by the way, scarcely a single name of a place is spelt correctly), "*bilieux, froid, juteur ironique, aux idées précises et Americaines*;"—the other an Italian, who is poetical, and talks something very like nonsense. The common sense of the Englishman does not please his companions; he, in truth, rather smacks of the utilitarian school, and on the whole does not appear to have been a very pleasant companion. He finds fault with what all have felt to be absurd, as well French as English, namely, the expending a large capital in erecting a manufactory in the style and on the scale of a palace, six times larger than is suited to the wants of the owner: his proposal, however, that the money which might have been saved by not building palaces which the owners were too poor to inhabit, or manufactories too large for the wants of trade, should have been employed in the erection of an hospital for the relief of the nest of beggars by which they were surrounded and annoyed, cannot be considered in accordance with the doctrine in vogue, that all such charities are detrimental rather than beneficial. We recommend to *Monsieur l'Anglais bilieux, de Cantorbéry, avec un visage pâle et un peu rose, et des yeux d'un vert assez terne*, forthwith to read Miss Martineau's admirable tale of *Cousin Marshall*, and to be better prepared on his next excursion for any sentimental French traveller he may fall in with.

Although M. Mercey has made his Englishman as atrabilarious and as cold as his imagination could conceive, he has put into his mouth some of the best and most straight-forward observations in his book. Whether they were really uttered by him or not, we have no fault to find, except that, perhaps, he has made him a little too hard on the poetic Italian, when his course of enthusiasm

on the first sight of *Benaco* and *la bella Italia*, is somewhat ruffled by the light of the white uniforms of some Austrian soldiers on their march. The Englishman breaks out, and addressing the Italian, says, "these are your masters and ever will be—the power of Italy is past. All nations have their seasons, yours is in the sere of the leaf, your winter is come. These men have sabres, guns, and cannon, and know how to use them—they have leaders, you have none: you know neither how to submit or to fight: in lieu of arms you have nothing but words to oppose to them." The Italian is sorely galled by these ill-natured remarks, and tries to refute them in the best manner he can.

The taste of M. Mercey evidently leads him to prefer his poetical to his matter-of-fact companion. They have some long conversations together, in which the Italian initiates him into some of the mysteries of domestic life in Italy, the most amusing part of which is his answer to a question as to the manners of the Italian ladies, "whether they are not either too affected or too natural?"

"Too natural!" exclaims their compatriot,—“that is to say, that they are ignorant of all subterfuge, all falsehood, all prudish airs; that they hide their souls no more than they do their faces, strip themselves stark naked, morally, and are as downright as *others* are coquettish. All this I admit, if you please. At the end of a single day you know whether or not you will be allowed to pay your court: whether your love will be returned: whether you are liked or disliked; and, if the place is already taken, you are told so at once. The day after you have been seen for the first time, you will be accepted, or at once sent about your business. Our beauties are neither false nor cruel enough to make a man miserable merely to gratify their self-love. What you call love at first sight disgusts your French ladies; but with us such attachments are as durable as sudden; formed in an instant, they become eternal. Two persons meet, are smitten, and an attachment is formed which lasts for life. We do things as nature willed they should be done. She placed voluptuousness in the foreground as a bait; but the allurements of mere sensual pleasure soon gives way to more intellectual wants. These sentiments, which your cold and proud souls call material, become spiritualized. Possession, reflection to which happiness gives birth, and perhaps the force of habit, strengthen and give a character of fidelity and durability to a connection which is often the effect of chance. It is rare among us to find these kinds of unions end except by the death of one of the parties, and this constancy has more of merit, inasmuch as it is enforced by no contract, not sworn to ring in hand, before a priest at the altar. It is one way of making amends for the folly of matrimony. Amongst us marriage is a mere matter of business, but love is quite another thing:—it is love.

"They were well aware up above," said he, raising his eyes, "what they were about when they gave women these soft-sweet forms, that physical beauty which man does not possess, and in surrounding them

with an atmosphere of voluptuousness and felicity ! . . . We run after them because they are pretty ; we love them because they make us happy ; and we adhere to them because we love them, or even only because we *have* loved them."

And as an exemplification of the truth of his remark, he relates an instance of a liaison of this kind where, after a duration of eight years, the lady, one of the greatest beauties of Bergamo, was seized with the small-pox, from which she escaped with life, but with the total sacrifice of her beauty. To the credit of the lover, " *il l'aima comme auparavant ; il était aussi tendre, aussi empressé auprès de son monstre, qu'il avait été autrefois auprès de la belle Giletta. . . . Il voyait avec les yeux de l'habitude et du passé, ou, j'aime mieux encore le croire, avec les yeux du cœur.*"

From Riva M. Mercey goes along the Lake of Garda to Denezano by steam, having first made an expedition to Arco and Torbole. At Torbole he witnesses a lake storm. No traveller, since the time of Virgil, ever visits the accommodating Garda without a tempest.

" ————— Tu lare maxime tuque,
Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace, marino."

And here the tour ends.

M. Mercey is a bad describer of scenery and seasons. Yet from the various attempts, it would seem that he considers this his forte. His pages are crowded with descriptions. Mountains and mountain ranges with snow, bare and barren without snow ; rivers sluggish and slow, foaming and furious ; torrents, forests, lakes and plains, and under every aspect, sun-rise, sun-set, the full glare of meridian day, the grey of evening, and night darkness, all are brought into play. And yet he has scarcely ever succeeded in impressing on the reader's mind either a clear or vivid image of any one of the scenes he has described. He talks much about painting and the picturesque, and is himself no mean artist, as before observed ; but neither his descriptions nor his drawings exhibit any great knowledge of the principles of composition or of broad massing. Whilst he should be seeking after general character, he loses himself in the details, and probably he considers description a much more easy matter than it really is. The short paragraph or two in Dr. Clarke's travels, (we quote from recollection,) in which he describes the basin in which Inspruck is situated as so surrounded by the overhanging hills, that the wolves, prowling amidst the mountain tops, look down into the streets of the city, gives a better notion of the place than any one of the elaborate descriptions contained in M. Mercey's two volumes. A little more thought, a little less care as to the

finish and the accessories, more attention to the composition as a whole, with a studied determination to say no more than is felt, and not to write at all until something is actually felt,—will make M. Mercey's next work (as far as sentiments and descriptions go) better worth reading than the one before us. At present he seems in a constant state of sickly preparation; he would seem to grow his descriptions and sentimental feelings as people do mustard and cress, only to cut them down by handfuls, the very moment the first seed-leaves peep above the ground. We fear that much schooling on this head is necessary; for just preceding a flood of vapid and detailed description of the first view of the lake of Garda, from a high point of the road from Roveredo to Riva, he makes his Italian companion burst forth with the beautiful description by Dante of the same scene.

“ Suso in Italia bella giace un laco
 Appiè dell' Alpe, che serra Lamagna,
 Sovra Tirolli, che ha nome Benaco.
 Per mille fonti e più, credo, si bagna,
 Tra Garda, e val Ca, monica e Pennino,
 Dell' acqua che nel detto lago stagna.
 Loco è nel mezzo là dove il Trentino
 Pastore, e quel di Brescia, e il Veronese
 Segnar poria, se fesse quel camino.
 Siede Peschiera, bello e forte arnese
 Da fronteggiar Bresciani e Bergamaschi,
 Onde la riva intorno più discese.
 Ivi convien che tutto quanto caschi
 Ciò che in grembo a Benaco star non può,
 E fassi fiume giù pei verdi paschi.
 Tosto che l'acqua a correr mette cò,
 Non più Benaco, ma Mincio si chiama
 Fino a Governo, dove cade in Po.
 Non molto ha corso, che trova una lama
 Nella qual si distende e la impaluda,
 E suol di state talor esser grama.” *

* “ In beauteous Italy a lake there lies,
 Its name Benacus, over the Tyrol,—
 Above it, high the lofty Alps arise;—
 More than a thousand gushing springs, I ween,
 Which 'twixt Camonica and Garda roll,
 This lake receives within its bosom sheen.
 Here is a spot where Brescia's Bishop might
 Meet with Verona's, and with Trento's too,
 And give their blessings in each other's sight.
 Where slopes the bank with easier descent,
 Against the Bergamese and Brescian foe
 A warlike front Peschiera doth present.

A description of this beautiful country, (the commencement of the magnificent series of lakes,—beginning with Garda, and ending with Orta,—which lies along the foot of the Alpine chain, intersecting the fertile plains of Lombardy,) at once so simple and poetical,—whilst from its accuracy it might almost serve as a map—one should have supposed must have given him the key he was in search of. We had written these observations before we found, at the end of the second volume, that M. Mercey had entered fully into the merits and demerits of description, and its difficulties. And we can only express our surprise, that one who has thought so much and so well on the subject should have failed so completely in the execution.

From what we have already said, it will be seen that we think favourably on the whole of M. Mercey as an amusing writer of a very light book. He has succeeded well enough, we have no doubt, to induce him to write another; if he does, we hope that he may be induced to add a little more ballast, a little more philosophy and observation, and to omit some portion of his sentiment and description; and as he grows older, he will probably find fewer Julias in the *salles à manger*, and that the *felicissima notti* will be less frequent. There were parts of the country which he omitted to see, in the immediate neighbourhood of that which he visited, quite as interesting and as beautiful as the scenes he describes; we allude particularly to the Pusterthal, the Val de None, opposite to Salurno, on the road between Botzen and Trent, the valley of the Salza, from Saltzburg to Badgastien, and the beautiful lake of the König-see on the confines of Bavaria, which would have well repaid him for the trouble of a visit. No one going to the Tyrol should omit any one of these.

We have no room, and it is beyond our province, to make any particular observations on Mr. Inglis's *Travels in the Tyrol*, already adverted to, and which appeared about the same time with M. Mercey's Tour; but we must remark that its merits are far inferior to those of the same author's *Spain in 1830*. Some inaccuracies show that the observations must have been made at

There fall the waters with their swelling tide,
That from Benacus' bosom running o'er,
In limpid streams through verdant meadows glide.
When from the lake it first begins to flow,
'Tis Mincio call'd—Benacus now no more—
E'en to Governo, where it joins the Po.
Nor wandereth far, before it finds a plain,
O'er which its waves in stagnant pools are spread;
Where, in the summer, noxious vapours reign."

From Mr. Wright's very able translation of the *Inferno*, recently published, Canto xx.
lines 61—81.

least in haste, and almost afford ground for suspecting that he could not have seen all the places he describes. We must take the liberty of giving Mr. Inglis one caution, (which future travellers will do well to keep in mind,) and it is on a subject of importance: namely, when travelling in a country subject to the dominion of Austria, to be careful not to repeat conversations on political subjects. In a short expedition up the Pusterthal, Mr. Inglis has repeated some observations of that kind, with indications of the place and persons, sufficient, one should suppose, to secure his unfortunate friends a place in some Austrian dungeon, as a reward for their confidence in him. Does Mr. Inglis suppose that Prince Metternich is so indifferent to what is said by writers on the Tyrol, as not to read by himself or deputy all that is written upon it? and (knowing what he does of Austrian politics and police) can he suppose that his friends' interests will be advanced by publishing to the world, the sentiments they uttered in the freedom of personal intercourse? Our only hope is, that the interlocutors are imaginary, or at least that they are so disguised as to elude all vigilance, even of the Austrian police. Mr. Inglis is not the only one who has erred grievously on this head. Others have recklessly compromised the interests of those who, in confidential communication expressed opinions, the publication of which might have been their ruin.

ART. VIII.—1. *Die Poesie der Troubadours. Nach gedruckten und handschriftlichen Werken derselben dargestellt* von Friedrich Diez, ausserordentlich Professor an der Königl. Preussischen Rheinuniversitat. (The Poetry of the Troubadours, illustrated from their printed and manuscript Works, by F. Diez, Professor Extraordinary in the Royal Prussian University of Bonn.) Zwickau, 1826. 8vo.

2. *Leben und Werke der Troubadours. Ein Beitrag zur nähern Kenntniss des Mittelalters*, von F. Diez. (Lives and Works of the Troubadours, a Contribution towards a more intimate Knowledge of the Middle Ages, by F. Diez.) Zwickau, 1829. 8vo.

FEW chapters in the whole history of literature have been allowed to remain incomplete for so long a period, as those which relate to the Troubadours of Provence and their illustrious rivals, the Trouveurs of Normandy. Of the two, the Provençal poets have undoubtedly the least reason to complain of the neglect which this implies, for to them fame was dealt out with an unsparing hand. Schlegel says, "tout le monde parlait des Troubadours," adding, with equal truth, "et personne ne les connais-

sait;" and from this ignorance of their proper claims to admiration, their encomiasts long continued to attribute to them the sparkling qualities for which their Norman contemporaries were pre-eminently distinguished, and to load them with praises at the expense of those whose equal merits were left at once "unhonoured and unsung." When at length the works of Barbazan, Legrand, and other editors of the remains of the Norman poets, obtained for the latter that attention which had been so long denied them, a violent reaction in the opinions of the reading public threw the merits of the Troubadours into a state of temporary oblivion; and it was not until Raynouard published his inestimable *Choix des Poésies originales des Troubadours*, that there existed materials to enable us to form anything like a just appreciation either of the faults or beauties of these brilliant votaries of "le gai saber." Not that there had been wanting writers willing to employ their pens in recording their history: of such there were many; but all of them, from Nostradamus down to Millot, alike deficient in an intimate acquaintance with their subject, the want of which was but poorly compensated by their blind and indiscriminating admiration. Raynouard's volumes at length dispersed the clouds which had so long overshadowed the bright star of Provençal poetry; and when it again shone forth upon the world, it seemed to have acquired fresh lustre from the obscurity in which it had for a time been enveloped. In the pages of that learned and admirably edited collection, will be found materials of equal interest to the poetical amateur, the philologist, and the historical student: the first is provided with an ample store of his favorite reading, distinguished by the peculiar originality of the ideas, as well as the pleasing harmony of the versification; the second is instructed by the copious and skilful development of a language possessing beauties, which have been but imperfectly transmitted to its descendants; and the third gratified by a display of historical facts and allusions tending to throw new light upon the state of society in the so called good old times. We feel a pleasure in paying this just tribute of approbation to M. Raynouard's work, which, when completed by his long-promised glossary, will long remain a model of imitation for all similar works. To the attention which its publication has excited on behalf of the Troubadours, we are probably indebted for the present volumes on the subject by Professor Diez, of which we propose to give our readers such an account as may make them acquainted with the distinguishing characteristics of the Troubadours and their poetry.

Under this name of Troubadours (a name derived from the Provençal *trobaire*, to find; *trobador*, the finder or inventor), are

included all those poets of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, whose writings are composed in the *langue d'Oc*, or Provençal tongue, one of the oldest, and, in various points of view, one of the most remarkable of the languages which derive their origin from the corruption of the Latin, and which was spoken both in the South of France and the eastern parts of Spain. It is not easy to fix the precise boundaries within which this language was used; for general purposes, it is sufficiently accurate to say, that it was the prevalent idiom south of the Loire; while its rival, the *langue d'Oil* (the Norman French), was the dialect of the provinces to the north of that river. In Spain, the *langue d'Oc* was chiefly used in Aragon, Catalonia, Valencia, Murcia, and the Balearic Islands, where, according to Bastero, it existed in a certain degree of purity so late as 1724, when he wrote upon the subject; while in the south of France it had been long supplanted by the Limousin, Languedocian, &c.

The exact period to which we may assign the origin of Troubadour poetry is involved in much obscurity. The contemporary Latin literature, holding no doubt its vernacular rival in little esteem, makes scarcely any mention of it; while from the earliest of those votaries of the Provençal muse whose works have been handed down to us, we derive little or no information on the subject, and we are therefore reduced to conjectures. In every country it should be remembered, that popular poetry is always the oldest; and as it is ever distinguished by simplicity, both in the style of its narratives and descriptions, and in the metrical form in which it is composed, so it finds most favour in those times when men's minds are filled with a belief in the marvellous, and their spirits inflamed by a longing after adventure. The reason of this is obvious; for it is in the results of these exciting influences, that popular poetry every where finds its most attractive materials. Production, as the political economists have it, is the consequence of demand, and it applies to poetry as well as to every thing else. From the demand for these popular compositions, arose the wandering minstrels, whose business it was to travel round the country, reciting tales and adventures, and relieving the monotony of their recitations by musical accompaniments. To this class of adventurers, whose powers of amusement were adapted to the understanding and taste of hearers of every rank, the cabin of the serf and the hall of his feudal master alike were open. The chroniclers who have written since the eighth century make frequent mention of them, under the names of *joculatores*, *ministræles*, *scurræ*, *mimi*, &c. and it is obvious, from many allusions in contemporary writers, that they often assumed the cha-

racters of *buffoon* or *jester*, when those of singer and musician failed to please.

Nowhere did these amusing companions find heartier welcome than in the southern parts of France; and that their exertions were rewarded with something more substantial than empty praise, we may gather from the bitter complaint of Philip Mouskes, a Norman poet of the thirteenth century.

“ Quar quant li buens rois Charlemaine
Ot tout mise a son domaine,
Provence qui mult est plentive
De vins, de bois, d'aigue de rive
As leceours, as menestreux,
Qui sont auques luxurieux,
Le donna toute e departi.” *

But at length a change came over the spirit of the times, which forms an epoch in the history of the middle ages. The rudeness which, up to the eleventh century, characterized the behaviour of the nobles, then gave way, and a more refined and intellectual mode of life began to display itself in the palace and the castle; and this refinement, which we now recognize as the spirit of chivalry, may be said to have been prepared by the institution of knighthood, and completed by the operation of the first crusade.

The popular poetry, as it then existed, was not adapted to this alteration in the complexion of society, the tone of which had become much more artificial. As poetry, in order to please, must be in unison with the feelings of those to whom it is addressed, there necessarily arose a more artificial style of composition, which, having its origin in the spirit of knighthood, reflected back a powerful influence on the source from which it sprung.

It was in the south of France that this first made its appearance; for that rich and fertile country, “abounding in all that could delight the senses and soothe the imagination,” and enjoying, beyond most other European states, the advantages of education, prosperity, and domestic peace, was indeed the cradle of knighthood; which, allying itself there, more closely and at an earlier period than elsewhere, with the enjoyments of life, a passion for display, and a homage to the fair sex, thus united all the necessary materials of cultivated poetry. There it was that, soon after the commencement of the crusades, chivalry reached the summit of its glory; and there, about the same time, we may see all the characters of Troubadour poetry fully displayed in the productions of Pierre Rogier and his contemporaries.

* “When Charlemagne had brought all countries under his dominion, he made over and divided the whole of Provence, which is rich in wine, woods and rivers, among the luxurious musicians and minstrels.”

The Troubadours themselves, with the exception of Guiraut Riquier, are silent as to the origin of the art they practised. In a poem written by him in the year 1275, in the form of a petition to Alphonso X. of Castille, relative to certain circumstances connected with the poets, he touches, but unfortunately far too briefly, upon this, to us, highly interesting topic. The opinion of a distinguished votary of the Provençal muse is, however, of too much importance to be overlooked; and we must not, therefore, omit quoting the few words he bestows upon it, for the sake of the hints with which they furnish us.

“ Car per homes senatz
 Sertz de calque saber
 Fo trobada per ver
 De primier joglaria
 Per metr'els bos en via
 D'alegrier e d'onor.
 L'estrumen an sabor
 D'auzir d'aquel que sap
 Tocan issir a cap,
 E donan alegrier.
 Perqu'el pros de primier
 Volgron joglar aver,
 Et enquar per dever
 N'an tug li gran senhor.
 Pueis foron trobador
 Per bos faitz recontar
 Chantan e per lauzar
 Los pros et enardir
 En bos faitz, car chاوزir
 Los sap tal, que no'ls fa
 Aisi a mon albir
 Comenset joglaria
 E cadaus vivia
 Ab plazer entr'els pros.”*

From this passage we should conclude, first, that the *Jongleurs*, or musicians, were of earlier date than the Troubadours, and, like them, formed part of the retinue of a court; and secondly, that the cultivated or court poetry had its origin from certain masters of it, and not from the nobles themselves, whose feats and praises indeed were but subjects for the songs.

Professor Diez denies that there existed among the Trouba-

* “ Verily, jonglerie, in the beginning, was introduced by wise and learned men, in order to procure, by well played instruments, honour and enjoyment to the nobles. These in the beginning kept jongleurs, and in the present day the great ones of the land do so. Afterwards came Troubadours, to sing of high deeds, and so to praise the nobles as to incite others to imitate them. For those who cannot accomplish such, may know how to appreciate them.”

dours established societies or academies for the encouragement of Poetry—or even Courts of Love; and refers to a volume which he has published on the subject of the latter most remarkable institutions for proofs in support of his opinion. This volume we have not yet seen, and must therefore postpone for the present our observations upon this point of Provençal literary history.

And here we may as well point out the distinction between the *Troubadours* and *Jongleurs*. The name of Troubadours, by which were designated those who *occasionally* employed themselves in poetical composition, was very frequently considered as applicable only to the Lyric poets: many of whom complain of the attention with which the nobles listened to the recital of tales and romances. Most of the Troubadours were skilled both in music and singing, such as were not so supplying their deficiencies, like Pierre Cardinal and Guiraut de Borneil, by retaining a Jongleur in their service. Some even composed the airs to which their verses were sung. At a period too when there were more ears to listen to the recital of wonders and adventures, than eyes capable of reading them, the ability to read aloud such matters was no trifling accomplishment, and one for which Arnaut de Maruelh was much distinguished. “*Legia de Romans*,” says the Provençal biography of this poet; and the same authority mentions Elias Cairel as celebrated for another accomplishment equally rare, that of being able to write; “*bene scrivia mots e sons*.” There was no dishonour attached to the name of Troubadour—Kings have not been ashamed to claim it—and the characters of the Knight and Troubadour were frequently united in the same person.

The *Jongleurs* who made their calling the source of their subsistence did not compose, but accompanied with their musical instruments the productions of those Troubadours, who were unskilled in the science of harmony, and likewise sang the songs which the Poets had composed. To them it more particularly belonged to relate the innumerable tales which were current in the country. Nay, more, many of them varied the entertainments at which they were present by exhibitions of mimicry, and sleight of hand.

The spirit of chivalry made it imperative on the nobles to keep open house for all the wandering followers of war and minstrelsy, and the poets, by perpetually echoing the sentiment that it was more noble to give than to receive, kept this feeling alive in the breasts of the rich, and ensured for themselves welcome and hospitality in their dwellings. The palace of the prince and the hall of the great feudal lord were alike open to them.

Here at the feasts, which succeeded the chase or the tournaments, would both Troubadours and Jongleurs display their skill, and receive the honours and recompense to which their exertions were deemed entitled. Sometimes they were rewarded by presents of coursers and their trappings, sometimes by rich clothing, sometimes also by money. And that the Jongleurs were treated much after the same fashion, we learn from Raimon de Miraval, who advises the one whom he retained in his service, to seek out certain patrons of song, who would give him garments and a horse.

That both poets and musicians were munificently requited for their endeavours to amuse their patrons, the mere list of those who encouraged the votaries of Provençal Poetry will sufficiently testify. Among the first of these, we see several of the Counts of Provence of the house of Barcelona, to wit, Raymond Berengar the Third; his son Alphonso the Second; and his son and successor Raymond Berengar the Fourth. Our own chivalrous king

“ Richard, who robbed the Lion of his heart
And smote the Paynim foe in Palestine,”

vied with these Provençal rulers in good-will to the Troubadours—nay, it is even contended that he enrolled himself among their number. His mother, the haughty Eleanor of Guienne, evinced her gratitude for the manner in which the Troubadours had sung the praises of her sex, by her powerful and continued patronage; and in this labour of love she was rivalled by the Viscountess Ermengarde of Narbonne.

Alfonso the Second, of Aragon, was another mighty prince who honoured our poets with his countenance, and both Peter the Second and Third imitated his example; in Castile, they were not less favoured by the kings Alphonso the Ninth and Tenth.

It is needless for us to swell the catalogue of their patrons. It need not be matter of surprise, that as they were the heralds of men's reputations, all, of any rank, should be glad to secure by fair words and liberal gifts, a place of note in those rolls of fame which it was the business of our poets to emblazon.

But the fairest day will have an end, and the bright reign of the Provençal Poets was at last brought to a close after a duration of about two hundred years. Various theories have been propounded by way of accounting for this overthrow; among which, that which has been most insisted on, namely, the successful literary cultivation of other tongues of Roman origin, is regarded by Professor Diez as the one which is most easily refuted. For when Dante appeared, Provençal poetry had already declined, since the older masters of it are alone mentioned by

him; while of his Troubadour contemporaries he appears to have been wholly ignorant.

The poetry of the Provençals had its rise in the pure spirit of chivalry which animated the twelfth century, and exhibited itself in the poetical character of that age. When, therefore, in the course of events, the impoverishment of the nobles, partly resulting from the expenses incurred by them in the crusades, and other warlike enterprizes, and partly from their extravagance and love of display, combined with other causes, such as the increased power of the burghers, to compel them to adopt a more retired mode of life; this poetry was no longer in request. It could only exist in the sunshine of a Court, and these beams of favor being withdrawn, its votaries ceased to strike the chords to which the hearts of its former patrons no longer responded. In short, whatever might be the remote causes of the decline, the immediate one is as correctly as quaintly indicated by Nostradamus:—"Mais defaillans des Mécenas, defaillirent aussi les poètes." Other causes, such as the religious wars against the Albigenses, the accession of the House of Anjou to the throne of Naples, the removal of the Papal Court from Avignon, &c. no doubt contributed to the same result. There were still, it is true, poets and singers who claimed and received the hospitality formerly bestowed upon them, but they were generally of the lowest grade, whose misconduct at length occasioned their banishment. Those who were ennobled by the high feelings which once animated the hearts of the Troubadours were few indeed. Guiraut Riquier's poem shows the spirit which influenced these latter masters, and his life their fate.

Having thus sketched the rise, reign, and downfall of the "Poetry of the Troubadours," as developed in the first division of Professor Diez's volume, bearing that title, we proceed to the consideration of that more important part of it, the poetry itself.

The poetry of the Troubadours is distinguished by three several characteristics, of which, the first is simplicity of idea—but it is the simplicity of art, not the barrenness of ignorance. The poets seek not

" To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,"

but are well content to exhibit the works of nature as finished by her master-hand, and only step out of the straight and narrow road of simplicity to which they for the most part confine themselves, to display the metaphysical casuistry which marked their code of love. Their praises of virtuous and heroic deeds, their

detestation of tyranny and hypocrisy, are alike distinguished by a stern and dignified simplicity, which gives them increased force by stamping them emanations from a love of truth—outpourings of a spirit of justice. Their second characteristic is delicacy of expression, and the last and most important, a spirit of originality, the necessary result of the varied and novel influences from which it sprung, and which imparts a charm to these compositions, such as no vapid imitations of the classics could have afforded. Whether, had they been so disposed, the Provençal writers had much opportunity of studying the poetical master-pieces of Greece and Rome, is a point not quite decided. M. Raynouard thinks that they were not altogether unacquainted with them, although they made but little use of such knowledge. The literature of Provence had indeed its own independent and distinct resources, in the state of society, the political condition of the country, the ignorance and prejudices of the times, the influence of religion, and most of all in the spirit of chivalry. Such being the case, we can readily admit the accuracy of M. Raynouard's remark:—"Il fut moins difficile sans doute aux Troubadours d'inventer un genre particulier, que d'imiter le genre classique."

But although all the compositions of these poets are distinguished by the qualities which we have here named, each being tinted by the colouring of the mind from which it emanated, the charge of sameness cannot justly be brought against them. They have all, indeed, a family likeness, yet each is marked by peculiarities and lineaments, which serve to distinguish it from those by which it is surrounded. Moreover, they are not limited to the expression of one feeling; for though the majority are consecrated to the charms and delicacy of love, others are filled with severe strictures upon the moral and political vices of the age, while others again are dedicated to the praise of noble deeds, and the illustrious actors of them.

As a great variety of feelings required to be developed, this naturally gave rise to a variety of forms of composition. It was found that the love-song and the satire, the elegy, and the eulogium might be rendered more effective by a form peculiar to itself, which after a time became specially appropriated to it. The number of rhyming words contained in the Provençal language no doubt facilitated very considerably this judicious arrangement.

It may here be remarked that the nomenclature of these several species is not very precise; for this reason we need not enter into any lengthened detail of the names and peculiarities of the various forms of poetical composition practised by the Troubadours;

but confine ourselves to the three most prominent and popular classes, namely, the *lyrical*, the *didactic* and the *narrative*.

As the Troubadours owe the reputation which they still enjoy almost entirely to the excellencies of their lyric poetry, this branch naturally first demands our notice; and moreover, as love forms the theme of the most numerous and important of their productions of this class, a few preliminary remarks upon the nature of that passion, as it is exhibited in the works under consideration, will not be out of place.

An essential characteristic of this poetry is, that it is addressed rather to the fancy, than to the hearts of its hearers. The love which inspired the bosom of the Troubadour, partook of the same character as the poetry which emanated from its existence. It was essentially a poetical passion, that is, a passion indulged in less from the operation of natural feelings, than from the advantages it presented in its poetical uses. The poet selected for the object of his songs, the lady whom he deemed most worthy of that honor, sometimes the daughter, frequently the wife, of the noble under whose roof he resided. Inferiority of condition on the side of the poet was no bar to his claim to a requital of his affections, for his genius and his talent might entitle him to take rank with the highest. The marriage vow, on the part of the lady, was no bar to the advances of the poet, for a serious and earnest passion rarely existed between the parties. But according to the usages of the times, every noble beauty must muster in her train some admiring poet—every bard was obliged to select some fair object of devotion, whom he might enshrine in his verses, and glorify before the world; and both parties were well content to dignify the cold-blooded relationship in which they stood to each other, by the hallowed name of love. That the head, and not the heart, was most frequently the source of this simulated affection, is shown by the fact, that we find in cases where the chosen fair one was living in single blessedness, the poetical wooings of her imaginative adorer rarely terminated in the prose of marriage. There were instances, certainly, of such events resulting from these poetical connexions, but they were few; not so those in which the married fair, who woke the poet's lyre, broke the silken bonds of matrimony, and made returns somewhat more than Platonic to the herald of her charms.* The connection between

* "The injured husbands on many occasions avenged themselves with severity, and even with dreadful cruelty, on the unfaithful ladies, and the musical skill and chivalrous character of the lover proved no protection to his person. But the real system was seen in this, that in the poems of the other Troubadours, by whom such events

the parties frequently degenerated into intrigue, but rarely elevated itself into a noble and virtuous attachment.

That a passion, so essentially artificial in its origin, should give rise to equally artificial forms for its avowal, was to be expected. Accordingly, we find the amatory poetry of the Troubadours distinguished more for delicacy of expression, than fervency of thought—for a pleasing application of well known images, rather than a ready coinage of new and appropriate ones. The feelings of the poet were evinced rather in the constancy, than in the ardour of his homage.—“From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve,” he was expected to mark his devotion to his mistress, by harping variations on one endless theme, her beauty and his love. In the execution of this task, he was not confined to one style of composition, but might choose the *Chant* or the *Chanson*, the *Son* or the *Sonet*, the *Alba*, or the *Serena*, or in fact, whichever of the many “set forms of speech” he thought best adapted to record his sufferings, or display his genius. Such is the general character of this branch of Troubadour poetry; there are exceptions certainly, exhibiting both fervor and sincerity, and in a high degree, but in these cases the sentiments to which they have given expression appear to have been the result of real and not of counterfeit emotions. The *Planhs*, or songs written upon the death of a mistress, generally display the pathos and tenderness which such an event might be expected to call forth.

As an illustration of this part of our subject, our readers will probably not be displeased with an attempt at a translation of an *Alba*, or morning song—a species of composition, which bears considerable resemblance to the watch songs of the German Minnesingers. The original is *from the pen of a lady*, (so much for Provencal morality!), whose name has not been handed down to us, and is distinguished for a gracefulness and elegance, of which we fear but few traces will be found in our version. We could indeed have little hope of transfusing them, seeing that Schlegel has already pronounced that the beauties of Provencal poetry are of a kind not communicable through the medium of translation.

are recorded, their pity is all bestowed on the hapless lovers, while without the least allowance for just provocation, the injured husband is held up to execration.”—Sir Walter Scott, *Anne of Geierstein*, vol. ii. note pp. 233—4.

See, also, an article in a former number of this journal, for fuller illustrations of the morality of the Troubadours, No. xii. pp. 357—364. It was there justly observed that the cicisbeism of the modern Italians takes its origin from the Troubadour code of Love.

Within a mead, under a hawthorn tree,
The Lady clasped her lover tenderly,
Until the watch cried out "the dawn I see."
Oh God, Oh God, the dawn it comes too soon !

Oh would to God that night ne'er passed away!
That ne'er from me my love were forc'd to stray!
Would that the watch ne'er saw nor dawn nor day!
Oh God, Oh God, the dawn it comes too soon !

Dainty sweet friend, let us each other kiss,
In yonder glade, where each bird sings of bliss,
Despite my jealous lord, let us do this.
Oh God, Oh God, the dawn it comes too soon !

Dainty sweet friend, let us some new game play,
While each bird trolls its tuneful roundelay,
Until the watch's pipe proclaim the day !
Oh God, Oh God, the dawn it comes too soon !

Sweet, sweet breath gushing from those lips so rare,
Of my true love, my courteous, brave and fair!
I drink deep draughts of that delicious air !
Oh God, Oh God, the dawn it comes too soon !

Charming the fair one is, as fair can be,
By many worshipped for her rare beautie,
And in her heart she loves right loyally.
Oh God, Oh God, the dawn it comes too soon !

In the *Sirventes*, or satirical songs, the poets, being no longer confined within the narrow circle of the tender passion, display their talents to much greater advantage, and show that their thoughts and feelings were made of sterner materials than they have generally had credit for. The age of the *Sirvente* equals that of the love song, for the Count of Poitiers has left us specimens of his composition in both these classes. The *Sirvente*, which forms certainly the most important portion of Provençal literature, is of three kinds, the political, the moral, and the personal. The first refers entirely to the political events of the world in general, and of Provence in particular; the second to the vices and follies of the age; and the third, to individual or personal affairs, which might generally be classed with the first, for the limits which divide them are by no means clearly defined.

The summonses to the Crusade, which fall under the head of political *Sirventes*, must, in a historical point of view, be enumerated among the most important Troubadour compositions; and that our readers may have some idea of the spirit which animated the poet, when inciting his countrymen to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre, and of the allusions which he deemed best calculated to inspire them with an enthusiastic determination to

make the attempt, we submit a translation of one of these songs, by Pons de Capdeuil. In this instance we have preserved the metre and uniformity of rhyme which distinguish the original, because in many cases a similar repetition of the same rhymes, combined with an extraordinary intricacy in the construction of the verse, renders this fac-simile style of translation next to impossible.

“ Our guide and our protector now is He,
 Who led the three Kings erst, to Bethlehem wending—
 His mercy points the way for all to flee,
 Which all who with true hearts are thither tending
 Will find is one, that’s in salvation ending.
 How mad, how mad indeed must that man be,
 Who scorns the Cross, thus from perversity,
 And only after worldly wealth contending,
 His honor losing, and his God offending !
 See then how great must that one’s folly be
 Who does not take up arms. Our Saviour bending
 Towards his disciples, said, ‘ Come, follow me—
 Out from your hearts all worldly thoughts first sending.’
 Unto His word the time’s come for attending.
 More than who lives, has he who o’er the sea
 Dies for His name ; who lives has less than he,
 Who gains a victory over Death, expending
 His life to purchase happiness ne’er ending.
 Then ’fore the Cross all humbly bend thy knee !
 Thus from thy sins all punishment forfending.
 For on the Cross there died, to set thee free,
 That Saviour, who the penitent thief befriending
 At the last hour, left to his fate impending
 The scoffing sinner. By the Cross saved He
 The wretches struggling in perdition’s sea,
 Thus by His death, our souls from death defending,—
 Oh woe to him who scorns this love transcending !
 How vain will all ambition’s victories be,
 If we neglect upon our God depending ;
 Great Alexander, who from sea to sea
 Had conquered all, what had he at life’s ending,
 But a poor shroud ? Oh folly past defending !
 To choose the evil when the good we see,
 That which will fade, not what eternally
 Will live. This ever to the world attending
 Blinds us to sin and keeps us from amending.
 And let no baron deem that he can be
 Held a true knight, but by assistance lending
 To set the Sepulchre of Jesus free.
 Arms, honour, glory, chivalry are blending
 To call him to the field. His thither tending,

Is his sole claim to Heaven's felicity,
Which well a prize for Kings and Counts may be;
Their high deeds there, in that good cause contending,
Their souls from flames and endless pains forfending.

The aged and the cripple who would be
Spared from the struggle, may, their wealth by spending
In the good cause, purchase immunity,
'Stead of themselves, their riches o'er sea sending;
But woe to those who, sure of God offending,
Nor go, nor send!—What will their feelings be,
When at the last day God shall say 'For thee,
Thou false of heart, I died.' Oh direful ending!
The justest then may dread his fate impending!

This is not the language of a man fit for nothing but "to toy and wanton in fair lady's bower;" it breathes that strange combination of chivalrous and devotional feelings, the very animus, which originated and continued those infatuated expeditions to the East, the Crusades. The following, which is a "call to war," addressed to Richard Cœur de Lion by Bertran de Born, one of the most restless spirits of his time, and whom we shall again have occasion to notice further on, paints to the life the semi-barbarous Baron of the twelfth century, whose sole delight was in battle and slaughter. Well may Raynouard say of it: "*cette pièce semble avoir été inspirée par l'ivresse du carnage, au milieu des horreurs du champ de bataille.*"

"It joys me well, the sweet spring tide, when leaves and flowers appear,
It joys me well by green-wood side the blithe bird's song to hear,
But more—perdi'! I joy to see the tented field afar,
And steed and knight arrayed for fight in panoply of war!

It joys me well, when outscouts fleet before their foemen run,
For then, full short, the main hosts meet, the tug of war comes on!
I love to see the castle stormed, when thundering fragments fall,
And in the ditch the palisades smile grim beneath the wall!

'Tis joy when Prince or Peer is seen, amidst the foremost there,
To cheer his men with right good will his own fair fame to share;
And certes when the camp's to win, each well may back his Lord—
Small praise to him who blanches, when 'give and take' 's the word.

Now lance, helm, brand, and dinted shield lie scattered where they fell,
And vassal's hand smites vassal within the hot pell-mell;
No thought of fence, no thought of ward—each strikes as best he can,
And deems a corse more worth than he, who yields a living man!

Meat, drink and sleep, I'll not deny, are good things in their way,
But give me, sirs, the war cry that drowns the din of fray!
When knightless steeds through forest glades shriek wildly as they go,
And wounded men cry out for aid within the foss below!

Ye barons that have ought to pledge, in God's name pledge it now,
 And mortgage town and tower and laud, for sword and axe and bow.
 Off, off, friend Papiol,* bear with haste to Oc and No my song,
 And bid him speed the good old trade—we have had peace too long."

The eulogies in which the Troubadours proclaim the good qualities of their patrons, and the elegies in which they mourn their loss, likewise fall under this head, and are important illustrations of Provençal history; but more so, the numerous historical satires, which, whether attacking the conduct of princes or of people, are distinguished by a bitterness and virulence that have rarely been equalled.

The personal *Sirventes* are valuable so far as they contribute materials for the biography of the Troubadours, more especially those in which the authors speak of themselves, expressing their feelings and exhibiting their opinions of the affairs of the times.

The moral *Sirventes*, which satirise the vices and follies of the day, or of some particular class of society, are frequently filled with expressions of the bitterest hatred against those who are the subjects of them—a rancour from which even the head of the church, much less the clergy generally, found no exemption. Guillen Figueiras, in one of these poems, represents the Roman Church as sitting enthroned in the very depths of hell, and calls it a crowned serpent begotten by a viper—a wolf in sheep's clothing—an ally of the devil.

Having dispatched the several species of *Sirventes*, let us turn our attention to another form of composition, which has found much favour in the eyes both of the northern and southern poets of France. The *Tenson*, to which we here allude, was a poem in the form of a dialogue, wherein, for the most part, the two interlocutors propounded and defended alternately and in stanzas (of the same construction, and generally ending in similar rhymes) their opinions upon love, politics, chivalry, morals, &c. The question in dispute frequently remained undetermined, each party, after exhibiting all possible skill and ingenuity in defence of his views, remaining, regardless of the arguments of his opponent, "of his own opinion still." There is, however, remaining a *Tenson* between Guiraut Riquier and Guillaume de Mur, which contains both the nomination of the umpires, who were to pronounce which had the better reason on his side, and the judgment which they awarded. The *Tenson* had not, however, always for its object the discussion of some mooted point; it was sometimes a mere interchange of invectives and recrimination between the contending poets, and sometimes, assuming a milder

* Papiol, the name of his jongleur; Oc and No, the names by which he designates Richard Cœur de Lion in all his poems.

character, became the medium of exchanging vows of attachment and fidelity between two lovers, in which case it must be considered as a love-song in the form of a dialogue. There is abundant proof that the *Tenson* was, as it purports to be, the work of more than one hand, although a question has been raised upon this point, probably because there are remaining specimens in this style of composition, each the entire work of one poet: but in these cases the author carries on the dialogue with some incorporeal or inanimate object, as the Deity, Love, or a mantel.

Out of the variety of questions debated in *Tensons*, we will extract a few of those wherein points of love form the subject in dispute, and these, as Professor Diez observes, will give us a tolerably accurate idea of the "*ars amandi*" practised by the Troubadours.

" Which are the greater, the pleasures or the pains of love?

" Must a woman do as much for her lover as he for her?

" A noble knight loves a lady, who returns his love, but he has so long neglected to visit her that he feels certain she will renounce his love if he repeat his visits. Ought he to continue, then, in this condition, or see her again, and so lose her?

" Should a lover who is successful prefer to be the beloved or the husband of his mistress?

" A husband learns that his wife has a lover—both these last are aware of the husband's knowledge of the fact: which of the three is placed in the greatest difficulty?"

Many of these questions, from the extraordinary freedom of manners which they exhibit, will not admit of translation; but the following complete *Tenson* does not offer this objection, and we therefore insert a translation of it, to show the nature of these compositions.

" ' Raymbaut, shall a high-born fair
Love thee secretly and well,
Or, with no love for thee, tell
All the world her heart you share,
Naming you her chosen one?
Answer me, as best you may,—
If not rightly,—men will say,
Reason you have gotten none.'

' Sir Blacatz, I can with ease
Answer give, and readily:
True love is the love for me;
Far more does a kiss me please,
From the fair one whom I prize,
When we are together left,
Than such dreams of truth bereft;—
In feign'd love small pleasure lies.'

' Sir Raymbaut, wise men will hold
 You have shown but little wit;—
 Fools may think the mark you've hit,—
 But the world will stare when told,
 Love's preferred by you to Fame :
 For despite this, you'll agree,
 Love can never balanced be,
 'Gainst a celebrated name.'

' Blacatz, I am happy when
 I am by my chosen fair
 Called her downy couch to share.
 Oh what pleasure feel I then !
 She I love is in my arms.
 Why then with a foolish lie
 Should I this my choice deny?—
 Fact outvies all Fancy's charms.'

' Raymbaut, he who in the fight
 Ofttimes smites his foe, and well,
 If there be none by to tell,
 Praises small his deeds requite.
 Silent honour few men prize,
 More than gems that lack a ray,
 Blows in battle thrown away,
 Stuttering tongues, or sightless eyes.'

' Blacatz, I am, as you see,
 Fonder far of fruit than flowers,
 Most pleased when a patron showers
 Gold, not empty praise, on me ;
 None, by idle vows of love,
 E'er shall lure me to her train ;
 She who would my heart enchain,
 Must her love, by loving, prove.'"

The lyric poetry of the Troubadours contains most assuredly the choicest flowers of Provençal literature, and hence it has arisen that by the majority of readers the name of Troubadour is identified with that of a writer of songs. The lyric was certainly looked upon as the highest class of composition by the Provençal bards themselves: the best of them generally exercised their powers in it, and were not easily tempted to try their skill in narrative, scarcely even in didactic pieces, which latter appear to have been the more highly estimated of the two.

The small number of narrative poems which has been handed down to us, compared with the multitude of lyrical compositions that have been preserved, would seem at first sight to afford the best proof that few such writings ever existed in Provence. Before, however, we come to this conclusion from the fact just mentioned, it would be well to bear in mind, that, exclusive of

their merits, the most important songs of the Troubadours presented other and strong inducements to their preservation in their political origin and allusions. From their connection with the history of the country which produced them, it might be expected that favourite songs would be both more frequently copied and more carefully preserved than compositions that were filled only with the records of imaginary events.

Of Provençal romances not more than four are known to be in existence; these are, *Gerard de Rossillon*—*Jaufre, the Son of Dovon*—the recently discovered *Ferabras*, and the prose romance of *Philomena*. Compare this meagre catalogue with the numerous romantic relics of the Norman poets, and it must at once be admitted that the comparison furnishes a strong argument against the supposition that these delightful compositions ever flourished in the South of France to the same degree they did in the North. True it is that in the works handed down to us allusions to numerous romances are perpetually occurring. True it is that Wolfram von Eschenbach expressly declares that he derived his *Titural* and *Percival* from the Provençal of Master Kyot, or Guiot, and accuses Master Christian de Troyes of falsifying the narrative. True it is that Dante, in his *Purgatory*, speaking of Arnaut Daniel, says—

“ Versi d' amore e prose di romanzi
Soverchià tutti;”

and that Pulci, in his *Morgante Maggiore*, alludes to the same poet as one who had written on the subject of Charlemagne—

“ Dopo costui venne il famoso Arnaldo,
Che molto diligentemente ha scritto,
Investigò dell' opre di Rinaldo,
Delle gran cose, che fece in Egitto.”

Still the disappearance of all traces of such compositions is a fair argument that the originals, if frequently recited, were not very frequently committed to writing; and this point being admitted must be looked upon as irrefragable evidence of the justice of the inference we have already arrived at. The frequent allusions to these wondrous tales of chivalry in the compositions of the Troubadours, only go to prove that they were as speedily naturalized in the Provençal as in the contemporary literature of other countries, and that the minstrels of all countries, as they hoped for success in their precarious vocation, were obliged, like the circulating-library keepers of the present day, to provide themselves as speedily as possible with the last new productions of the favourite romancers.

Moreover, one cannot help assuming that if romantic composi-

tion had been cultivated to the same extent by the Troubadours as it was by the Trouveurs, their poems would have been committed to more certain keeping than the treacherous memories of the wandering *jongleurs*; and if this was the case, as it is a fair inference it would have been, one must consider it as a very extraordinary freak of fortune, that few as the Provençal MSS. are that have been handed down to us, these few should still contain duplicates of the same romance. If these arguments have any weight against the assertion that the Provençals indulged equally with the Normans in the composition of romances, how much more must they weigh against the theory recently propounded by a learned French professor, that *Provence was the cradle of romantic poetry*.

This proposition, so much at variance with the received ideas on the subject, which was advanced in the course of a series of lectures on foreign literature, delivered by M. Fauriel at the University of Paris, seems at first sight to have little but its novelty to recommend it; but the publication of the lectures in a distinguished French periodical,* accompanied by laudatory remarks on the ingenuity and plausibility of the author's views, has given them an importance far beyond their intrinsic value, but which at the same time justifies the employment of a few moments in their refutation.

M. Fauriel asserts, that of the Carlovingian romances, (to which we will confine our observations, as we consider those of the Round Table as totally out of the question,) that are still in existence, none were composed before the middle of the twelfth, and that the majority of them are the productions of the thirteenth, centuries, and moreover that the romances refer to princes of the Carlovingian dynasty.

To this it may be answered, that of these so called Carlovingian Romances, many have no reference either to the Carlovingian princes or to the barons who were their contemporaries; and that, although the allusions to them and to their heroes are only to be found in the works of the Troubadours who wrote in the *thirteenth* century, these very romances are frequently mentioned by Norman poets, who are well ascertained to have written in the *preceding* one.

M. Fauriel further asserts, that from the length of these Norman romances, as they now exist, (some of them containing five and ten thousand verses each), it is impossible that they could have been sung or recited, as they are said to have been; in short,

* The *Révue des Deux Mondes*. They have since been collected in a separate volume, under the title of *L'Origine de l'Épopée Chevaleresque*.

that neither the patience of the auditors, nor the physical powers of the minstrel, would have lasted out their recital at one sitting. The Provençal originals, according to his views, were shorter, and, on that account, better adapted to this purpose. Without insisting upon the probability that portions only of these very lengthy productions were recited, such being chosen as were best suited to the feelings of the auditory, or to the circumstance which had caused them to be assembled together, we may remark that this last argument comes with a bad grace from M. Fauriel, who believes that the Provençal romance of Gérard de Rossillon was destined to be so recited, and that contains upwards of eight thousand verses!

There are other points mooted in these lectures, which we think equally doubtful with those we have just examined; but it is needless to occupy further space with the extraordinary propositions of M. Fauriel, of whom it has been said, certainly with more of truth than novelty, “qu'en général ses idées vraies ne sont pas nouvelles, et ses idées nouvelles ne sont pas vraies.”

If the number of Provençal romances bears but a small proportion to the romances of their northern rivals, that of the short tales or novels bears still less. There are but five such recorded, among which is the Tale of the Parroquet, familiar probably to most of our readers by the abridgment of it in Dunlop's *History of Fiction*.

Several Legends of Saints, and the rhyming *Chronicle of the Wars against the Albigenses* (written by Guillaume de Tudela, 1210—1220), complete the list of the narrative poems of the Troubadours which remain to us.

The number of didactic poems is somewhat greater than that of the narrative, and their subjects may be classed under three heads—the philosophical, the moral, and the religious. In the first class, the *Breviary of Love*, by Matfre Ermengau, which contains an epitome (if a work containing about twenty-seven thousand verses can be so designated) of all the knowledge of that age, must be considered the most important; and could we afford the space, we would gladly epitomise this epitome, in order thereby to convey to our readers an idea of the learning and philosophy of the times in which it was composed.

The fragment of the *Life of Boethius*, which Raynouard has so carefully edited, is not only one of the most valuable among the moral pieces, but one which its learned editor has not hesitated to pronounce “le plus ancien des monumens de la langue Romane qui sont parvenus jusqu'à nous.”

The religious poems, likewise, boast a very great antiquity; and among them must be enumerated the *Mystery of the Wise*

and *Foolish Virgins*, published by Raynouard, which is undoubtedly the earliest attempt at dramatic composition extant in any modern language.

We must now turn to Professor Diez's second work, "The Lives and Works of the Troubadours."

The fifth volume of M. Raynouard's collection contains an alphabetical catalogue of all the poets who appeared to him worthy of the name of Troubadours, accompanied by such biographical notices of them as are to be found in the manuscripts of Provençal poetry. M. Raynouard, however, has refrained from making any additions from other sources to the information contained in these interesting fragments; although, as he states that he had been obliged to collect the materials necessary for the purpose, these additions would have cost him no further research. The object of Professor Diez, in his second volume, has been, as it appears to us, to supply the deficiencies of his predecessor; and, by timely hints, well-founded conjectures, and abundant historical illustrations, to weave these fragments and notices into more copious and more connected narratives. Of the success with which the industry and sound judgment which he has exhibited in his researches have been crowned, let the reader judge from the extracts which we shall now proceed to lay before him, with some brief comments of our own.

The "Lives," which are very properly arranged in chronological order, commence with that of the Count of Poitiers, of whom it is said:

"We have no account of any Troubadour earlier than William the ninth Count of Poitiers; and as he was born in the year 1071, the literary history of the Troubadours is thus carried back into the eleventh century, and opens, not unworthily, with a puissant, witty, but somewhat thoughtless prince. That the poems attributed to a Count of Poitiers (for the manuscripts do not sufficiently particularize him) are actually the production of the well-known William IX. Duke of Aquitaine, and Count of Poitiers, who, at the head of a body of 300,000 men, took a part in the unfortunate crusade of 1101, from which he narrowly escaped with life, is not to be doubted. This remarkable man is known in history for his poetical talents and his wit, as well as his sensuality; and the poems attributed to him present us with the same characteristics. The Provençal biography of him says well and pithily, 'The Count of Poitiers was one of the most agreeable men in the world, and one of the greatest seducers of women; a knight skilled in arms and the affairs of love. He was gifted with poetry and singing; and, for a long time, traversed the world, that he might betray women.' William appears to have been celebrated for his poetical talents; for Ordericus Vitalis relates that the Count, after his return from the Holy Land, was accustomed to relate, in rhymed verses and agreeable tunes, the misfortunes of his campaign,

to kings, nobles, and Christian congregations. Of these poems, nothing remains but this notice—a circumstance which we must deeply lament. The charms and ingenuity of his mind are mentioned likewise by William of Malmesbury, who has not generally spared him; and the poet himself asserts that he knew how to entertain noble companies.

“William of Malmesbury explains himself most circumstantially with regard to his levity of conduct. Several historians have taken the pains to defend him, upon the evidence of Geoffrey, Abbot of Vendôme, who praises the Count’s mode of life; but this testimony is of little weight, for Geoffrey was under obligations to the Count, and the property of the Abbey of Vendôme lay, for the most part, within the Count’s territory. Besides, we have no ground for acquitting the Count of this charge, since he himself, in his poems, expressly boasts of the licentiousness imputed to him. The English historian relates an anecdote of him which is scarcely in unison with the religious feelings of the times. William, he says, had caused certain buildings, like small cloisters, to be erected at Niort (not far from Poitiers), and declared his intention of converting them into an abbey of maidens: the best qualified, whom he mentions by name, was to be the abbess; the others were to form the sisterhood. Whether this thoughtless determination was ever carried into effect, we do not learn. The same author mentions an intrigue in which he was engaged with the wife of a certain viscount, with whom he was so captivated that he bore her likeness on his shield. In other respects, he was brave, handsome, and capable of good actions; and, according to all accounts, he appears to have been one of those prepossessing characters whose very vices are frequently looked upon as virtues.”—pp. 3—5.

The poems of this valorous and amorous knight are light and agreeable, but deficient in depth. In them may be seen the germ of Troubadour poetry. One of them, which turns upon an adventure somewhat resembling in its incidents Boccaccio’s story of Masetto di Lamporecchio, is very neatly told, but, from its nature, not translateable, although the poet represents himself as the hero of it; a fact quite in unison with the character which Professor Diez has shown was attributed to him by the chroniclers.

We must pass over the lives of the illustrious Bernard de Ventadour, and also of that highly original genius, Marcabrun, who, it is evident from our author’s showing, flourished in the latter part of the twelfth, instead of the thirteenth century, as he heretofore asserted,—that we may extract a few passages from the life of the well-known Jaufré Rudel, which we think will interest our readers, from the picture of the times which they exhibit, and also afford them a fair sample of the writer’s skill in collecting and using his materials.

“The chief points in the life of this singer (Jaufré Rudel Prince of Blaya) consists of a remarkable love-affair, to which the only parallel to be found, in the whole history of the Troubadours, is that of Guillaume de Cabestaign. It presents us with a valuable contribution to the cha-

racteristics of that remarkable epoch, which forms the golden days of the middle ages, and we must therefore the more regret, that the oldest account confines itself solely to the main fact, neglecting both the dates and the accessory circumstances. Jean de Nostredame gives a more finished picture, but no where is he less to be trusted, than in those accounts which are calculated to excite the imagination. We will therefore draw the fact, not from that compiled and troubled source, but from the original,—the old notice. It runs as follows:—

“ ‘ Jaufré Rudel was a very noble man, Prince of Blaya. He became enamoured of the Countess of Tripoly, whom he had never seen, solely on account of her great goodness and pleasing demeanour, which he had heard praised by the pilgrims who came from Antioch. So he wrote many rare songs upon her, with sweet tunes, and in short verses. At length, from a desire to behold her, he took up the cross and passed over the sea. While on ship-board he was seized with a heavy sickness, so that his fellow-travellers looked upon him as dead; nevertheless they carried him to Tripoly into a hostelry. Notice of the circumstance was given to the countess, who immediately repaired to his bed-side, and threw her arms around him. And he perceived that it was the countess, and came again to his recollection, and praised and thanked God that He had spared his life until he beheld her. Thereupon he died in the arms of the countess, who caused him to be buried with great solemnity in the House of the Templars at Tripoly, and out of grief for his death she retired on the same day into a cloister.’

“ The extraordinary part of this history consists, not in the pilgrimage of the singer, not in the melancholy joy of his lost moments, nor even in the sorrowful resolution of the countess to take the veil, but in the imaginative origin of what appears to have been so deep-rooted a passion. But this circumstance does not stand in the way of the probability of the event; a love founded solely upon report answers completely to the fanciful mode of thinking of the times, and is moreover not unheard of among the Troubadours. Jaufré’s poems do not contradict the above story in any point, but confirm it in every one. The poet says he loves what he never has seen and never may see, and declares his resolution to seek, as a pilgrim, his beloved in the land of the Saracens. Besides this, there are some ancient authorities of considerable weight which mention his romantic death. We do not here allude to Petrarch’s declaration in the *Trionfo d’ Amore*, that Jaufré Rudel had employed sail and rudder to seek his death, for as it refers to an affair which had occurred two hundred years before, it is of little weight, but to the earlier testimony of the Troubadours. In a poem by an unknown author, it is said:—‘ The Viscount Jaufré Rudel, when he crossed the sea to seek his lady, died readily for her.’ Moreover, Nostradamus mentions a *Tenzon*, in which Jaufré Rudel was mentioned with the fabulous Andrieus of France, who died for love: this *Tenzon* has since been found.

“ Since we are thus far satisfied of the truth of the story, we will proceed to inquire who the parties were who played their parts in it, and in so doing, we shall be materially assisted by the attempts to do so which have been already made.”

From our author's researches, it appears that Jaufré Rudel, the hero of this romance of real life, was not either of the two of that name whom history has already recorded, but a third, belonging to the house of Angoulême. The Countess of Tripoly is supposed to be Melisenda, daughter of Count Raymond I., who was sought in marriage by the Greek emperor, Manuel Commenus, who, however, proved inconstant, and left the lady to mourn his fickleness.

Our next extract will afford a specimen of the art of reviewing in the twelfth century; for even in those days there were critics upon the face of the earth—not so rife, certainly, but quite as dictatorial as the most authoritative of the present day. Pierre d'Auvergne is the name of the worthy who then took upon himself the thankless office of a reviewer, and his judgments are delivered in the most important of his works—a satirical poem on the subject of his poetical rivals. The passages which we give refer to some of the most celebrated of his contemporaries.

“I will sing of all those Troubadours, who sing in different styles. The worst among them think to speak well, but all should repeat their songs somewhere else; for I hear a good hundred herdsmen meddling therewith, not one of whom knows the difference between high and low.

“This objection touches Pierre Rogier—and I will therefore censure him first. He sings right openly of love—it would better become him to carry the psalter in church, or the sconces with the great wax lights.

“The second is Guiraut de Borneil—he compares a cloth burnt by the sun, to his meagre and woeful songs, which are only fit for an old water-carrier. If he could but see himself in a glass, he would not give a hep for himself.

“The third is Bernart de Ventadour, who is even less by an inch than Borneil: but he had for his father a servant who shot well with a wooden bow, and his mother heated ovens and collected firewood.

“The fourth is Brive de Limousin—the most famous jongleur between here and Benevento. When the wretch sings, one may fancy one hears a sick pilgrim. I must almost pity him.”—pp. 75, 76.

A gentleman who bestows his invectives so liberally upon his friends, could hardly have any to spare for himself, and Master Pierre accordingly displays singular modesty, when exhibiting a portrait of himself, to whom he imputes, as his only fault, that peculiarity which was considered anything rather than a fault either by himself or the majority of his contemporaries.

“Pierre d'Auvergne had a voice which was equally good, whether he sung high or low; his airs were sweet and pleasant—he is the master of them all, *only he ought to make his verses a little clearer, for they are scarcely intelligible.*”—p. 76.

We will now pass on to the life of Pierre Vidal, one of the most remarkable of all the poets that ever appeared in Provence, and

who, in spite of the extraordinary mixture of reason and folly which marked his conduct, was, during his lifetime, the companion of all the most celebrated characters of the age, and has, since his death, retained one of the most important stations on the roll of distinguished Troubadours. One extract will furnish a curious illustration of Provençal manners, and as may be easily imagined, the "Rape of a Kiss" here narrated was frequently alluded to in the poems of Pierre Vidal. We should premise that the poet had conceived a passion for Adalasia, the wife of his patron—Barral de Baux, Viscompte de Marseille.

"One day when Vidal knew that Barral had arisen, and that his lady was alone in her chamber, he entered, and proceeded straight to her bed. Perceiving that she still slept, he knelt down and kissed her. This awoke the lady, who, thinking it was her husband, smiled, and sat up in bed. On so doing she recognised the mad-brained poet, and began to scream and call for assistance. The maid hearing the outcry, entered the apartment. The Viscount was called, but Vidal had made his escape. Adalasia complained to her husband in the bitterest terms against the fool-hardy Troubadour, and demanded, with tears in her eyes, that he should be punished for his temerity. Barral, on the contrary, treated the whole affair as a joke, and blamed his wife for having created so great a disturbance for so trifling a matter: but he found her immovable, and she insisted upon most ample satisfaction. In the meanwhile the offender had escaped, and secured a passage on board a vessel, which was on the point of sailing for Genoa."—p. 160.

One more anecdote of this strange genius deserves to be mentioned for the curious picture which it exhibits both of the character of the poet and of the amusements which were devised in those days for the entertainment of gentle ladies.

"In the meanwhile Barral was dead. The Troubadour renounced his attachment to Adalasia, and returned once more to Carcassonne, whither he was attracted by the charms of Loba de Penautier. On her account he suffered himself to be called 'Wolf'—nay, more, in his excessive folly, he accoutred himself in a wolf-skin, and allowed himself to be hunted by the peasants and their dogs in the mountains of Cabaret; he however paid dearly for this act of madness, for the dogs played the game so badly, that he was carried for dead into the dwelling of Loba; her husband, the Lord of Cabaret, received him, and secured the services of a physician to effect his cure. This passage in the Provençal biography of our poet would scarcely be credited, if it had not been mentioned by Matfre Ermengau, in his *Breviari d'Amor*, which was commenced in 1257, and confirmed by Vidal himself, who states expressly in one of his cançons:—'You might call me wolf—I should consider it no disgrace; the herdsmen might shout at me, or even hunt me. Woods and coverts are dearer to me than palaces and houses: I live with joy in wind, frost and snow.'"—p. 169.

We here see the effects of the tender passion, as exhibited in

the acts of one labouring under its influence. We shall next quote a few passages from Arnaut de Marueilh's address to the lady of his love, which will afford a tolerable notion of the manner in which a lover of the twelfth century was accustomed to address his mistress.

"Lady! I have long meditated how I might best discover to you my heart and inclination—whether by myself or by message—but I dare not trust a message, for that might displease you: I will therefore myself declare it to you—but love confuses me to such a degree, that when I gaze upon your beauty, I forget what I had intended to say to you. I will therefore send to you a faithful messenger—a letter sealed with my ring: for I know not where to find a more courtly and secret messenger. Love, to whom I daily prayed for aid, counselled me so to do. Love bade me write, what my mouth dared not utter. On the day on which I first beheld you, Love so penetrated my heart that you kindled a flame therein, which, since it first broke out, has never subsided: it is the fire of Love, which neither wine nor water can extinguish. From you I have a goodly messenger: my heart that dwells in your home, comes to me as your ambassador, and paints your graceful and elegant form, your beautiful and bright shining hair, your brow fairer than the lily, your straight and well-shaped nose, your lively smiling eyes, your fresh complexion—white and red as a tender flower, your small mouth, your beauteous teeth, whiter than the purest silver; your chin, neck, and bosom, as white as snow and sloe-blossoms; and your hands of equal whiteness—your smooth and snaky fingers; and, finally, your whole charming figure, in which there is nothing that can be found fault with; your lovely and pleasant wit, your graceful language and answers, and the friendly mien with which you greeted me on the day when we first saw each other. When my heart recalls all this, timidity seizes me; I know not why or wherefore, and wonder that I still hold myself erect—for my courage and colour pass away. Thus does your love penetrate me—such a contest do I daily suffer. But at night I am driven into worse straights; for when I have laid me down, in hopes of taking a little rest, when my companions are all slumbering, and nothing stirs or moves, I turn, I twist, I writhe. I conceive this thing and that—I sigh. Often do I set myself upright, and then stretch myself along—recline now upon my right arm, now upon my left—suddenly throw off all the covering, and as suddenly draw it over me again. And when I have thus tumbled and tossed for a while, I stretch out my arms, fold my hands together, and direct my heart and eyes towards the spot where you are, as if you could perceive me. Ah! noble, lovely woman!—may your true lover live to see the day or evening when he shall see your graceful, elegant body clasped in his arms, while he imprints kisses on your sweet eyes and lips. Hear and grant my prayer!—thou fairest creature that nature ever formed; more beautiful than I can describe—brighter than a bright May-day—than a March sun—summer shade—May-roses—April showers—flower of beauty—mirror of love—key of renown!"—pp. 122, 123.

We shall conclude our notice of these "Lives of the Troubadours" with a few words relative to Bertran de Born, Lord of the Castle of Hautefort, who, although scarcely named in the annals of history, and but casually mentioned by his contemporary, Geoffry de Vigeois, appears clearly, from the Provençal notices, as well as from the evidence furnished by his own poems, to have played no insignificant part in the great drama of his times. He was on the most intimate terms with the three sons of our Henry the Second, for each of whom he had a familiar name, by which they are always designated in his songs; and in the contentions which arose amongst them, he supported now one party, now the other, according to circumstances, and his sharp sword and sharper tongue rendered him an enemy whom it was impossible to despise.

Dante estimated him highly as a poet, and represents him as forming, with Arnaut Daniel, and Guiraut de Borneil, a triumvirate of Troubadours, each of whom was looked upon as the most distinguished and successful in the branch of poetry which he cultivated. From the song which our readers have already perused, they will anticipate that Dante regarded him as the poet of "War;" and the admiration of the divine Italian, which was first awakened by our poet's songs "of arms and chivalry," was fully confirmed by the vigour and genius exhibited in his satires.

The restless spirit of Bertran compelled him to mingle actively in all the political struggles of his day; and although he does not appear to have taken any part in the first rebellion of the three sons of our second Henry against their father, in the following one he was a busy and stirring agent, and thereby gained for himself a questionable distinction in the *Inferno* of Dante. It is impossible to comprise, within moderate limits, an outline of Professor Diez's very interesting life of this daring and impetuous spirit, who, from his Castle of Hautefort, troubled the courts of England, France, and Spain, by his verses—set kings at war—stirred up revolts among their subjects—attacked his neighbours—sacked their castles—laid waste their fair possessions, and did not fear to raise his arm in opposition to the armies of Henry the Second or of Richard Cœur-de-Lion. We shall therefore borrow a summary of his character from the pages of M. Raynouard, and not weaken its force by the process of translation.

"Mauvais parent, sujet rebelle, ami dangereux, il dépouilla de l'héritage paternel son frère Constantin; il s'arma contre ses suzerains, excita les guerres cruelles de Philippe-Auguste et de Richard Cœur-de-Lion, dont il entretenait sans cesse l'animosité par ses sirventes outrageants; il jeta la discorde et la désunion dans la famille royale de Henri II.; et dès lors, pour me servir de l'expression de Dante: 'Achitophel

nouveau d'un nouvel Absalon,' il égara par ses conseils funestes le jeune duc de Guienne, et l'engagea dans plusieurs révoltes contre son père."

And this turbulent spirit, worn out at last with the inquietude into which his impetuosity and violence were for ever hurrying him, turned monk in his old age, and ended his restless days within the peaceful walls of a cloister.

We must now bid farewell to the Troubadours and their German historian, Professor Diez; and in doing so, we feel we should be doing him great injustice, if we failed to express the pleasure we have derived from the perusal of the volumes before us. Both of them exhibit a catholic feeling, which we regret to say appears much too rarely in the literature of the present day; for their author is obviously no less anxious to state the truth, than capable of elucidating it. As his extensive reading and mature study of everything connected with his subject, fully entitle him to pronounce an authoritative opinion, the result is, that his views are always offered with the confidence which a thorough conviction of their accuracy necessarily produces, but at the same time with the modesty which is ever attendant upon true learning. On the other hand, when he has occasion to differ from the opinions of others, he does so in a manner which shows that he is willing to believe them actuated by the same desire to ascertain the truth by which he is himself guided.

The history of the Troubadours fills a page in the history of human nature, which resembles one in a rich old manuscript; many portions of it, like the text of the manuscript, are obscure and difficult to decipher, while others again, like the illuminated initials and grotesque borders, exhibit bright and glowing pictures which fill us with an anxious desire to be acquainted with every portion of it.

The labours of Professor Diez are well calculated to facilitate our attempts to read aright this motley page, and we hope they will therefore meet with that success, which will prompt him very shortly to present us with such another "contribution towards a more intimate knowledge of the Middle Ages."

- ART. IX.—1. Abulfedæ *Historia Ante-islamica, Arabice, Versione Latina, notis et indicibus auxit* H. O. Fleischer. 4to. Lipsiæ, 1831.
2. *Monumens Arabes, Persans et Turcs, du Cabinet de M. le Duc de Blacas, considérés et décrits, &c.* Par M. Reinaud. 2 tom. 8vo. Paris, 1828.
3. *Mémoire sur des particularités de la Religion Mussulmane dans l'Inde.* Par M. Garcin de Tassy. 8vo. Paris, de l'Imprimerie Royale. 1831.

THE history of Mohammedanism forms, if not an essential, at least a very useful and interesting portion of Christian knowledge, since it enables us to compare revealed religion with its greatest and most successful rival. Its claims to such a competition are great and obvious; its progress was rapid, its converts made by tribes and nations, its means apparently disproportioned to its triumphs; its sway is extensive, and the permanency of its dominion has not apparently been shaken by the lapse of twelve centuries. We may lament, but we can scarcely be surprised, that such a startling instance of successful imposture has furnished the sneering infidel with many a bitter sarcasm, and sometimes shaded with doubt the mind of the true believer; but we may express some little astonishment at the reluctance shown by many able advocates of Christianity to examine this question calmly and impartially, and we may record our sorrow at finding that they have frequently sullied the holy cause they advocate by false statements and inconclusive arguments. It seems to have been thought that an acknowledgment of any worthiness in a rival creed might be deemed too great a concession to error, and the recognition of merit in imposture, a weakening of the evidence in favour of truth. Our own age and country furnishes us with a splendid exception to this rule; the Rev. Charles Forster, in his learned and instructive work, intituled "*Mahomedanism Unveiled*," published in 1829, has decisively shown that we must regard the creed of the Arabian prophet not as the rival, but as the imitation of Christianity; its spurious offspring to be sure, but still one that preserves many features of its sublime original.

Even if there were no means of showing from the Koran and the other sacred books of the Mussulmans, that a creed so extensive and so influential is not essentially connected with immorality and mental degradation, common sense would have taught us, that a large admixture of truth is necessary to the permanence of delusion, and reflection must have suggested that

the Providence, which, even in the darkness of polytheism, "left not itself without witness," could not have abandoned some of the fairest portions of the earth to hopeless demoralization. We do not agree in all the ingenious speculations of Mr. Forster, but we differ from him with reluctance. There is in every page of his work an amiability of temper, a pure philanthropy, a tender spirit of Christian charity, which, while it "believeth all things," also "hopeth all things." His is the work of a scholar whose learning has been applied by intellect, and of a divine who truly deserves the name. The chief point of difference between his views and ours is, that he regards Mohammedanism as the embodied covenant between God and the seed of Ishmael; while we regard it as part of a great providential system beyond our powers of comprehension, but which "we see as through a glass darkly," working under every phase of belief, for the future triumphant establishment of true religion.

In tracing the origin of any religious system, our first question is with the character of its founder; and here we are at once called upon to decide whether Mohammed was a fanatic or an impostor. Could it be decisively established that he were one or the other, the rest of our task would be comparatively easy; but we regard him as neither, and yet both. This will, we fear, sound to many rather paradoxical; but a very little reflection will suffice to show, that there are contradictions in the microcosm of human nature to explain which philosophy wearies itself in vain. When Mohammed announced as special revelations the phantasms of a troubled dream, he was a fanatic; when he claimed for himself an exemption from the moral rules of his own code, he was an impostor; when he ordered his creed to be propagated by the sword, he was both; but when he proclaimed the sublime doctrine of the Divine Unity, he was simply a great man.* Let us

* Since these pages were written, we find that we have undesignedly adopted the same views as Victor Cousin. We quote from the excellent American translation of his *History of Philosophy*, published by Rich, of Red Lion Square.

"It is impossible, that in a given multitude, such as a people, in which, as has been demonstrated, there exists a common type, there should not be given certain individuals which more or less represent that type. * * * Hence follows, first, the necessary existence of great men; and secondly, their character. The existence of a great man is not the creation of arbitrary choice; he is not a thing that may or may not exist. He is not merely an individual; for his existence is given by its relation to a general idea, which communicates to him a superior power, at the same time that it gives him the determinate and real form of his individuality. The great man is the harmonious combination of what is particular with what is general; this combination constitutes the standard value of his greatness, and it involves a twofold condition, first of representing the general spirit of his nation, because it is in relation to that general spirit that his greatness consists; and secondly, of representing the general spirit which confers upon him his greatness, in his own person, in a real form, that is, in a finite, positive, visible, and determinate form, so that what is general may not

consider the import of the phrase: a great man is he who embodies in his intellectual character the highest advancement of the human mind at a determinate period, whose name becomes consequently a land-mark in history, because he is the representative of a definite stage in the mental progress of humanity. This is the most important light in which the character of Mohammed can be viewed; and thus contemplating it we shall find that, while the man helps us to understand the age, the age in its turn explains much that is mysterious in the man. To develop this more clearly, we must take a rapid survey of the three systems, the Christian, the Jewish, and the Magian, which formed the character of Western Asia and Arabia, when first the solitary of Mecca proclaimed his mission.

Every reader of ecclesiastical history must be aware of the deep degradation into which the oriental churches had fallen towards the close of the sixth century; it was an age of forgery and imposture; false gospels were fabricated; miraculous pretensions rashly hazarded; and claims to special revelation made both by the cunning and the credulous. Disputes on all the mysteries, both of natural and revealed religion, were pushed to extravagant and scarcely credible lengths, and the disputants, as is usual, were dogmatic in proportion to their ignorance. Abstruse metaphysical questions, of which the terms were imperfectly understood and their connection wholly unknown, were decided by factious councils; and excommunication, with all its penal consequences, in this world and the next, was denounced against those who did not square their faith according to a standard which was far from being invariable. Had the age been sufficiently enlightened, its want would have been toleration; but for this the world was not yet ripe, and the hidden current of desire was directed towards the simplification of creeds and the substitution of authority, overwhelming authority, for argument.

The effects of the corruptions of Christianity were principally felt by those who professed the Christian faith; Judaism, on the contrary, operated on those who were without its pale. Although the Talmudists had not rejected the pure Theism of the Old Testament, they had so corrupted it, that it was essentially a species of polytheism, nay almost fetichism. Jehovah was, with them, no longer the God of the universe, but of a small section of the human race; the Jews were not peculiarly, but exclusively, the people to whom divine care was extended. In the first sec-

suppress what is particular, and that what is particular may not dissipate and dissolve what is general; that the infinite and the finite may be blended together in that proportion which truly constitutes human greatness."—*History of Philosophy*, p. 296—8.

tion of the first division of the Talmud, we find the following degrading and blasphemous account of the Deity.

" Rabbi Isaac said, there are three watches in the night, and in each watch, the Holy One (blessed be his name!) sits down and roars like a lion, and says, 'Alas! woe is me! who have desolated my house, burned my Temple, and exiled my children among the nations of the world.' Rabbi Jose said, 'One day while travelling, I entered into one of the ruins of Jerusalem to pray. Elias, of happy memory, came there and waited until I had finished my prayer. When I had concluded, he said, 'Peace be unto thee, Rabbi!' I replied, 'Peace be unto thee, Rabbi and Mori!'^{*} He asked, 'Why have you entered into this ruin?' I replied, 'To pray' But, continued he, 'What voice have you heard in this ruin?' I answered, 'I have heard the Bath Kol† moaning like a dove, and saying, Woe is me! who have desolated my house, burned my Temple, and exiled my children among the nations.' Then Elias answered, 'By thy life and the life of thy head,‡ it is not only at this hour that the Bath Kol speaks thus, but as often as the Israelites enter into their synagogues, and their schools, and make the response (Amen, blessed be the Holy Name), so often the Holy One (blessed be his name!) shakes his head and says, 'Happy is the king that they thus celebrate in his house!—what advantage has the father who has exiled his own children?—unhappy are the children exiled from the table of their Father.'"^{—Zeraïm Beracoth.}

From this creed of exclusion strangers naturally recoiled with horror, and the Jews showed little inclination to abate one iota of its repulsiveness; in fact, they were unwilling to make converts, and they treated proselytes as interlopers, who came to grasp part of an inheritance exclusively designed for the seed of Abraham. But there was a desire thus produced of sharing those blessings which the Jews pretended to monopolize, an anxiety to find that the promises of Paradise were not the property of a caste or a family.

There is no period in history better deserving the thorough investigation of a philosophic historian than that in which the Magian religion, which had lurked for centuries in the mountains of Iran, was restored by the Sassanides in all its former "pride, pomp and circumstance." This is not the place to trace its origin, to determine whether the Indo-Bactrian Zerdusht did not derive many of his tenets from the contemplative sages of the Ganges, or to show that from his doctrines the philosophy of the west was derived; here it is sufficient to observe that this revolution was most influential in forming the character of the age; it

* Master and teacher.

† "The daughter of the voice;" this was probably at first a poetic name for the echo; but in the Talmud it always signifies the voice of the Divine Spirit.

‡ A common oriental oath.

stamped its impress on the heresies of the Christians; Manicheism, and the greater part of Gnosticism, arose from the effort to unite the wild imaginings and daring speculations of the Magians with the simple truths of the Gospel. The immortality of the soul was the leading doctrine in the Magian faith; it would be going too far to say with some writers, that the Jews first learned this awful truth from Zerdusht or his followers during the Babylonish captivity; but it is impossible to compare the writings of the later with those of the early prophets, without finding that the doctrine of a future state did not form a prominent article in the national faith of the Jews until they had been subjected to the Persians. The Magians, however, did not promulgate this truth in its naked simplicity: they adorned it with all the gorgeous imagery that the exuberance of oriental fancies could devise; to us, the cold and calculating natives of the west, the doctrine appears all the worse for such additions; but to the "children of the sun," these extravagances were its best recommendations. We find in the Zend-Avesta all those circumstances respecting a future state, which are commonly supposed to belong exclusively to the Koran; the stern inquisitors of the tomb, who take cognizance of "the deeds done in the body;" the bridge, finer than the thread of the gossamer, that spans the gulf of eternal flame, and which is the only passage to the mansions of bliss; the abundant luxuries of Paradise; the awful tortures reserved for the wicked.* The diffusion of such doctrines spread a desire for some revelation respecting the future destiny of man; but the political power claimed by the Magian priests prevented them from becoming popular; and besides, theirs was a revived religion which men remembered to have once fallen into desuetude. The characteristic of the age then appears to have been the desire of a religion possessing a very simple formula of belief, promulgated by one of authority, freely open to all, and offering to believers the enjoyment of a sensual paradise. We do not mention the latter particular with blame, because the world could not at that time appreciate intellectual pleasures, nor understand any delight save those of the senses. Mohammed felt the want of such a religion for himself; he retired to the solitary cave of Mecca, and there meditated deeply and intently, until intellect and imagination combined to develope that religious system to which he gave the name of Islâm (*resignation*).

Mohammed became an eclectic reformer; a reformer in the truest sense of that abused term—for whatever were the defects, the errors and the follies, in his pretended revelation,—and all

* These imaginings belong to the childhood of nations. Several treatises on the "Geography of Hell," appeared in the Middle Ages.—*Lud. Vives.*

three abounded,—still the faith that he preached was infinitely purer than any of the corrupt creeds with which it primarily came into competition. We do not scruple to prefer Mohammedanism to the corrupted system of Zerdusht, Talmudic Judaism, and even idolatrous Christianity. Let us not be misunderstood: we do not here apply the term “idolatrous” to any western Church; we allude to those sects mentioned by Epiphanius, who deified the Virgin Mary, and offered at her altar the twisted cake, called *collyris*, from which they were named Collyridians.

We have said that Mohammed was an eclectic; those who have read the notes to Sale’s Koran, Maracci, and the Zend-Avesta, will need no proof of our assertion, that there is absolutely no novelty in the prophet’s pretended revelations; he in fact formed his entire system from the three prevailing religions; but it is remarkable that he seems to have consulted only the corrupted portions of each. His knowledge of Christianity was derived from the apocryphal New Testament, his Jewish lore was obtained solely from the Talmud, and he seems never to have consulted the philosophical Fargards of the Zend-Avesta. It is probable that these were the only sources open to him; ecclesiastical history informs us that there was a period when the false gospels, childish and absurd as they unquestionably must be called, were far more popular than the true; our Saxon progenitors were delighted with the fables in the gospel of Nicodemus; in the infancy of civilization, as well as in the infancy of an individual,

“The lore of childhood satisfies the child.”

We cannot agree with those who accuse Mohammed of having, with malice prepense, misrepresented the evangelic narratives, because the misrepresentation was made before the prophet was born. A very entertaining account of the Portuguese conquests in India, written by a cotemporary Mohammedan author, has been just published by the Oriental Translation Fund,* in which the editor accuses Mohammed of having forged the story that Christ’s passion was an unreal phantasm. Now the truth is, that this tale was one of the first devised by the early heretics; Sale has shewn that it is to be found in the pseudo-gospel of St. Barnabas, and we have seen a very ancient MS. commentary on the creed, supposed to belong to the tenth century, in which the emphatic clause, “crucified, *dead*, and buried,” is said to have been introduced for the express purpose of refuting that heresy. Mr. Forster also charges Mohammed with wilful misre-

* The Tohfut-ul-Mujahideen, translated by Lieutenant M. J. Rowlandson.

presentation, and he brings forward nearly fifty pages of coincidences between the Koran and the Bible, to prove that Mohammed did actually consult the original Scriptures. The similarity in about three fourths of the passages does not exceed the old joke of identifying pachas and barristers, because each have three tails. Take for instance the following :

"In thy presence is fulness of joy: at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

Psalm xvi. 11.

"Those who approach near unto God are witnesses thereto, thou shalt see in their faces the brightness of joy."—Koran, chap. lxxxiii.

In the cases where there is a decisive similarity, the passages are such as would probably have passed into proverbs, and struck the acute mind of the prophet during his early intercourse with Jews and Christians, when he travelled into Syria on his commercial affairs. There could have been no motive for preferring the apocryphal to the canonical gospel, supposing both to have been equally known, as no man, least of all a man of ability, is gratuitously dishonest. One instance there certainly is of wilful forgery; Mohammed applies to himself Christ's promise of the Holy Spirit, and changes the term Paraclete (comforter) into Periclyte (illustrious), because the signification of the latter word is the same as that of his own names. But this does not avail Mr. Forster, because the promise of the Paraclete was one notorious to every professor of Christianity. It is more for our purpose to remark that the chapter in which this occurs, though headed "revealed at Mecca," was in reality composed at Medina, as appears from the allusion made in it to the battle of Ohod.* The importance of determining the place in which a passage of the Koran was revealed, we shall soon demonstrate.

Mohammed was an impersonation of the spirit of his age; we may add, that he also embodied the patriotic feelings of his country. At this period, a great part of Arabia was subject to the yoke of strangers; the northern part, like Syria, Egypt and Palestine, was subject to the emperors of Constantinople; the shores of the Persian Gulf, and the countries watered by the Tigris and Euphrates, paid homage to the king of Persia; and the southern portions of the country along the Red Sea had been subjugated by the Najâshi or king of Ethiopia. The tribes were prevented from joining in a united effort to establish the freedom of the peninsula by religious differences as well as hereditary animosities. Mecca and the country adjacent, indeed, preserved its independence; but there was no surety for its permanence. The very year in which Mohammed was born, the

* See Sale's Koran, chap. 61, and the second note.

Abyssinians, or Ethiopians, made a vigorous attempt to storm Mecca, but were defeated. The notion of creating a centralization of feeling, which would unite all the Arabians in the maintenance of their country's liberty, was one that presented itself early to the prophet's mind, and it may be traced in those parts of the Koran, which he first offered to the consideration of his disciples.

But Mohammed felt not merely as an Arabian; as a native of Mecca, he belonged to a city which was the centre both of religion and commerce; matters which Heeren has ably shown in his *Researches* to have been intimately connected in ancient times. Within its precincts was the Holy Kaaba, the sanctuary of the sons of Ishmael, adorned with the statues of the heroes whom the Arabs regarded as the founders, or the ornaments of their tribes, mingled with representations of the stars and spirits that superintended the various portions of the material universe. The centre of a previous national worship was admirably calculated to become the capital of a new creed. Complete novelty shocks the mind, but it is received with pleasure when some portion of it awakens old associations.

In describing the process in which his future system was developed in the mind of Mohammed, we merely illustrate a well-known intellectual law, that the speculations regarding a future project begin with broad generalities, and gradually shape themselves into particulars. In his first notions of religious reform, the mind of Mohammed wandered over the entire universe, but when they began to be adapted to practice, his views narrowed to his country, to his city, and to his own house.

We too must descend from general speculations to particulars, and relate from Abulfeda the mode in which Mohammed first announced his mission. Before, however, we do so, we must say that it is not our design to enter at all upon the personal history of Mohammed, though there are few subjects more tempting. Those who wish to read a good life of the prophet, will find one in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, or in a volume of the *American Family Library*; if there be any sufficiently curious to desire to see a biography of the prophet worthless in matter, and contemptible in manner, we can safely recommend them that which has been published by the *Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge*.

Mohammed invited his friends to a feast, designing to embrace this opportunity of declaring his mission; the guests, however, broke up early, and his designs were frustrated. He succeeded better on a second occasion; rising during the banquet, he exposed in that manly tone of indignant eloquence for which he has been

justly celebrated, the follies of idolatry, and the beauties of simple Theism. Ali, his nephew, and future son-in-law, was his first male convert, and he was throughout life the most sincere and conscientious supporter of Islamism. From thenceforth, the new teacher promulgated his doctrines openly; preaching particularly to the crowds of strangers whom traffic or devotion brought to Mecca. Thus far we hold that Mohammed was sincere and honest; but the next epoch in his career brings us to a subject in which his honesty does not altogether escape suspicion. We allude to the account that he gave to his disciples of his night journey from Mecca to Jerusalem, and thence to the seventh heaven. Reinaud gives us the following abridgement of the prophet's narrative:—

“One night,” said Mohammed, “whilst I was asleep, the angel Gabriel presented himself before me, and ordered me to follow him; at the same time he took me by the hand and made me mount the celestial beast Al Borak (*the thunderer*); he then conducted me through the air. We travelled between heaven and earth with such rapidity, that in the twinkling of an eye we reached Mount Sinai. There we stopped to offer a prayer; after which, resuming our journey, we arrived at Bethlehem, the country of Jesus, the son of Mary; we stopped there also to offer a prayer, after which we proceeded to Jerusalem, and stopped on the site of Solomon's temple. After having offered another prayer there, the angel took me up, and covering me with his wings, carried me to heaven. We passed successively through the seven heavens, saluting the angels and archangels that met us, and conversing with the patriarchs and prophets that had lived in the olden times. At last arrived near the throne of God, I advanced alone, and approached the Ineffable Presence. There I saw things that human tongue cannot express, nor human imagination comprehend. After having conversed with the Lord, I returned to Gabriel, and we descended back to Jerusalem, from whence we returned to Mecca. This long voyage was performed in so short a space of time that no one perceived my absence.”

Now it seems to us exceedingly probable that Mohammed had really some such dream as he here describes; indeed there is an express tradition of Moâweyah, one of the prophet's successors, that he spoke of it himself as a vision. But the circumstances which lead to the suspicion of fraud, are, that he insisted on this dream as a special confirmation of his mission, and that he refers to it in the Koran so equivocally, as to leave a doubt whether it was a fact or a fancy. Thus in the seventeenth chapter he says:

“Praise be unto him who transported his servant by night from the sacred temple of Mecca to the farther temple of Jerusalem, the circuit of which we have blessed, that we might show him some of our signs; for God is he who heareth and seeth.”

Again, in the fifty-third chapter :—

“ One mighty in power (Gabriel), endued with understanding, taught it him (Mohammed); and he appeared in the highest point of the horizon. Afterwards he approached the prophet and drew near unto him; until he was at the distance of two bows length from him, or yet nearer; and he revealed unto his servant that which he revealed. The heart of Mohammed did not falsely represent that which he saw. Will ye therefore dispute with him concerning that which he saw? He also saw him another time, by the lote tree, beyond which there is no passing; near it is the garden of eternal abode. When the lote tree covered that which it covered, his eye-sight turned not aside, neither did it wander; and he really beheld some of the greatest signs of his Lord.”

But whatever may be our opinions respecting Mohammed's sincerity in this instance, we find him beginning to exhibit manifest signs of imposture about the thirteenth year of his mission. At this time, his doctrine began to spread in the interior of Arabia, and he had formed an alliance with a powerful party in Medina. He had previously preached patience under suffering and forgiveness of injuries, saying—“ Pardon your enemies until God comes with his commandment;” but when success began to dawn on his projects, he first allowed defensive warfare, and then gradually extended the important change, until at length he declared that the propagation of his religion by the sword was a positive duty. The Koran in fact contains two very distinct religions; the first a system of pure theism, as perfect as the age could produce, inculcating severe morals and stoical submission; this is to be found in most of the chapters declared to be revealed at Mecca; the second system teaches a sanguinary propagandism, permits violations of moral principle, and accommodates itself to circumstances; and this we trace in the chapters dated from Medina. The praise we bestowed on Mohammed as a reformer of his national faith applies solely to the Meccan creed, which is indeed little more than an authoritative republication of natural religion.

The progress of the Mohammedan creed was, we have said, singularly rapid, and we have attributed this to the fact of its having been admirably adapted to the wants and wishes of those to whom it was preached. Of this we have a very curious proof in the autobiography of the emperor Timur, a work of extraordinary interest, published by the Oriental Translation Committee.* Teragay, the father of the imperial author, gives his son the following account of the motives that induced a Tartar emir to adopt the Mohammedan creed; it will be seen that they are such as

* *Mulfuzāt Timūry*, or *Autobiographical Memoirs of the Emperor Timūr (Tamerlane)*, translated by Major Charles Stuart.

would naturally suggest themselves to the natives of central and western Asia.

“The first of our family who had the honour of conversion to the faith of Islam was Kerachār Nuyan, who was the son-in-law of Jagtay Khan; as he was a sensible man, he, of his own accord, adopted the faith of Mohammed, and said to his family and people: “when I look around me in the universe, I see but one world, yet I am of opinion that there are other worlds besides this; but I am also convinced that there is only one God, who hath created all these worlds, and who is all sufficient to rule and direct all these worlds; but as he has chosen this world as his special dominion, he has deemed it requisite to have ministers (to instruct mankind): he hath therefore chosen Mohammed to be his *Vizier* in this world, and as it was requisite that Mohammed should have ministers (to extend his religion), he hath appointed the holy race of Khalifs to this dignity.”

The first portion of Mohammed’s celebrated formula, “God is God,” was a proposition to which every reasonable being assented; the second, “Mohammed is his Prophet,” embodied in religion those notions of vicarial authority which have from the earliest ages prevailed in the East.

In every age of the world, man’s idea of the Divinity has been modified by his notions of civil government; the notion of absolute predestination and irrespective decrees is natural to the mind of one who is ruled by a despot. Hence the extravagant fatalism which the Koran teaches, far from being repulsive, is one of the greatest recommendations of Islamism to its professors. The wild imaginations with which the doctrine is mingled must not however be attributed to Mohammed; the table of fate large as the universe, the recording angel, with his stupendous pen, which a well-mounted horseman could not gallop round in five hundred years—all these are derived from the dreamy speculations of the Jewish rabbins, but the stern and irrevocable decree was one of the most ancient tenets of the Orientals; we find it in the writings of the Bactrian sage, and in the speculations of the philosophers that abode by the Ganges. It is in no small degree owing to the implicit belief in this tenet, that victory so often crowned the arms of the sons of the desert; indeed we scarcely remember a religious war recorded in history, in which the predestinarians did not triumph.*

* On this subject Victor Cousin says: “You will remark, that all great men have in a greater or less degree been fatalists; the error is in the form, not at the foundation of the thought. They feel that in fact they do not exist on their own account; they possess the consciousness of an immense power; and being unable to ascribe the honour of it to themselves, they refer it to a higher power, which uses them as its instruments, in accordance with its own ends.” The names of Mohammed, Cromwell, Gustavus Adolphus, Frederic of Prussia, and Napoleon, may be quoted in illustration of this reasoning.

But it would be unjust to deny that the personal character of Mohammed contributed in no small degree to his success. It is utterly absurd to describe him as some advocates of Christianity have done, as a wretch sullied by every lust, and stained by every crime. No man ever was beloved in whose character there were not traits that merited affection. Now Mohammed was absolutely adored by his followers; to show their regard for him they despised death and courted martyrdom. Khobaib Ebn Ada, during the war between the Prophet and the Koreish, was taken prisoner by the latter, and put to death by lingering tortures. In the midst of his sufferings, his tormentors tauntingly asked, "Would you not wish that Mohammed was in your place?"—"No," he replied, "I would endure this and more, rather than that Mohammed should be pricked by a thorn." The man capable of inspiring such love most assuredly must have possessed no ordinary merits.

Among the least influential of the causes that led to the success of Islamism, we are inclined to place that to which most writers attribute it exclusively; we mean the precept for propagating the doctrine by the sword. It cannot, however, be denied, that Mohammed himself attributed great importance to this doctrine, since he repeats it so often in the Revelations of Medina. The traditions preserved by the commentators relate that the prophet's harangues on this subject were even more emphatic than his writings. "Mohammed," says Abu Moosa, "has declared that in the shade of the scymitars Paradise is prefigured." But it is not to the sword that the Koran owes its most important triumphs and its most devoted converts. To it may be applied what Horace says of Greece,

"Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit."

When the Turks conquered the Saracens, they adopted the religion of the vanquished, and became more enthusiastic in its propagation than the Arabs themselves.

The consequences of the establishment of Islamism have never been accurately developed; because most writers on the subject have confounded the Saracens with the Turks: the original followers of the prophet with the barbarians that subsequently adopted his creed. No writer has more flagrantly fallen into this error than Mills, the author of the *History of the Crusades*, a work more remarkable for elegance of style than accuracy of information. It is in consequence of this confusion that we see Mohammedanism so frequently described as the parent of despotism and ignorance; when, in fact, there was never a more democratic government than that of the Arabs under the first

khalifs, and never a monarchy that encouraged literature more than that of the Moors in Spain. In fact, every religious reformation or change must of necessity have a tendency to produce mental and political freedom. The following remarks in the posthumous work of Benjamin Constant, "*Du Polythéisme Romaine*," are as true as they are ingenious.

"The spirit of independence which characterizes religions at their birth affects not only the religious but also the political forms. Every religion is at this period the friend of liberty. When man frees himself from the chains of power and habit on the most important of all topics, on the subject which decides his future destiny, he cannot remain bowed beneath a yoke which he respects far less, and which his hopes teach him not to fear.

"Thus the revival of religion is also that of the spirit of liberty, and man finds at once strength to aspire to the joys of heaven and to those of earth.

"Equality is an idea inherent in religion; and at an epoch in which man knows no guide but the religious sentiment, equality, which in other times appeared to him a right, then seems a duty.

"Never was any thing more democratic than the government of the Arabs under the immediate successors of Mohammed. We may discover the same tendency in Christianity at its commencement; and the reformers of this creed, though they only laboured to purify a worship that had been long established, were driven to desire the establishment of a republic."

So far are we from believing that the bigotry, intolerance, and brutal fanaticism of the Turks were owing to their having embraced the religion of Mohammed, that we attribute to them the corruption of his creed. We have already said that the Koran contains two distinct religions, the one containing the germs of purity and illumination, the other fraught with maxims of bigotry and intolerance. The Saracens adopted the former; the Tartar nations found the latter more congenial to their dispositions, and attached themselves to it exclusively. History, of no very ancient date, informs us that fanatics have existed who preferred in their Bibles the harshness and gloom of the Mosaic dispensation to the mild and merciful spirit of the Gospel; in whose mouths such quotations as, "that thy feet may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies and that the tongue of thy dogs may be red with the same," were to be found more frequently than "Judge not that ye be not judged," and "Love your enemies." It would be monstrous to hold Christianity accountable for such perversities, and it would be not less unjust that the sanguinary ferocity of the Turks and Tartars should be attributed to Mohammed. Jenghis Khān, who persecuted Islamism, was just as ferocious and just as bigoted as Timūr, its most devoted adherent.

The two great sects which divide the Mohammedan world, the Sunnites and Shiites, do not accurately represent the two religions of the Koran; in both are to be found liberal and enlightened men, who adhere to the prophet's original system of tolerant theism; and in both are to be found fanatics who prefer the precepts of persecution and hatred. But the Sunnites are the most intolerant of the two, because the traditions are more sanguinary in their tendency than even the worst parts of the Koran. It is sufficiently notorious that the Sunnites and Shiites generally hate each other with a bitterness, of which the ancient animosity between Catholics and Protestants gives but a faint notion; but it is not so generally known that this hatred is confined chiefly to the Turks and Persians, and that in India the followers of Omar and the followers of Ali live together in perfect harmony.

The state of Mohammedanism in India has only recently attracted the attention of the English nation, but it has not yet received all the consideration which its importance demands. One cause of this may have been the want of works containing any information on the matter; but this has been now amply remedied, and there is no excuse for neglecting to investigate the social and moral condition of twenty millions, a large portion of whom are our fellow-subjects, while our relations with the rest are daily becoming more complicated and interesting. The doctrine of the Sunnites resident in India, and all their rites and ceremonies, are contained in the *Qanoon-e-Islam*, the work of a native Mussulman, recently published. It would be difficult to name a book in which the information is so full, satisfactory, and complete, but unfortunately it is not popular in its style and manner; to be duly appreciated, it must be carefully studied, and this is scarcely to be expected in our present age of superficial information, when knowledge is diluted until it is almost worthless, in order that it may be diffused to those who have no time to prepare for its reception; and when, if we have not found a royal road to geometry, we have discovered aristocratic paths to the whole circle of the sciences. The *Qanoon-e-Islam* must, however, be diligently studied by all who wish to learn the changes which the religion of the Koran has undergone in India, and the customs of, to us, the most interesting portion of the inhabitants of Hindūstan. The customs of the Shiites have been also exhibited in a work by Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali, than which we know of none, even in the garb of fiction, more distinguished for graphic liveliness, while at the same time we are convinced that the portraiture is perfectly faithful even in the most minute trait. From the consideration of both these works, we are led to believe,

that in India the best parts of the Mohammedan faith are the most influential, and its fanaticism least likely to produce injurious consequences.

The Sunnites and Shiites in India do not exhibit the animosity which divides the Turks and Persians; they live together in perfect harmony, and frequently share in the same religious festivals. There are some among them who even unite the principles of the two sects, and bestow their praises impartially on the Khalifs and the Imāms. Another, and perhaps a more curious modification of Mohammedanism in India is, that like the Hindūs, the followers of Islamism are lax in their creed, and wondrously strict in their practice. Every action of life, however trifling and minute, is subjected to strict rule, and the observances are as special as among the followers of the Brahmins. The ceremonies also of the Indian Mohammedans are manifestly derived from the Hindūs; we may instance the *Tazee*, in memory of the martyrdom of Hossein, which is clearly borrowed from the Hindū festival in honour of the goddess of death; and the Peers or Saints are destined to fill the places of the inferior deities in the Hindū Pantheon. The mixture of Brahminical rites with the precepts of the Koran, may, we think, suggest to our missionaries, that much more good might be effected by trying to make the process of reformation commence within the circle of Mohammedanism, than by any efforts for sudden and total conversion.

The Siks, originally an order of religious mendicants, in the last century an association of freebooters and robbers, but now a powerful nation, whose sovereign can bring more than one hundred thousand men into the field, have been formed by the blending together of the Mohammedan and Hindū races. From the Koran their founder derived the simple theism which the prophet first propounded, and while he by this means conciliated the Moslemim, he won the Hindūs by proposing to abrogate the absurd tyranny of castes. We extract the following account of the origin of this curious race from the *Siyar-ul-Mutakherin*, lately published by the Oriental Translation Committee, a very singular historical work, whose author deserves to be called the Mohammedan Burnet.

“ These people (the Siks) from their birth, or from the moment of their admission, if they enter as proselytes, never cut or shave either their beards or whiskers, or any hair whatever of their bodies. They form a particular society, which distinguishes itself by wearing blue garments, and going armed at all times. *When a person is once admitted into that fraternity, they make no scruple of associating with him, of whatever tribe, clan or race he may have been hitherto, nor do they betray any*

*of those scruples and prejudices so deeply rooted in the Hindū mind.** This sect or fraternity, which first became powerful about the latter end of Aurengzib's reign, has for its chief, Guru Govind, one of the successors of Nanec Guru, the founder of the sect. Nanec was the son of a grain merchant, of the Katri tribe, who in his youth was as remarkable for his good character, as for the beauty of his person and for his talents. Nor was he destitute of fortune. There was then in those parts a dervish of note, called Seid Hussein, a man of eloquence as well as of wealth, who having no children of his own, and being struck with the beauty of young Nanec, conceived a great regard for him, and charged himself with his education. As the young man was early introduced to the knowledge of the most esteemed writings of Islam, and initiated into the principles of our most approved doctrines, he advanced so much in learning, and became so fond of his studies, that he made it a practice in his leisure hours to translate literally and make notes and extracts of our moral maxims. His collection becoming extensive, it took the form of a book, which he entitled Grant, and he became famous in the days of the Emperor Baber, from which time he was followed by multitudes of converts. This book is to this day held in so much veneration and esteem amongst the Sikhs, that they never touch or read it, without assuming a respectful posture, and in reality, as it is a compound of what Nanec had found most valuable in those books which he had been perusing, and is written with much force, it has all the merit peculiar to truth and sound sense."

The success that has attended this attempt to form a new and more comprehensive creed, by the junction of the religion of the Koran with that of the Vedas, leads us to the important question—is Mohammedanism a system likely to continue? What chances are there for the conversion of the Islamite nation? The great success of the Wahabees and the Sikhs proves decisively that the permanence of the Mohammedan creed is by no means secure, and that a reformer, who took from the Koran its simple element of pure theism, and rejected all its cumbrous observances, would have very fair prospects of success. The philosophical sects of Persia, who have combined the mystic metaphysics of India with the law of the Arabian teacher, are too far removed from popular feelings to effect any national change; but their influence in weakening the implicit faith of their countrymen is daily becoming more conspicuous. The elements of reform are, as we have shown, to be found in the Koran itself; and reform must, we think, precede renovation. From direct conversions we hope but trifling results; in fact a single lecturer on natural sciences would be more efficacious than a host of missionaries. In the Bible nothing can be found, which, fairly construed, can

* The total abolition of caste is the most striking peculiarity in the new sect; it is perhaps also one of the chief causes of the rapidity with which it has made converts.

be regarded as contradictory to the true system of the universe, or to any modern discoveries in astronomy and physics. With the Koran it is far otherwise; Mohammed is just as particular and just as absurd in his cosmology as the ancient fathers, and his gross blunders would disgust the merest school-boy. His system cannot therefore resist the advancement of knowledge and the progress of civilization, but the means of its overthrow must be the science which it contradicts, not the Bible of which it pretends to be confirmatory. But whatever be the means most likely to prove effectual, it is a fact beyond all doubt that the religion of the Crescent is rapidly falling into decay. Its fate cannot be averted, though we should hesitate to recommend any measures to accelerate the process. There is deep wisdom in the following observations of Benjamin Constant, in the work which we have already quoted from:—

“Religion, in its decline, always injures that morality of a superior order, which it alone has created, and which cannot exist without it. It injures this principle by giving man an opportunity of mocking that which he has long respected; he contracts the habit of employing irony upon serious subjects, a disposition not merely frivolous, but narrow and base; and the apparent elegance of the pleasantry does not remedy the ignoble principle upon which it is founded. The outrage offered to a reminiscence formerly revered is a sort of effrontery of soul, revolting even to him who indulges in it. He who insults the religion of his country, even when that religion is fallen, feels almost always a compunctious sensation of impropriety, and he who familiarizes himself with this sensation, breaks the delicate fibre, whose destruction deteriorates morality.”

It is dangerous to teach converts to revile the religion they have quitted; it is still more dangerous to render men discontented with the religion of their fathers, before we are sure that they will accept a better system in its stead. Instead of branding Mohammed as an impostor, and calling the Koran a blasphemous fable, the labour of Christians should be to direct attention to the purer parts of his character and the many excellent sections of his book. It is not easy, and it is not necessary, to point out the intermediate stages through which Islamism must pass before it gradually merges into a pure religion; and it is just as difficult and just as useless to show the degrees by which a person who has been couched must be brought to bear the light of the sun in its meridian splendour.

ART. X.—*A Residence at the Court of London.* By the Hon. Richard Rush, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary for the United States of America, from 1817 to 1825. Philadelphia, and London, 1833. 8vo. pp. 420.

A WORK on England from the pen of any intelligent and well-educated American, who had spent more than *seven* years in this country, would naturally excite much interest and be entitled to much attention. It would be the result of a far longer experience than is thought requisite by the majority of travellers to justify the publication of their remarks. Our own countrymen do not, it is true, emulate at present the flippant hardihood of such pretensions to intuition, as have been exhibited in works like "*Quinze Jours à Londres*," and yet in almost every instance we are obliged to be content with information respecting other lands, which, if we are to estimate its authority by the opportunities of the traveller, we should, in comparison with the result of a *seven* year's residence, regard as superficial. The best travels in America that have lately been published, have been founded upon an acquaintance with that country of not more than three years. The seven-years' resident would therefore have a claim to our attention upon the score of time alone. But greatly would his claim be strengthened if he had been residing here under circumstances peculiarly advantageous, under circumstances which would afford him ready access to all that was most interesting in our institutions, and would bring him into frequent communication with the most eminent persons of the time—if, in short, like Mr. Rush, he had lived amongst us in the character of a minister plenipotentiary from his own government. These are very favourable circumstances; but while they attract our attention to the work, they tend to raise expectations which, it must be owned, are not thoroughly satisfied by the perusal. In saying this, we do not mean to withhold from Mr. Rush's work the due meed of considerable praise. It is the well-written, sensible, and dispassionate work of a right-minded, observant, and intelligent man; but it is not quite what we might have expected from an American minister who had resided more than seven years in this country. Undoubtedly it contains much important matter; but the quantity of utterly unimportant matter which contributes to fill this single moderate-sized octavo volume, bears too large a proportion to the rest. We do not blame the author for recounting rather minutely many details of court ceremony, and the habits of social life, which to us seem unimportant. To American readers they afford information; and even to us it is not uninteresting to see how those parts of our system, with which we are too familiar to be compe-

tent judges, are regarded by strangers. Still there is too much of this. A few well-selected instances would have saved a vast deal of unprofitable repetition. Americans may like to hear from good authority how that important part of English social life, the dinner, is conducted in aristocratic circles; but it was not necessary that we should be furnished from the pen of an "envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary" with lists of the company at more than twenty dinners of which Mr. and Mrs. Rush partook during the first year of their residence in England. In these lists many persons are mentioned who are of no celebrity, and appear to have borne no part in the conversation which is related to have taken place. The sight of their names would convey no information to an American, and in us they only raise a smile by their resemblance to similar enumerations of "distinguished guests" at "grand dinners" in the morning papers. Our disappointment arises not only from the unimportant subjects on which Mr. Rush has dwelt too much, but from a consideration of the many important ones which are entirely omitted—of our public institutions, very few appear to have been visited. Of public meetings we have no notices, except two meagre accounts of a meeting of the Bible Society, and the polling at the hustings in Covent Garden. London, east of Temple Bar, is discussed in little more than three pages, of which a large share is devoted to the shop of Rundell and Bridge. Our charitable institutions, our churches, our docks, our prisons, our theatres, our courts of law, and our houses of parliament, receive scarcely any notice at all; and there are many interesting subjects connected with these, and arising naturally out of them, which we should be glad to have seen handled by one so candid and intelligent as Mr. Rush, but of which, unhappily, no trace appears in the pages before us. Mr. Rush is not hereby accused of having neglected, during the whole of his residence, to bestow his attention upon any of the objects of interest which have been enumerated above. In fact this volume contains the narrative of only a small portion of his residence. He landed in England on the 19th of December, 1817, and his journal proceeds only to the 26th of January, 1819.

"When I first took the pen to prepare the following sheets for the press," says Mr. Rush, in his preliminary address 'to the reader,' "it was with the intention of going through the full term of my mission; but finding them run on to their present number in using the materials of little more than a year, I have, for the present, given over that intention. I am the more admonished to this course, as negotiations with which I was charged at later periods were more elaborate and full than any recorded in this volume. Miss More, in noticing Pope's precept that the greatest art in writing is '*to blot*,' says that there is still a greater—*the art to stop*."—p. iii.

Admitting the truth of this saying of Miss More's, we must add that there is moreover still a greater—*the art to select*. It was by no means necessary for the gratification of the public, that Mr. Rush should "go through the full term of his mission." If he wished to avoid that "great evil, a great book," and afford to the public in a compendious form much amusement and information, this surely might better have been effected by *selected* notices of all that was most interesting and important that had passed before him during these seven years, than by attempting a narrative in the form of a regular journal, to which form he has not adhered even during the first twelvemonth. The work would have been rendered most complete by a combination of these two methods. We should be sorry to lose the natural and vivid colouring of first impressions, which is exhibited most easily and agreeably in the pages of a diary. We also agree with Mr. Rush, in thinking that it may not be "unacceptable to the American community to know something of the personal reception of their minister in England, in virtue of the trust he bears; not simply that which awaits him in the common forms when he first arrives, but more generally afterwards." This again can be better conveyed by a diary than by any other form of narrative; and for this purpose we should not have objected, if the first six months of Mr. Rush's residence in England had been detailed with even greater minuteness. But that being done, and the requisite insight being thereby afforded into the course of English social life, we should then desire a careful selection of the well-digested results of a further residence of six years and a half. Six eventful years remain still unrecorded; and we are sufficiently pleased with the specimen before us cordially to invite Mr. Rush to lay before the public the *selected* fruits of the experience with which those six years must have supplied him.

In reading this work one question naturally suggests itself, which does not appear to be satisfactorily solved. Between the day at which the journal closes, and the date of the address prefixed to the publication, is an interval of more than fourteen years, during which England had been resided in by the writer more than six years, and visited again in 1829. It may therefore be asked, does this narrative exhibit the impressions of Mr. Rush as they existed in 1818, uncorrected by subsequent experience; or has he availed himself of that subsequent experience to correct whatever may have been fallacious in his original impressions? We cannot suspect Mr. Rush of allowing any thing to go forth to the world in his name, which he believes to be unsound in any important particular; but with respect to modifications of opinion, he may not necessarily have been so scrupulous; nay, he may even have consi-

dered it more consistent with fidelity to leave them as he found them originally recorded. On this point we have a right to be inquisitive, and would fain know, (to use a pictorial phrase,) whether the colouring of his sketches has been mellowed by time, or whether we now see it precisely as it was laid on fourteen years ago. Mr. Rush's preliminary address is ambiguous on this point. "A residence of nearly eight years," he says, "corrected many erroneous impressions I had previously taken up." But after this he tells us, that "these opinions, of whatever nature, in which I have indulged, have reference, with scarcely any exceptions, to the dates that belong to them." This seems to inform us that the impressions recorded are almost invariably those of more than fourteen years ago, but it is not so explicit as might reasonably be desired. We can, however, quote one descriptive passage, to which these objections are not applicable. It was written in the present year, and describes a visit to England in 1829.

"I went to England again on a short visit in 1829. An interval of but four years had elapsed; yet I was amazed at the increase of London. The Regent's Park, which, when I first knew the west-end of the town, disclosed nothing but lawns and fields, was now a city. You saw long rows of lofty buildings, in their outward aspect magnificent. On this whole space was set down a population of probably not less than fifty or sixty thousand souls. Another city, hardly smaller, seemed to have sprung up in the neighbourhood of St. Pancras Church and the London University. Belgrave Square, in an opposite region, broke upon me with like surprise. The road from Westminster Bridge to Greenwich exhibited for several miles compact ranges of new houses. Finchley Common, desolate in 1819, was covered with neat cottages, and indeed villages. In whatever direction I went, indications were similar. I say nothing of Carlton Terrace, for Carlton House was gone, or of the street, of two miles, from that point to Park Crescent, surpassing any other in London, or any that I saw in Europe. To make room for this new and spacious street, old ones had been pulled down, of which no vestige remained. I could scarcely, but for the evidence of the senses, have believed it all. The historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire remarks, that the description, composed in the Theodosian age, of the many stately mansions in Rome, might almost excuse the exaggeration of the poet—that Rome contained a multitude of palaces, and that each palace was equal to a city. Is the British metropolis advancing to that destiny? Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and other provincial towns that I visited, appeared, on their smaller scales, to have increased as much.

"In the midst of it all, nearly every newspaper that I opened rang the changes upon the distress and poverty of England. Mr. Peel's bill, banishing bank-notes under five pounds from circulation, had recently passed. There was great clamour—there is always clamour at something among this people. Prices had fallen—trade was said to be irre-

coverably ruined, through the *over-production of goods*. I have since seen the state of things at that epoch better described perhaps, as the result of an *under-production of money*. Workmen in many places were out of employ; there were said to be fourteen thousand of this description in Manchester, I saw portions of them walking along the streets. Most of this body had struck for wages. I asked how they subsisted when doing nothing. It was answered, that they had laid up funds by joint contributions among themselves whilst engaged in work. In no part of Liverpool or its extensive environs did I see pauperism; the paupers for that entire district being kept within the limits of its poor-house; in which receptacle I was informed there were fifteen hundred. I passed through the vale of Cheshire; I saw in that fertile district, in Lancashire, Staffordshire, Derbyshire, Leicestershire, Warwickshire, Worcestershire, appearances of widespread prosperity, in the lands, houses, canals, roads, public works, domestic animals, people—in every thing that the eye of the merely transient traveller took in.”—*Preface*, p. xi.—xiii.

The tone of Mr. Rush's work is very creditable to him. It is liberal, dispassionate, and high-minded. No paltry jealousy or narrow prejudice appears in its pages. He censures without acrimony, and gives praise with cordial frankness where he feels it to be due. His descriptions are clear, graphic, and unlaboured, exhibiting that correctness of observation and conscientious fidelity of statement, which are more to be prized in a traveller than the most splendid powers of poetical illustration. His style is unpretending and good. We have frequently observed that Americans write very good English. No modern writer has cultivated the graces of language with more success than Washington Irving; and Mr. Rush, though he does not pretend to the ornate elegance of his countryman, deserves praise for clear and terse propriety of expression. But we desire to call attention to qualities more valuable than a graceful style. We would advert to the high-minded feeling and tone of conciliation which breathes throughout this work.

“Enough has been written and said on both sides to irritate,” says Mr. Rush, in his Preface. “My desire is, and such my effort, to soothe. President Jackson, in his last annual message to Congress, has spoken of the value of a good understanding between two countries ‘*cemented by a community of language, manners, and social habits, and by the high obligations we owe to our British ancestors for many of our most valuable institutions, and for that system of representative government which has enabled us to preserve and improve them.*’”—p. vii.

Mr. Rush appears to have preserved these commendable feelings even when assailed by observations tending to provoke a different spirit.

“January 26. Mr. * * * * * called on me. He applied for an in-

interview, stating himself to be —. It was his purpose to ask information relative to the navy boards of the United States, and other matters pertaining to the civil organization of our marine. He talked a good deal. Sometimes his remarks were more full than the mere desire for information seemed to call. A foolish rumour was in town of Bonaparte's escape from St. Helena, the rumour adding that a fast-sailing American schooner had been in the plot. This led him to speak of the exploits of the American navy. He touched upon them with sufficient complaisance, but wound up with an allusion to the action between the Chesapeake and Shannon. That, on the whole, ought to be considered, he thought, the fairest trial of the naval prowess of the two countries, frigate to frigate. I did not argue with him. He soon left me, after the somewhat singular topics it had been his pleasure to indulge in. It was the first and only time it had been my lot to hear any broached in England not suited to the good feelings of conversation, though, certainly, I experienced no uneasiness."—pp. 418, 419.

There is both dignity and good sense in the manner in which the following intimation is received.

"July 21. Mr. * * * * called upon me. He said that there would appear in the next Quarterly Review, an article on the life and character of Franklin. It was to be the medium of an attack upon the United States. It would disparage the people, and under-rate the resources of the nation. It would particularly examine the claims of the United States as a naval power, and strip them of importance. It would state their tonnage at less than nine hundred thousand, and as decreasing; endeavouring to show from this and other things, that their maritime resources were not only inconsiderable at present, but not formidable in prospect. The object of the publication was to lower the reputation of the United States in Europe. To this end, it would be translated into French, republished in Paris, and thence widely circulated. Finally, that the article was already known to persons who stood high in England, and countenanced by them.

"The last part of what my informant communicated, may, or may not, be true. The whole is of small concern. Cromwell said, that a *government* was weak that could not stand paper shot. Who then shall write down a *nation*? Insignificant states escape assaults of the pen. Powerful ones can bear them. If the United States have long been exposed to these assaults, so has England. They come upon her from abroad, but more at home. Anybody who will spend six months in London, and look at only a portion of the publications daily thrown from the press, will be surprised at the number of denunciations he will surely find of England. The crimes and other enormities committed by her people; the profligacy of the lower orders, the vices of the higher; the corruptions of the Government, its partiality, injustice, tyranny; the abuses of law; the abuses in the Church; the appalling debt, the grinding taxation, the starving poor, the pampered rich—these and like topics, on which are based assertions of wide-spread depravity and suffering unparalleled, are urged in every form, and run out into all details.

It is not the cheap, unstamped press which alone reiterates them ; but many of the highest and most powerfully supported of the journals. Sometimes France is fiercely attacked, sometimes Russia, sometimes the Holy Alliance, sometimes the United States ; but England always. The battering-ram against her never stops. What English writers thus say of their own country, and the picture is commonly summed up with predictions of national ruin, crosses the Channel next day, is translated in the French, and, as foretold of the forthcoming article in the *Quarterly Review*, circulated over Europe. In a month it has crossed the Atlantic, and is circulating in America. Millions read, millions believe it. In the midst of it all, England goes on in prosperity and power. Europe and the world see both, in proofs irresistible. The enlightened portion of the world perceive, also, alongside of the picture of moral deformity, no matter how much may be true, or how much over-coloured, counteracting fields of excellence, public and private, that exalt the English nation to a high pitch of sober renown.

“ It is in this manner I content myself as a citizen of the United States. The last forty years have witnessed their steady advance, in prosperity and power. Europe and the world behold both in proofs as irresistible. The enlightened portion of the world will also infer, that a nation with a foreign commerce overshadowing that of the greatest nations of Europe, England excepted ; whose whole tonnage, instead of nine hundred thousand, already exceeds fifteen hundred thousand ; a nation throughout whose borders the public liberty and prosperity have long been diffusing the means of private comfort and the lights of general education,—the enlightened everywhere will infer, that such a nation cannot be wanting in adequate intellectual advancement or social refinements, any more than in political power. They follow through the indissoluble connexion between causes and effects. Ingenuity and ill-nature hunting for exceptions, may find them ; but the greatest field of excellence remains. It will continue to widen, until Britain herself, encompassed as she is with glory, will in time count it her chiefest, to have been the original stock of such a people.”—pp. 275—279.

A conversation with the Duke of Sussex gives rise to the following remarks, which, whatever may be our opinion with respect to the practicability and propriety of the change suggested, cannot be otherwise than gratifying as a proof of the sympathetic feeling between England and America, which is, in the words of President Jackson, “ cemented by a community of language.”

“ The French was spoken of as the language of conversation in Europe. His Royal Highness said, that he would not perhaps object to this, as it was established ; but when used as the language of state papers and treaties, he was disposed to make a quære. The French was acquired by foreigners with sufficient precision for conversation, and general purposes of literature ; but in drawing up treaties, where the employment of words in their nicest shades of meaning was often of national moment, he who wrote in his native language had an advan-

tage ; and however slight, it was enough to lay the practice open to objection. He would suggest as a remedy, that treaties and other solemn state papers, to which two or more nations were parties, should be drawn up in Latin. This would put modern nations upon a par. Each would stand upon the scholarship of their public men. It was to this effect he spoke. I thought it in the natural feeling of an English prince.

“ The language of France has been diffused by her social manners, the merit of her writers, the exile of her protestants, and the power of her monarchy. Some of these influences are past. Others are shared by contemporary nations. Is it right that the monopoly of her language should last for ever ? I would be much inclined to his Royal Highness's remedy, if there were no other, though open to difficulty, perhaps, from modern terms of art. But I venture upon the suggestion of another. Let the language most likely to be predominant throughout Christendom, be the common vehicle of Christendom. If a living language is to be adopted at all, this would be the fairest test. The European dominions of Britain have a population of upwards of twenty-two millions ; the United States count more than twelve, to take no notice of the rapid increase of the latter, or numerous colonies of the former. Here is enough to authorize the belief, that, already, there are more persons to whom English is the vernacular tongue than French ; and that it is destined to gain, not only upon the French, but German, Spanish, and all others. There is another fact more applicable. The foreign commerce of Britain and that of the United States conjointly, exceed that of all Europe. This serves, at the present day, to send forth the English tongue more extensively to all parts of the globe, than the French, or any of Christendom. Malherbe asserted the rights of his native language so strenuously against all foreign usurpation, that he gained at the French court the appellation of “ *tyrant of words and syllables*.” Very well, in a Frenchman ! But if treaties and all other international papers are always to be written in French words and syllables, what becomes of the equal independence of English words and syllables ? The French are too just to disparage the language of Milton, and Newton, and Locke ; and why should they insist upon the perpetual preference of their own ? or rather why should England acquiesce ?”—pp. 122—124.

The discreet abstinence from personality which Mr. Rush has prescribed to himself, has necessarily fettered his pen in the delineation of character ; and prevented him from giving us such free, vigorous portraiture as we might, perhaps, otherwise have received. But we respect the cause too much to repine at the omission. There has been too great a proneness of late years to amuse the many at the expense of the few ; and a departure from such a practice deserves to be commended. The little which he has afforded us in the way of characteristic delineation is not eminently happy. A comparison of such men as Canning and Mackintosh afforded an opportunity from which something better

might have been expected than the following,—which, though it contains nothing objectionable, and is very well expressed, must be felt to be not quite sufficient and rather common place.

“ Both were first-rate men, as well by native endowments, as the most careful cultivation ; and both disciplined by an advantageous intermixture in great political and social scenes ; Macintosh, universal and profound ; Canning, making every thing bend to parliamentary supremacy ; the one, delivering speeches in the House of Commons for the philosopher and statesman to reflect upon ; the other winning, in that arena, daily victories. Both had equal power to charm in society ; the one various and instructive ; the other intuitive and brilliant ; Macintosh, by his elementary turn, removed from all collisions ; Canning, sarcastic as well as logical in debate, and sometimes allowing his official pen to trespass in the former field ; but in private circles, bland, courteous, and yielding. Let me add, that both were self-made men ; enjoying, by this title, the highest political consideration and social esteem, in the most powerful hereditary and other circles of the British empire.” —p. 235.

Of Lord Castlereagh, with whom Mr. Rush's diplomatic duties brought him into frequent communication, we might have hoped some vivid and well-drawn picture ; but Mr. Rush disclaims the intention of portraying his character, and dwells only on one prominent attribute,—his “ entire fearlessness.” The most valuable portion of this work is the relation of various interviews with that minister, and the important subjects of negotiation between them. On the whole it is favourable to the character of Lord Castlereagh. Simplicity, frankness, and straight-forwardness seem to have been the characteristics of his course of proceeding as a minister of state. Judging from this work, we should say, that the imputation of tortuous and double-dealing policy which many have endeavoured to attach to his memory, is as little deserved as the accusation of having succumbed to the Holy Alliance, from which we attempted to rescue his fame in two numbers of this Review, in 1831. Mr. Rush thinks that, had it not been for Lord Castlereagh's premature departure for the continent, the negotiation between this Kingdom and America on the subject of impressment would not have failed. He says,

“ Perhaps I may be wrong, for I speak from no authority, but am not able to divest myself of an impression that, had Lord Castlereagh been in London, there would not have been a failure. I am aware that he was kept informed of the progress of the negotiation. We had reason to believe that the documents were regularly sent on for his inspection. Still, he could not share in the full spirit of all that passed. He had the European relations of Britain in his hands. Impressment, although in truth a primary concern, could not, at such a season, have commanded all his thoughts. But I know how anxiously he entered

into it, before his departure for Aix-la-Chapelle. He saw that the great principle of adjustment had at last been settled ; and I can scarcely think that he would have allowed it to be foiled, by carrying too much rigour into details."—pp. 375, 376.

This subject, and the negociations to which it gave rise, deserve a short notice. The case stood thus. It was notorious that many of our seamen, tempted by the inducements which America held out, had entered the American navy. Great Britain has endeavoured to obtain a remedy by claiming the right to search upon the seas American vessels for her seamen, and to take out such as might be found therein. This, broadly stated, seems tolerably free from objection ; but there were serious difficulties attending the execution. The difficulty of discriminating between British and American seamen is almost insurmountable. Yet this difficulty was to be summarily solved, and any man amongst an American crew might be picked out and adjudged to be British, at the discretion of the boarding officer. This officer, says Mr. Rush, " is accuser and judge. He decides upon his own view instantly ; the impressed man is forced away and the case ends. No appeal follows. There is no trial of any kind. More important still, there is no remedy should it appear that a wrong has been committed." Mistakes must naturally arise from the difficulty of deciding, and the circumstances under which the decision is made ; and it is unhappily true not only that mistakes have arisen, but that their number has been very great. It appears that previous to 1812, 2554 American citizens had been wrongfully impressed, under the supposition of their being British subjects. We fully admit that America has a right to be protected against the operation of a system which could produce so extensive an infringement on the liberties of her citizens. On the other hand, Great Britain has an indefeasible right to be protected against the ruinous consequences of an unrestricted enlistment. " She complains," says Mr. Rush, " that she is aggrieved by the number of her seamen who get into the merchant service of the United States, through our naturalization laws and other causes. This takes from her, she alleges, the right arm of her defence. Without her navy, her existence, no less than her glory, might be endangered. It is, therefore, vital to both, that when war comes, she should reclaim her seamen from the vessels of a nation where they are so frequently found." The abstract right of Great Britain to some remedy for this unquestionable evil will scarcely be contested. The question is, how can it be applied—how can conflicting rights be reconciled ? " The United States," says Mr. Rush, " have never denied to Great Britain the *right of search.*"

" They allege, however, that this means search for enemy's property, or articles contraband of war, not search for *men*. They say that no public code, or other adequate authority, has ever established the latter as an international right. If its exercise by any other state than Great Britain can be shown, the instances are averred to be too few, and too devoid of the evidences of general consent, to have made it part of the law of nations.

" Great Britain places her claim on the ground of natural allegiance. She alleges that, by a principle of universal law, a man owes this kind of allegiance to the country of his birth. That he never can shake it off. That as his country protects him, so it may demand his services in return ; especially in time of war.

" The United States reply, that the principle of natural allegiance, however cherished by some states, is not universal. Sir William Blackstone, in the Commentaries, so able for the most part, lays it down as universal. But he refers for support, only to the writers of England. Puffendorf holds that allegiance may be put off. So do Grotius and Bynkershoek. If we choose to go as far back as the Justinian code, we shall there find the same doctrine. The principle of perpetual allegiance may be held sacred by Britain ; it may be of the highest practical importance under her own system ; but the United States say, that its operations should be confined to her own territorial dominions, and the decks of her own merchant vessels."—pp. 160, 161.

We must object to several parts of the foregoing extract: and first to the concluding sentence. Surely the tendency of the last clause of the sentence is practically to deny that principle of allegiance which seems to be acknowledged in the first. It is not within a state's " own territorial dominions," or on the " decks of her own merchant vessels" that a subject is likely to violate his allegiance. To confine the operation of the principle to those circumstances under which it is least likely to be infringed, is almost to annul it altogether. As well might the operation of laws for the protection of property be confined to such property as the owner could bear about his person. Mr. Rush tells us that Puffendorf and Grotius hold " that allegiance may be put off." We should like to have been informed of the actual expressions of these jurists. Meanwhile, however, we will quote the words of a *later* authority, Vattel, who thus qualifies a man's right to transfer his allegiance. " Every man," he says, " has a right to quit his country, in order to settle in any other, *when by that step he does not endanger the welfare of his country*. In a time of *peace* he may travel on business, provided that he be always ready to return *whenever the public interest recalls him*." Does this sanction such a putting off of allegiance as would justify enlistment in a foreign navy? Sir William Blackstone, it is true, for support of his position, refers only to the writers of England. Why should he do otherwise? He was treating of the

allegiance which England exacts. And here we must take occasion to observe that allegiance is not strictly a question of international law, as Mr. Rush appears to consider it. The mode in which transferred allegiance should be reclaimed may be a question of international law; but not so the principle itself. A state is not bound to consult with other states as to the extent of duty which its subjects owe to it, and the strength of the ties by which they are bound. Different nations may view the obligation differently, just as their laws of naturalization may differ. They cannot insist upon a common code, far less can they prescribe the rule by which the subjects of another state shall in their capacity of subjects be governed. It matters little whether the principle of allegiance be universal or not. Its being disavowed by any one state will not vitiate the rights of others: and Great Britain may equally claim it of her subjects. Mr. Rush next affirms that no public code has ever established the search for *men* as an international right. This may be true; and yet the non-existence of any written stipulation to that effect will not be conclusive against the principle. Look at the right which America admits—the right of search for “articles contraband of war.” Next look, not merely to the letter, but to the intent and spirit which has dictated this practice, so formally recognized by the law of nations. “It is,” says Vattel, “an object of such high importance to a nation at war, to prevent, as far as possible, the enemy’s being supplied with such articles as will add to his strength and render him more dangerous, that necessity and the care of his own welfare and safety authorize him to take effectual methods for that purpose, and to declare that all commodities of that nature destined for the enemy shall be considered as lawful prize.” The *letter* of this passage speaks of “articles” and “commodities;” but does not the *spirit* go much further? If it is acknowledged to be important and right that a nation should prevent an enemy from being supplied with what may “add to his strength and render him more dangerous,” does not a full application of the principle include what must be considered of more importance than the “commodities” in question—than arms and ammunition—*men*? We grant that the permission to search for arms, &c. does not include permission to search for men; for rules must be construed strictly, and the lesser does not include the greater. But when it is considered that the right of a state over the services of its subjects in war is stronger than the right it exercises of seizing arms that may be in progress towards an enemy;—when it is considered that the principle on which the latter is based, lends a still more powerful sanction to the former, we would say that, *a fortiori*, the power of reclaiming

the service of deserted subjects is one which, under due regulations, ought not to be denied.

Though Mr. Rush denies this abstract right, he is inclined to rest his case rather on the indignity and inconvenience resulting from what he terms Great Britain's "claim to enforce her own municipal code relating to allegiance and impressment" on board American vessels: and, except in the foregoing extract, the question of right is little mooted. Previous endeavours had not been wanting to bring the question of impressment to a satisfactory conclusion. On the part of America, Mr. King in 1803, and Messrs. Monroe and Pinkney in 1806, had failed in their attempt to negotiate an adjustment. Mr. Rush, in April, 1818, in an interview with Lord Castlereagh, laid before him the following written proposal for the abolition of impressment.

"Great Britain alleging a right to impress her seamen out of American vessels upon the high seas, it follows, that whenever a mode can be devised for their previous exclusion from American vessels, the motive for the practice must be at an end. It is believed that this may be effected by each nation imposing restraints upon the naturalization of the seamen of the other, and reciprocally excluding from their service all seamen not naturalized. If Great Britain be allowed to naturalize American seamen, the United States must be allowed to naturalize British seamen. Each should be at liberty to afford the same facilities, or bound to interpose the same restraints. The greater the difficulty in acquiring the right of citizenship, the easier will it be to avoid imposition, and the more complete the desired exclusion. The law of Congress of the third of March, one thousand eight hundred and thirteen, of all the provisions of which Great Britain may command the benefit, will prove how sincerely the United States desire to settle this controversy on conditions satisfactory to Great Britain. By that law it is made indispensable for every British subject, who may hereafter become a citizen, to reside five years in the United States without intermission, and so many guards are interposed to prevent frauds, that it seems scarcely possible they should be eluded. No British subject can be employed in a public or private ship of the United States, unless he produce to the commander in the one case, and to the collector of the port in the other, a certified copy of the act by which he became naturalized. A list of the crew, in the case of a private ship, must be taken, certified, and recorded by the collector; and the consuls or commercial agents of Great Britain may object to the employment of a seaman, and have the privilege of attending the investigation relative to his citizenship. The commander of a public ship receiving a person not duly qualified, is to forfeit a thousand dollars, and the commander or owner of a private ship, five hundred. It is also made a felony, punishable by fine and imprisonment, for any person to forge or counterfeit, or to pass, or use, any forged or counterfeited certificate of citizenship, or to sell or dispose of one. The United States will also be willing to provide, that every British subject desiring to become a citizen, shall be bound to appear in

person before the proper tribunal, once a year, for the term of five years, until his right shall be completed, or adopt any other more practical and satisfactory evidence that his residence within their territory was *bond fide* and uninterrupted, it being their sincere desire to employ their own seamen only, and exclude British. By requiring five years' uninterrupted residence as the condition of citizenship, it is confidently believed that, from considerations readily suggesting themselves, few if any British seamen would be found to take advantage of it. The nature of a seaman's life stands opposed to a different conclusion. If, in some instances, a residence should be commenced with a real intention, at the time, of submitting to this condition, the presumption is strong that, at the expiration of the term, such a change of habits and prospects would be superinduced, as to lead to the abandonment for ever of the sea as an occupation. If the proposal be accepted, the United States would farther agree, that none of the British seamen who might be within their territory when the stipulation to give it effect was entered into, without having already become citizens, should be admitted into either their public or private ships, until they had acquired the right, according to all the above regulations. In return for them, a clear and distinct provision to be made by Great Britain against impressment out of American vessels."—pp. 185—183.

After the proposal had been considered before the Cabinet, Lord Castlereagh replied to it verbally in an interview in June. He remarked upon the opposite opinions held by the two governments on the doctrine of allegiance, and next observed that America seemed to give to her ships a character of inviolability which Britain did not, considering them as part of her soil, and clothing them with like immunities: to which Mr Rush replied, that they considered them inviolable only so far as to afford protection to their seamen, but had never "sought to exempt them from search for rightful purposes, viz., for enemy's property, articles contraband of war, or *men in the land or naval service of the enemy*." In fine, Lord Castlereagh states that the Cabinet could not resolve to forego, under any arrangement, the execution of which was to depend upon the legislative ordinances of another country, the right of Great Britain to look for her subjects upon the high seas into whatever service they might wander. Mr. Rush then asks what difference it would make if America would agree to exclude from her ships *all natural born subjects of Great Britain*? to which it was replied that such a proposal would be only partially satisfactory, if it left unconceded the right of search. In answer to an inquiry whether proposals would be submitted on the part of Great Britain, it was stated that none could be made that did not assume as a basis the right of entering American vessels: but that this country was willing to make such regulations as should prevent the exercise of that right from

being injurious to the United States. Mr. Rush declined on the part of his government to admit the right for purposes of impressment, and the interview closed without further progress. Negotiations were resumed in August by the voluntary offer by Lord Castlereagh of modifications framed and submitted by him "without the knowledge of his colleagues." They were to this effect.

1. That any treaty founded on Mr. Rush's proposal should be limited to eight, ten, or twelve years, with liberty to each party to be absolved from its stipulations on a notice of three or six months.
2. That the British boarding officer entering an American ship at sea, should be entitled to call for a list of the crew, and if he saw a seaman known, or on good grounds suspected to be a British subject, he should make a record or *procès verbal* of the fact, so as to bring it under the notice of the American government, but not to take the man out of the ship.

To this proposal no positive answer was returned; but the consideration of it was deferred in expectation of the arrival of Mr. Gallatin, by whom, conjointly with Mr. Rush, negotiations were opened towards the end of August with the British Plenipotentiaries, Mr. Robinson (now Earl of Ripon), and Mr. Goulburn, on this and many other important subjects: comprising—the Slave Question under the Treaty of Ghent—the Fisheries—North Western Boundary Line—Columbia River Question—Intercourse between the United States and British West India Islands—Intercourse by sea and by land between the United States and the British North American Colonies—Blockades—Colonial Trade in time of war—and the List of Contraband. On the subject of impressment Messrs. Rush and Gallatin concurred in objecting to the second of Lord Castlereagh's proposed modifications. They objected to the condition which went to authorise a British officer to call for a list of the crew; and Lord Castlereagh shortly afterwards informed them, as a proof of the desire of his government to accommodate, that it was determined that this condition should be waived. At the third conference the British Plenipotentiaries submitted a *projet* of six articles for the regulation of the whole subject of impressment by a separate treaty. They were, to this effect: 1. That effectual measures shall be taken for excluding the natural-born subjects and citizens of either party from serving in the vessels of the other, provided that this shall not include such persons as may have been naturalized by the laws of each party previous to the signature of the treaty. 2. That a list of all persons, falling within the above exception, specifying place of birth and date of naturalization, shall be furnished by each party. 3. That each party shall receive the power to authorise by proclamation

their respective subjects or citizens to serve in the vessels of the other country: and that during such permission it shall be competent for the other party to admit such service. Provided that, when permission so granted shall be withdrawn, notification shall be made of such withdrawal, and the exclusion shall be re-enforced as if no such permission had been promulgated. 4. That in consideration of the preceding stipulations, each Power shall, during the continuance of the treaty, abstain from impressment from out of the vessels of the other when not upon the high seas; provided that this shall not apply to vessels in port, or be construed to impair the established right of search, as authorised in time of war by the law of nations. 5. That the term of the treaty shall be ten years, and that it shall be in the power of either party to annul it at any time, upon giving six months previous notice. 6. That nothing in the preceding articles shall affect the rights and principles on which the parties have heretofore acted, in respect to the matters therein referred to, except so far as the same shall have been modified, restrained, or suspended by those articles; and that after the expiration of the treaty, each shall stand with respect to the other as to its said rights and privileges as if no such treaty had ever been made. This was the purport of the propositions submitted by our government. They were not deemed satisfactory by the American Plenipotentiaries. The second article, requiring a list of persons falling within the exception, and specifying the place of birth and date of naturalization, was especially objected to; and it was proposed as a substitute that "no natural-born subject or citizen of either power, whose name should not be included in the list, should be deemed to fall within the exception, *unless he produced proof of his having been duly naturalized prior to the exchange of ratifications of the treaty.*" The reasons for the objection and proposal of a substitute shall be given in Mr. Rush's words.

"Reasons must be given why the United States could not comply with the British article as it stood. Anterior to 1789, aliens were naturalized according to the laws of the several states composing the Union. Under this system, the forms varied and were often very loose. The latter was especially the case when they were drawn up by justices of the peace, as sometimes happened. Since that epoch, the forms have been uniform, and are only permitted before such courts of record as are designated by the laws of the United States. But the designation includes not only courts of the United States, properly so called, but courts of the several States. Minor children also of naturalized persons, if the former be within the limits of the Union, become, *ipso facto*, naturalized. It must be added, that, for several years, no discrimination as to the birth-place of aliens was recorded. If attempts were made to procure the lists required, a first objection might have been, that the courts of

the several States were not bound to obey, in this respect, a call from the general Government. But granting that all obeyed, the lists would have exhibited nothing more than the names of British natural-born subjects, naturalized during a period of nearly thirty years. They would not designate seamen, the law not having required a record of the occupation; nor would they embrace minor children, their names never having been directed to be registered. There was but one other source from which lists could have been derived, and here only partially. By a law of 1796, collectors of customs were required to keep books in which the names of seamen, citizens of the United States, were, on their own application, to be entered. Under this law, as may be inferred from its terms, the entry of names was not full; nor did the law draw a distinction between native citizens and naturalized.

"From this summary it is manifest, that a compliance with the British article would have been impracticable. The unavoidable consequence of consenting to it would have been, that aliens naturalized before the treaty, and entitled by our laws to all the rights of citizens, would, by an *ex post facto*, and therefore unconstitutional measure, have found themselves excluded from following the seas."—pp. 370—372.

Another alteration was also required: that the "exchange of ratification" should be substituted for the time of "signature" as the period previous to which naturalization shall confer the right of serving. It was apprehended, however, by our Plenipotentiaries, that many cases of naturalization would come in between the two dates; and on this point, and the objections to the second article, the negotiation with respect to impressment failed.

In adverting to the case of Arbuthnot and Ambrister, two British subjects, executed under the direction of an American general, Mr. Rush naturally feels that he is treading on delicate ground. It is a case which involves serious charges against the existing President of the United States. Mr. Rush might therefore have been excused as a diplomatist if he had said much less about it. But since he enters largely into the merits of this question, we must take the liberty of saying that the ample account which he professes to give is by no means sufficiently full, and gives a very imperfect and partial representation of the truth. He does not, however, attempt to disguise the strong feeling which it produced in this country.

"Out-of-doors, excitement seemed to rise higher and higher. Stocks experienced a slight fall. The newspapers kept up their fire. Little acquainted with the true character of the transaction, they gave vent to angry declamation. They fiercely denounced the Government of the United States. Tyrant, ruffian, murderer, were among the epithets applied to their commanding general. He was exhibited in placards through the streets. The journals, without distinction of party, united in these attacks. The Whig and others in opposition took the lead. Those in the Tory interest, although more restrained, gave them coun-

tenance. In the midst of all this passion, the ministry stood firm. Better informed, more just, they had made up their minds not to risk the peace of the two countries, on grounds so untenable. It forms an instance of the intelligence and strength of a Government, disregarding the first clamours of a powerful press, and first erroneous impulses of an almost universal public feeling. At a later day of my mission, Lord Castlereagh said to me, that a war might have been produced on this occasion, 'if the ministry had but held up a finger.' On so slender a thread do public affairs sometimes hang. Plato says, that the complaisance which produces popularity, is the source of the greatest operations in government. The firmness of one man, is perhaps the pivot on which great events more frequently turn. I adopted and retain the belief, that the firmness of Lord Castlereagh under this emergency, sustained by those of his colleagues in the cabinet, was the main cause of preventing a rupture between the two nations."—pp. 412, 413.

This incitement, this danger of impending war, would appear unreasonable and unaccountable, if the circumstances had been nothing more than they appear in the pages of Mr. Rush's narrative. We think with him, that "full justice could not be rendered if the unhappy occurrence was looked at simply by itself;" we shall, therefore, not narrow our view, but give a brief sketch of the whole concomitant transactions, premising, that our relation of events is drawn entirely from *American* sources.

In the year 1814, a treaty was concluded at Fort Jackson, between the United States and the Creek Indians. To this treaty Mr. Clay, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, refers in his speech in Congress, in 1818, as the original and main cause of the Seminole war. "He had read it," he said, "with the deepest mortification and regret; a more dictatorial spirit he had never seen displayed in any instrument: he would challenge an examination of all the records of diplomacy, and he did not believe a solitary instance could be found of such an inexorable spirit of domination pervading a compact purporting to be a treaty of *peace*. It consisted of the most severe and humiliating demands; of the surrender of large territory; of the privilege of making roads through even what was retained; of the right of establishing trading houses; of the obligation of delivering into our hands their prophets; and all this of a wretched people reduced to the last extremity of distress, whose miserable existence we had to preserve by a voluntary stipulation to furnish them with bread."* This treaty, which was concluded in August, 1814, but not ratified, demanded as an indemnity for the expenses of a war, in which 800 Indians had fallen in one battle, a territory of not less than fifteen millions of acres. The American government

* Debates in Congress.

appear to have had conscientious doubts respecting the justice of terms thus dictated to a fallen enemy, and the treaty remained almost five months unratified. Meanwhile, a treaty with the British government had been concluded at Ghent, which was received at Washington on the 15th of February, 1815. In this treaty was an article (the 9th) stipulating that the government of the United States should make peace with any Indian tribes with whom they might be at war at the time of the ratification of the treaty, and return to them all the lands which belonged to them in 1811. This was embarrassing. If the government ratified the Creek treaty, they seemed to sanction what is called by a member in Congress, "the unjust acquisition of territory." If they did not ratify it, the treaty of Ghent would come into operation—the lands must be unconditionally restored, and a clamour would be raised among the many who had marked the 15,000,000 acres as their prey. What then did the American government do? They ratified the Creek treaty on the 16th of February, and the treaty of Ghent *on the following day!* Strong doubts have been expressed in the American Congress whether this piece of political dexterity (we wish to use none but the mildest designations,) was, after all, entitled to success. Mr. Clay calls in question the validity of the Creek treaty. "What," he asks in Congress, "did the preamble disclose? that two-thirds of the Creek nation had been hostile, and one-third only friendly to us. Now he had heard, that not one hostile Chief signed the treaty. If the treaty really were made by a minority of the nation, it was not obligatory upon the whole nation. It was void, considered in the light of a national compact. And if void, the Indians were entitled to the benefit of the provisions of the 9th article of the treaty of Ghent."* "Perhaps," says another member of Congress, (Mr. Fuller, of Massachusetts,) "there is reason to believe that the British commissioner at Ghent intended and expected to include the Creeks in the provision of the 9th article; as Jackson's capitulation, if known at all in Europe, must also have been considered of no validity, being unratified. If so, can the exiled Red Sticks, or their British advisers, be severely censured for persisting in claiming a restoration of their lands under that treaty?"* Out of this claim grew the Seminole war—but not out of this alone. The Indians had other grievances. From a letter dated Sept. 1817, from ten Seminole towns to the commanding officer of an American fort, read by Mr. Clay in Congress, it appears that various aggressions had been committed on the Indians—their cattle carried off—their people killed, and the

* Debates in Congress.

murder justified on the plea that they were outlaws. Hopeless of redress or protection, the Indians began to take the law into their own hands, and a border warfare was commenced in 1817, between the Seminoles and the frontier inhabitants of Georgia. The American General, Gaines, demanded the surrender of the delinquent Indians, which they refused, alleging previous injury. General Gaines was then authorized by his government to remove the Indians still remaining on the lands ceded under the Creek treaty of 1814, and to retain some of them as hostages. Thus began the war. General Gaines, after some trifling successes, was besieged by the Indians, by whom he was considerably out-numbered, in a place called Fort Scott. In this emergency General Jackson was ordered to take the field with 1800 men, consisting of regulars and militia, and was directed, if that force was insufficient, to call on the governors of the adjoining states for such portions of the militia as he might think requisite. With these directions General Jackson did not comply, but preferred to raise volunteers in Tennessee and Kentucky, to the command of whom he appointed officers acting solely under his authority. General Gaines had in the meanwhile, not like General Jackson, in disregard of positive orders, but nevertheless without orders, taken upon himself to raise a force of 1600 Creek Indians, "appointing their officers, with a Brigadier-General at their head, and mustering this force into the service of the United States."

These unconstitutional acts, (for they were infractions of the constitution of the United States,) were severely denounced in a report of the Senate, and in many eloquent speeches in Congress. It is observed in the report, that the plea of necessity was ridiculously inapplicable in the present instance, and if this plea be admitted, then, "in all future wars, generals may dispense with the militia altogether, and increase the regular army to any extent that folly or ambition may suggest." Orators in Congress show also a wholesome jealousy of precedents tending towards that military domination which republics have most cause to fear. "I hope," said one of them, "that our happy form of government is destined to be perpetual. But if it is to be preserved, it must be by the practice of virtue, by justice, by moderation, by magnanimity, by keeping a watchful and steady eye on the executive, and above all, by holding to a strict accountability the military branch of the public force." "Beware," continues the same orator, "how you give a fatal sanction in this infant period of our republic, scarcely yet two-score years old, to military insubordination. Remember that Greece had her Alexander, Rome her Cæsar, England her Cromwell, France her

Buonaparte; and that if we would escape the rock on which they split, we must avoid their errors." These expressions were called forth, not merely by the acts above related, but by other proceedings of a still more arbitrary character on the part of the American general. By a treaty of 1795 between Spain and the United States, Spain was bound "not to suffer her Indians to attack the citizens of the United States, nor the Indians inhabiting their territory;" and a similar obligation was reciprocally binding on the United States. The Seminoles (Indians inhabiting the Spanish territory) had now attacked the citizens of the United States, and the latter were consequently held justified in pursuing them across the Spanish frontier. The American government was, nevertheless, unwilling to violate the Spanish frontier needlessly. On the 2d of December, 1817, General Gaines was forbidden to cross the Florida line. On the 9th he was authorised to exercise his discretion on this point. On the 16th he was instructed to consider himself at liberty to cross the line, in pursuit of the enemy; but, if the enemy took refuge under a Spanish fortress, the fortress was not to be attacked, but the fact was to be reported to the secretary at war. General Jackson soon afterwards succeeded to the command, and on him devolved the observance of these orders. How did he observe them? On the same day on which the President declared in his message to Congress, that although orders had been given to enter the Spanish territory, it was carefully provided that the Spanish local authorities should be respected, and that even if the enemy should take shelter under a Spanish fortress, the fortress was not to be attacked, but the fact reported to the war department, for further orders—on the same day on which these declarations were made by the head of the government, General Jackson wrote to say that it was his intention to take the Spanish fort of St. Marks, "as a depôt for his supplies." This intention he carried into effect; and in defiance of orders, and the public assurances of his government, the fortress of a power at peace with the United States was hostilely invaded by the American general, compelled to surrender, and occupied as an American post.

Aggression did not end here. General Jackson, after marching from St. Marks against the Indians on the Suwanney river, and having, as he expressed his belief, brought the war to a close, received, on the 23d of May, when on his march homeward, a letter of remonstrance from the Spanish governor of Florida, then at Pensacola, intimating his surprise at the acts of hostility committed by the American army, notwithstanding the pacific professions of the President, and adding, that if persisted in, he must employ force to repel them. General Jackson chose to

regard this remonstrance as a declaration of war. "He received it," said an American orator in Congress, "on the 23d; he was in Pensacola on the 24th; and immediately after set himself before the fortress of San Carlos de Barancas, which he shortly reduced. Wonderful energy! Admirable promptitude! Alas! it had not been an energy and a promptitude within the pale of the constitution, and according to the orders of the chief magistrate! It was impossible to give any definition of war, that would not comprehend these acts. It was open, undisguised and unauthorised hostility."

It is not our present purpose to display at length the wrongs of Spain in this affair. We advert to them briefly as illustrations of that arbitrary spirit which pervaded the proceedings of the American general. In the course of these proceedings two British subjects, Alexander Arbuthnot and Robert Ambrister, fell into the hands of General Jackson. Arbuthnot was taken, not in arms, nor within the territory of the United States, but on neutral ground, within the Spanish fort of St. Marks, which General Jackson was not authorised to enter. Ambrister was taken during the march of the American forces to attack the Indians on the Suwanney river. Arbuthnot had come to Florida as a trader in 1817, and in order to increase his profits, appears to have endeavoured to acquire political consequence among the Indians, by becoming the organ of their wishes and complaints. The expulsion of the Creeks from their lands, in virtue of the harsh treaty of 1814, and the application of the treaty of Ghent to the land so ceded, were subjects on which they consulted him; and on these points he forwarded representations on their behalf to the British government, but advised them, though aggrieved, "*not to go to war with the United States.*" This appears from Arbuthnot's letter to Governor Mitchell, Indian agent of the United States; and in his papers, which were seized, nothing of a contrary tendency could be found. He had been the friend of the Indians, but had sought redress for them by negotiation, and through the mediation of England, and not by war. Ambrister had come to Florida to assist Macgregor's armament, and his first attempts to gain influence over the Indians were with intentions hostile, not to the United States, but to Spain. But the power thus gained for another purpose, he employed for the Indians, when he found them aggrieved; and he became, as he admitted, one of their leaders, in what he considered a defensive war. These two men, of whom Arbuthnot had been neither taken in arms, nor was proved to have borne them, were, by order of General Jackson, tried by a court martial. Arbuthnot was found guilty of exciting the Creek Indians to war against the United States, and of furnishing

them with the means of carrying it on. For these offences he was sentenced to suffer death, and hung. Ambrister pleaded guilty to the charge of leading and commanding the Lime Creek Indians in war. For this, the tribunal first condemned him to suffer death; but the sentence was re-considered, and that which was delivered as the *final* judgment of the court, sentenced him to whipping, confinement, and hard labour. This sentence General Jackson *annulled*, and *by his order* Ambrister was *shot*. But we have not yet laid open all the worst features of these violent proceedings. The court by which Arbuthnot and Ambrister was condemned, was a court of incompetent jurisdiction; for they had committed no offence which brought them within the cognizance of an American court martial. The friends of General Jackson, perceiving this difficulty, attempted to maintain, that the tribunal was not a court martial, but a mere court of officers, whose proceedings were subject to no legal restraint, and whose judgment was mere counsel, submitted to the discretion of the general, to be altered or extended at his pleasure. But it was shown on the other hand, that the constitution and form of this tribunal, and the course of its proceedings, had coincided in every respect with that prescribed for courts martial, and with a degree of strictness which made it absurd to suppose that those who formed it did not consider themselves bound by such rules, and actual members of such a court. "In the general orders, issued from the adjutant-general's office, at head-quarters, it was described as a *court martial*. The prisoners are said, in those orders, to have been tried 'on the following charges and specifications.' The court considered itself to be acting as a court martial—it was so organized—it so proceeded, having a judge-advocate,—hearing witnesses, and the written defence of the miserable prisoners. The whole proceeding manifestly shows, that all parties considered it as a court-martial, convened and acting under the rules and articles of war."*

The mode of trial was not less exceptionable than the jurisdiction of the court. "The evidence on trials by courts-martial," says an American legal authority, "is the same that is required in civil prosecutions." Yet what was the evidence on which these men were convicted? We are told by a member of Congress that letters ascribed to Arbuthnot were received as evidence without a shadow of proof: and that a Spanish renegado, his open personal enemy, was invited by the court to give an opinion of the prisoner's guilt. "The evidence of papers not produced or accounted for; the *belief* of persons, whose testimony of *facts* ought

* Debates in Congress on the Seminole War.

to have been doubted; *hearsay*, and *that* of Indian negroes and others, who, had they been present, could not have been sworn, were all indiscriminately admitted and relied upon.* And this was on a trial for *life*! But worse tyranny ensued. "Having declared a court martial," says the report of the Senate, "for the purpose of trying the prisoners, the commanding general, by his own authority, set aside the sentence of the court, and substituted for that sentence his own arbitrary will." "Even despots," it adds, "claiming to exercise absolute power, cannot with propriety violate their own rules." Mr. Clay, in his speech in Congress, indignantly compares the treatment of these men with the case of the Duc d'Enghien. "There, as here," says the orator, "was a violation of neutral territory. But there was a most unfortunate difference for the American example. The Duc d'Enghien was executed *according to his sentence*." Ambrister was shot, in contradiction to the sentence which had spared his life. We are reminded of another of the most despotic atrocities of Napoleon, which these cases strikingly resemble—the execution of Palm, the citizen of a foreign country, seized, condemned by a military tribunal, and executed, for having "excited the enemies of France to hostility against the emperor." What was the offence for which Arbuthnot and Ambrister were put to death? that they had excited the Indians to hostility against the United States. "Instigation" was their chief offence. "If that man be liable to the punishment of death," said one of the supporters of General Jackson, "who lends to the enemy only the aid of his individual *physical* force, how much more does he deserve it, who by the *moral* force of his delusive promises and persuasions, puts into action against us the physical force of a whole tribe of Indians?"† We see no just grounds on which Arbuthnot and Ambrister could be tried before any tribunal. They were not deserters—they were not spies—they had done nothing of which cognizance could be taken by an American court martial. They were, if any thing, prisoners of war. Ambrister had led the Indians, and was unquestionably such. It was said, with reason, in the "Report of the Senate in Congress" on the Seminole war, that these subjects of Great Britain, "having left their country and united themselves with savages, with whom the United States were at war, forfeited their claim to the protection of their own government, and subjected themselves to the same treatment, which might, according to the practice and principles of the American government, be extended towards those with whom they were associated." But the Re-

* Debates in Congress on the Seminole War. † Debates in Congress.

port adds: "No process of reasoning can degrade them below the savages with whom they were connected. As prisoners of war, they were entitled to claim from the American government that protection which the most savage of our foes have uniformly experienced when unarmed and in our power."* What then was the principle on which General Jackson assumed the right of causing these men to be put to death? It was this—"that they being citizens of a nation at peace with the United States, did, by joining in war against the United States, forfeit their allegiance and become liable to be treated as outlaws and pirates." A monstrous principle! and "not recognized," says the Report of the Senate, "in any code of national law. Nothing can be found in the history of civilized nations which recognizes such a principle, except a decree of the executive directory of France during their short career of folly and madness, which declares that neutrals found on board enemies' ships should be considered and treated as pirates."† The application of this principle, if admitted, was well pointed out by Mr. Clay. "Let us look for a moment into some of the consequences of this principle, if it were to go to Europe, sanctioned by the approbation, express or implied, of this house. We have now in our armies probably the subjects of almost every European power. Some of the nations of Europe maintain the doctrine of perpetual allegiance. Suppose Britain and America in peace, and America and France at war. The former subjects of England, naturalized or unnaturalized, are captured by the navy or army of France. What is their condition? According to the principle of General Jackson they would be outlaws and pirates, and liable to immediate execution." This principle, America should remember, would have subjected to treatment as an outlaw or pirate the most distinguished volunteer that ever joined their banner—Lafayette. But even if this principle were admitted, it would not have rendered Arbuthnot and Ambrister amenable to a court martial. As outlaws, robbers, or pirates, they were amenable only to the jurisdiction of a civil tribunal.

One solitary plea in defence of these atrocities remains—that these Englishmen, "having joined a savage nation, who observe no rules and give no quarter," the captors had a right to treat them precisely as they might have treated the savages whom they joined, and that they might have put the savages to death upon a principle of *retaliation*. What is the language on this point of a Report emanating from a branch of the American legislature? "Retalia-

* Report on the Seminole War—Senate in Congress, July 24, 1819.

† Ibid.

tion in the United States has always been confined to specified acts of cruelty. It is not believed that any attempt has ever been made to retaliate for charges so general as those exhibited against Arbuthnot and Ambrister, viz. 'exciting the Indians to war.' During the revolutionary war only two cases occurred of persons seized for purposes of retaliation, neither of whom were executed; the case of Asgill, seized on the account of the murder of Huddy; and Governor Hamilton, of Vincennes, for specific acts of cruelty also. Hamilton was confined for a short time with rigour, and afterwards released. During the late war, marked with some cases of cold-blooded massacre on the part of our enemy, particularly the one at the river Raisin, no such measure as retaliation was resorted to." These sentiments, emanating from the Senate, were ably supported in debate by many members of the House of Representatives.

We have laid before our readers statements strongly condemnatory of General Jackson; but they are condemnations uttered by *his own countrymen*. We have not yet expressed our own opinion. The conduct of that general was powerfully attacked; but it was defended with equal ability. We have examined both the accusations and defence, and we can come to no other conclusion, than that the execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister were *judicial murders*. We find in these cases irregularity and harshness amply sufficient to justify the excitement which they produced in this country, and to allay all surprise at Lord Castlereagh's assertion, "that a war might have been produced on this occasion 'if the ministry had but held up a finger.'"

That the war so narrowly avoided was not produced, we sincerely rejoice, and we concur with Mr. Rush in thinking that this case afforded no tenable grounds for war, and that our ministry were justified in the peaceful course which they pursued. We repeat, that in our opinion these unhappy men were judicially murdered; but they had identified themselves with the Indians—they were aiding not an English, but an Indian cause—they had deprived themselves of the immunities of Englishmen—and, not as subjects of Great Britain, but as individuals, they suffered wrongs which the nation to which they had belonged could not be expected to avenge.

In the preceding statement we have been compelled to differ from Mr. Rush. Admiring as we do, on the whole, the good sense and temper of his work, we would fain agree with him before we close. Fortunately this is easy; and we can cordially agree with him in the following passage, the last that we shall extract from his work. It is a passage gratifying to Englishmen, and creditable to the liberality and judgment of the writer.

Speaking of the frequent and confident predictions of the impending ruin of England, which are to be heard both in this and other countries, he says,

“Predictions of this nature have been repeated for ages, but have not come to pass. Rich subjects make a rich nation. As the former increase, so will the means of filling the coffers of the latter. Let contemporary nations lay it to their account, that England is more powerful now than ever she was, notwithstanding her debt and taxes. This knowledge should form an element in their foreign policy. Let them assure themselves, that instead of declining she is advancing; that her population increases fast; that she is constantly seeking new fields of enterprise in other parts of the globe, and adding to the improvements that already cover her island at home, new ones that promise to go beyond them in magnitude; in fine, that instead of being worn out, as at a distance is sometimes supposed, she is going a-head with the buoyant spirit and vigorous effort of youth. It is an observation of Madame de Staël, how ill England is understood on the Continent, in spite of the little distance that separates her from it. How much more likely that nations between whom and herself an ocean interposes, should fall into mistakes on the true nature of her power and prospects; should imagine their foundations to be crumbling, instead of steadily striking into more depth, and spreading into wider compass. Britain exists all over the world, in her colonies. These alone, give her the means of advancing her industry and opulence for ages to come. They are portions of her territory more valuable than if joined to her island. The sense of distance is destroyed by her command of ships; whilst that very distance serves as the feeder of her commerce and marine. Situated on every continent, lying in every latitude, these, her out-dominions, make her the centre of a trade already vast and perpetually augmenting—a home trade and a foreign trade—for it yields the riches of both, as she controls it all at her will. They take off her redundant population, yet make her more populous; and are destined, under the policy already commenced towards them, and which in time she will far more extensively pursue, to expand her an empire, commercial, manufacturing, and maritime, to dimensions to which it would not be easy to affix limits.”

—pp. 392, 393.

ART. XI.—*Reise nach Oesterreich im Sommer 1831.* Von Wolfgang Menzel. (Travels into Austria in the Summer of 1831. By Wolfgang Menzel.) Stuttgart. 1832.

WE had occasion in a former number to notice a very clever, though in some respects heterodox, work on German literature, by the author of this tour, who at present conducts the reviewing department in the *Morgenblatt*. Menzel is a man of acute, rather than comprehensive mind, apt occasionally to prefer paradox to truth, and in the warmth of political feeling to impart to his criticisms a tone of bitterness and sarcasm, which while it increases their interest, materially detracts from their permanent value. Yet though *liberal* in his opinions, and occasionally a little *too* liberal of his personalities, he stands in a very different position from the Börnes and Heines, the present *opprobria* of German criticism. He is, we believe, a warm-hearted and warm-headed man, vehement both in his likings and dislikings, strongly prejudiced in favour of certain opinions, but incapable of advocating these at the expense of honesty and truth, and ready to avow his mistake with fairness and candour, when a more minute acquaintance with the individuals or subjects which he may have unintentionally misrepresented, has convinced him of his error. The views, therefore, which he exhibits in the present work may, we think, be relied on, so far as regards sincerity, at least, in the delineation; while his readiness in seizing the characteristic features of the country and its inhabitants, and his clear, easy, and lively style, give his book a very considerable degree of interest.

The journey was suggested by the state of his health. His critical campaigns had towards the spring of 1831 fairly exhausted him, and the physician prescribed for him abstinence from pen and ink and thinking, and a tour for amusement. Menzel thought that if *thinking* was to be forbidden, Austria would be precisely the place for him, so he set out forthwith, and this little volume is the result of his travels. He soon found, however, that men *thought* and spoke with pretty much the same freedom in Austria as they do elsewhere; he found intelligence and activity where he had expected ignorance and mere animal enjoyment, general happiness and content under those institutions which appeared to him so questionable or pernicious, and a national character full of truthfulness and kindly feeling.

"I shall be greatly pleased," says he in his preface, "if the following pages contribute in any way to remove the prejudices which so generally prevail in the rest of Germany, with regard to Austria. This sound-hearted and amiable people has now exactly reached the point on which Joseph the Second wished to place them; they have become Josephized, as it were, by degrees. And intelligence has made far greater progress in Austria, than people generally believe or venture to say. In the outer and less favoured provinces, experience and necessity,—in the more fortunate centre of the empire, reading and scientific culture,—have been their instructors:—an education which neither the censorship nor the secret police have interrupted."

The first point on which Menzel was undeceived, was the idea of the rudeness of the Austrian custom-house officers, and the interruptions he

was likely to receive from them during his journey. On entering the imperial territory, on the contrary, he found them as civil as possible, and such, he says, was uniformly the case during his whole tour. The freedom, too, with which public matters were discussed at the tables d'hôte, ran not less counter to all his previous notions on the subject. A young Leipzig doctor who was his fellow-traveller had been horror-struck by some political observations made by an old man in the coach as they approached the boundary, probably imagining that before night the whole party would be accommodated at the emperor's expense in Salzburg castle, but to his surprize and infinite relief, the conversation at the inn-table in the evening went so far beyond any thing which had been vented in the diligence, that his mind was entirely set at ease upon the subject. Of the beautiful scenery of Salzburg, he speaks with the enthusiasm which it never fails to excite in the mind of every person of feeling, and the beauty of the women of Linz seems to have made a deep impression on him as he passed. He reached Vienna on the 30th of June.

“After passing the enormous suburbs, you reach a circus, half a league in diameter, surrounded on all sides by the neat and sometimes splendid buildings of the suburbs. In the midst of this circus, which is covered with grass and intersected by innumerable alleys, lies the inner or ancient city, with its central point, the steeple of St. Stephen's, towering over all. This centralisation of the town, this intervening space of green, these suburbs spreading round it like an amphitheatre, give a regularity to Vienna, which relieves the enormous mass of its houses, and at the same time increases the majestic effect of the imperial city. This prodigal profusion of space, those sunny spaces between the old town and the new, and the roomy and spacious streets of the suburbs, suit well with the smiling aspect of the surrounding country, and the kindly character of the people. It is only in the interior or old town, that the streets are dark and narrow, but it does not amount to more than one-sixth part of the whole, and contains only 50,000 inhabitants, while the suburbs contain 250,000. The contrast of antiquity and novelty, of its grey weather-beaten palaces with the light and modern buildings of the suburbs, is an additional charm. In this sea of palaces, one hardly bestows attention on buildings which would elsewhere have excited admiration; the individuals are absorbed in the mass. The eye, however, is chiefly attracted by the church of St. Stephen, the palace and its adjoining buildings. The later churches, built in the time of the Jesuits, are splendid, but I must confess disagreeable to me in architectural effect. The most striking thing about the palace is its hoary look of antiquity. Dark, long, and rather low, it seems modestly to shrink from notice, among its adjoining buildings of more modern date, among which the imperial chancery is the most conspicuous.”

From the aspect of the town itself, he passes to that of its inhabitants, and the gay and varied spectacle which its streets, like those of Venice, present in the costumes of so many different nations—the Hungarian with his haughty oriental air, the fiery Italian, the depressed and discontented-looking Bohemian, the gay and active Tyrolese, the gigantic mountaineer from Styria, the Turk, the Greek, the Armenian, all wearing their national garb, amongst the quieter costumes of the Viennese.

“The Viennese, while they are epicureans in pleasure, contrive to enjoy

themselves with that moderation which leaves them in possession of the most excellent health, and unceasing animal spirits. They eat and drink well, but you never meet with an English Falstaff, or a Bavarian beer barrel. The bestial and disgusting air which is so frequently found elsewhere in those who are passionately addicted to the pleasures of the table is never met with in Vienna. The Viennese are amorous and voluptuous, but in Vienna you would in vain look for those physiognomies so common in Berlin, and even in Frankfurt, on which unbridled passion has stamped the look of crime and infamy. There are no brothels in Vienna,—matters are managed in the dilettanti style, as in Italy; each follows his own inclination, and goes on his way, smiling, contented, and what is a main point, healthy. . . . In their manners the comfortable prevails over the showy. A stranger is surprised by the oddest customs, is at first ashamed to join in them, but in the end finds them perfectly practicable. For example, I found myself on a very hot day at the table of a baron of very ancient nobility, when the amiable baroness, by whose side I was sitting, asked me in the kindest way, ‘will not you pull off your coat?’ I now learned that the other guests had delayed taking off theirs merely on my account, as I was a stranger, until I should set the example, and that in Vienna nothing was more common whenever the weather happened to be too hot;—and I really found the practice a very comfortable one. The party only became easy and lively after all the coats were thrown off. This custom was common also at the tables d’hôte.”

We particularly like the spirit in which Menzel speaks of the poets of Vienna, men whom, at a distance and before he had learned to know them, he was accustomed to treat with any thing but civility in the columns of the *Morgenblatt*. Grillparzer, in particular, perhaps the most talented of the whole, who has shown his powers as a romantic and his taste as a classic poet by his dramas of the *Ancestress* and *Sappho*, he had more than once visited with the most caustic criticism: he looked on them, in fact, as the poets of despotism, and the prejudice caused by this feeling blinded him in some respects to their merits both as poets and as men. But it seems to be of the nature of his character, to retract an unjust and intemperate expression of opinion, the moment that the actual state of the case has been fairly brought before him; and, accordingly, his picture of the literary men of Vienna is in many respects the very reverse of what might have been anticipated from the editorial critic of the *Morgenblatt*.

“Baron Zedlitz, and the still younger but excellent poet, Count Auersberg, happened at that time not to be in Vienna;—though I had known both of them before at Stuttgart. The celebrated tragedian Grillparzer, however, was to me a new and most interesting acquaintance. Although I had treated him, like the other “fate-tragedy” men, harshly enough, in my criticisms, this circumstance produced no unpleasant feeling in our intercourse. He seemed disposed to do justice to the sincerity and the motives of my critiques, in the same way as I was inclined to do to the motives of his poetry, however different they might seem to be. In speaking of an Austrian poet, in fact, we ought to make allowances. What I never can forgive in the case of a Müllner or a Houwald, appears in a quite different light in the case of a Viennese poet. When we consider that in Austria poetry, under the pressure of a censorship, is not permitted to expand its wings at will, and that, on the other hand, the example of the brilliant models of the poets of the north and west of Germany operated in the most dazzling manner on the youthful poets of Austria, we

need not wonder that they are original only in harmless comedy, and weak imitators of their neighbours in the serious and the tragical. Grillparzer, who is an Austrian 'out and out,' has far better claims to be the Schiller of his country than a Theodor Körner or a Collin; but how completely was all his ideal saddened,—what remained for his patriotic feelings, when he found that the idea of liberty was once for all to be excluded? He himself may not be aware of it, but to me the secret cause of his uncommon melancholy (for an Austrian) lies in the opposition between his situation and the natural bent of his mind. Born to be the tragic poet of his nation, he is prevented from touching upon the truly tragic personages of history, from depicting their secret misery under the outward mask of happiness, and must content himself with the creation of mere allusions which under his very eyes are caricatured by the wild and reckless mirth of the Leopoldstadt theatre. He cannot laugh with those that laugh, and he dare not weep with those that weep, except in a certain form. In consistency with his genuine Austrian nature, he seems to consider it a crime to be a malcontent, so he appears to have quietly made up his mind to that sphere which he thinks remains open to him as a tragical poet. It seems to have been forgotten by him that heroes such as Ziska, Wallenstein, Ragotzki, Tekely, Hofer, and Speckbacher, were better suited to his tragic talent than the *Antiestress*, *Sappho*, *Ottokar*, and the 'True Servant of his Master.'

As applied to Grillparzer, in particular, we have some reason to know that this fine-spun speculation is utterly without foundation; the choice of his subjects, we believe, has been dictated by his own prepossessions entirely, and would have been precisely the same had the incubus of a censorship never existed. We should have been disposed to think that in a country, where confessedly, even political questions of immediate and vital interest are canvassed at tables d'hôte, with that degree of freedom which was sufficient to recompose the nerves of the Leipzig doctor as to his personal safety, no great restriction as to the themes on which a tragic poet was entitled to exercise his muse was likely to exist. The mistake here lies in confounding the interior with the exterior government of Austria. Beyond her own territories, and among those nations which have become attached to the empire by conquest or otherwise, and in which her sovereignty is mainly maintained by force, this minuteness and severity of the Austrian system of surveillance is at once ludicrous and oppressive. The representation of a favourite play, or a harmless looking opera, becomes a matter of state. But it is very different, as every traveller must have felt, in the interior of Austria itself. Confident in the attachment of its subjects, which amidst all the troubles which have agitated Germany it possesses, the Austrian government is by no means disposed to start at trifles within its own proper dominions; and we believe the idea, that any poet, from Vienna to Salzburg, would ever be prevented by any interference of government from writing a tragedy on any of those themes to which our author alludes, and treating it according to the free bent of his genius and his conviction, to be utterly groundless. As for the often repeated observation that Austria has as yet produced no great original poet, we grant its truth; we confess we do not regard the Austrian character, with its calm contented epicureanism, as the most poetical. But we beg leave at the same time to ask, whether, *at this moment*, Austria is behind the rest of Germany in this respect—whether the *Ahnfrau*, the *Sappho*, the *Treuer Diener seines Herr*

of Grillparzer, the *Hans Sachs* of Denchardstein, (which we remember listening to with the greatest pleasure some years ago in Berlin,) the *Stern von Sevilla* of Baron Zedlitz, will not bear a comparison with any of the later effusions of the other dramatists of Germany, from Hamburg to Stuttgart?

From poets the traveller naturally passes to players. There are four theatres in Vienna, and among the performers are several of distinguished talent. The greatest of them was Leydelmann, now, perhaps, with the exception of Devrient, the first actor on the German stage, nay, in some respects superior to Devrient himself: Schreyvogel and Theresa Peche, who shines particularly in characters of a deeply romantic and imaginative cast. Of Fanny Elsler, who at present graces our English boards, he remarks: "If Taglioni be without a rival in the mere graces of the dance, she is far behind Fanny Elsler in truth of pantomimic representation. In the ballet of *Bluebeard* she displayed what may be called the graces of the terrible, in a way which few actresses could have equalled." The leaning of the dramatic pieces, Menzel thinks, is becoming every day less romantic and more homely. Even the fairy spectacles are now of a coarse rather than an exalted character, and our traveller seems to prognosticate that at no distant period all the low and vulgar and revolting spectacles and *tableaux de mœurs*, which at present disgrace the theatres of the Boulevards, will find their way to Vienna.

A pleasing sketch of the suburbs of Vienna follows, from which we shall make a short extract.

"Vienna is placed like a pearl set in gold, the surrounding neighbourhood is adorned with all the beauties of nature. The majestic-rolling Danube with its green islands, the fertile country sprinkled all over with villages, the near hills, which, without shutting up the view, afford admirable stations for viewing the surrounding panorama, and far off the lofty mountains within a day's journey, all these are beauties which few capitals will be found to unite. I unfortunately saw the Prater only at a season when it was comparatively empty; but I saw enough to perceive its natural beauties, its enchanting alleys, and the vast extent of its forest, sufficient to contain the whole population of Vienna at once.

"The gardens and palace at Schönbrunn are somewhat on a smaller scale, but still large and magnificent. The English and French styles of gardening are here admirably united. The thickly crowded gigantic trees, in all their fullness of vegetation, cut away to a great extent in front, but shooting out behind in all directions, form as it were verdant walls, which yet have nothing monotonous in their appearance. The colossal white statues, standing beneath their shade in long rows, notwithstanding their size, appear diminutive in this green perspective. The view from Belvedere, which crowns the height like a light Grecian temple, is inimitably fanciful and attractive. In the menagerie, which is concealed among these avenues, I principally admired the remarkable cleanliness of the place, and the graceful high-tory walk of the living ostriches I would rather have seen the rare plants of Schönbrunn, but chance prevented my doing so. The liberality of the court, which allows free entrance into the garden to all, contrasts strangely with the system of exclusion adopted by the late king of England at Windsor, and with the restrictions which have been imposed at the Tuileries since it was inhabited by Louis Philip. This contributes not a little to the extraordinary popularity of the court of Vienna. Near Schönbrunn lies Tivoli. When the palace of the emperor lies dark and silent in the nocturnal shadows of the lofty park, this palace of the people, illu-

minated like some fairy castle, outshines the lustre of the full moon, and the wild revolutionary waltzes of Strauss, the thunder of the carriages, the eddying current of the populace, make one entirely forget that the ancient Cæsar is asleep so near to them in his palace. Tivoli is a Belvedere of the people, only some hundred yards from the Belvedere of the emperor, and from its beautiful site is to be obtained the finest view of Vienna. I witnessed from this point a sunset, one of the loveliest I ever beheld, and the night which followed was scarcely less magnificent. The view of Vienna on this evening (the 7th July) had an additional feature of interest, for the great porcelain manufactory caught fire, and its dusky columns of smoke were rolling in fantastic forms round the town."

Menzel had projected an extension of his tour as far as Belgrade, but the rapid progress of the cholera soon compelled him not only to abandon this plan but to quit Vienna itself, to which the fatal epidemic was fast approaching. He left it, he says, with the most melancholy feelings, at the thought how soon the destroying angel would descend above this sunny and smiling city, and sorrow and disease, and the selfishness which accompanies pestilence displace that tranquil gaiety and kindliness of disposition of which he felt the charm.

The volume concludes with some observations of a political and moral kind on the spirit of the age and its probable tendency, in which, while there is much to contest, and something to blame, there is also much to praise. On the whole, we have derived much amusement from this production.

Art. XII.—*Russell de Albuquerque, Conto Moral.* Por um Portuguez. (A Moral Tale, by a Portugeuze). Cintra, 1833. 12mo.

WHEN last we had occasion to treat of Portugeuze literature, the subject was dismissed with a remark that the Lusitanian Muses were likely to remain long without votaries. Our pleasure equalled our surprise when the prediction seemed to be proved false by the unexpected apparition upon our study-table of a *Conto Moral*, which we, in simplicity of heart, conceived to be a novel, or rather a tale of the species introduced by Marmontel, as *Contes Moraux*, and once prevalent in France, and therefore throughout reading Europe; and gladly did we welcome the supposed attempt to naturalize in Portugal a description of entertaining literature hitherto nearly unknown in that country. We have said, "seemed to be proved false," for, courteous reader, short-lived was the agreeable idea to which the title-page of this Portugeuze volume gave birth; the *pseudo-Moral Tale* being neither more nor less than a political pamphlet, or, shall we say, an Essay upon the History of Portugal, past and present; and so little in the disguise of a novel, that we are as much puzzled to guess why the author should have called his production a *Conto Moral* as to divine his reason for putting *Cintra* on his title-page as the place of publication, whilst the last page of letter-press announces the fact of the book having been printed in Great St. Helen's, London. But these matters, how perplexing soever in themselves, are not points of

primary importance to the general reader, or the reviewing critic, and instead of speculating thereon, we must say a few words more upon what the work really is. And first for the so-called story.

Some two or three generations of Albuquerquees in Portugal and of Russells in England, having duly, severally, and successively, married, produced children, and died, the two families are respectively reduced, the Russells to Herbert and his mother Eudisia, and the Albuquerquees to Don Alvaro and his daughter Dona Eulalia. The peninsular war taking Herbert Russell to Portugal in 1812, he is quartered upon Albuquerque, when the young people fall in love, marry, and die, with all possible dispatch, leaving an only infant, Gonçalo, the hero. Gonçalo Russell de Albuquerque is brought up by his Portuguese grandfather; at fifteen he joins the patriots in their resistance to Dom Miguel's usurpation, and upon their defeat escapes to England, where he finds grandmama Eudisia, who takes him to Italy for the completion of his education. The commencement of the Italian journey being the final catastrophe.

That so jejune a story cannot be the main object of the author who devised it, we need scarcely be at the trouble of remarking; and suspect that the said author has borrowed his idea of the narrative *pegs* upon which political or philosophical dialogues should be hung, from some recent periodical publications, since the exultation with which he announces that Sir Walter Scott's historical novels are about to be translated into Portuguese proves his own knowledge of what a story meant to delight the fancy, touch the heart, and recreate the mind, should be. We now proceed to that which our author has hung upon his fiction-pegs.

Upon the first few we find nothing, and in good sooth his reasons for sticking them up is to us as great a mystery as any of those previously mentioned; but the later series support clever, and very liberal dissertations upon the history and present condition of Portugal, as also upon the institutions and manners of England. Dom Alvaro being an impassioned lover of national history and antiquities, omits no opportunity, during their brief connection, of enlightening his foreign son-in-law upon those topics; and Gonçalo is lucky enough to find in England a young Portuguese exile, who, instantly becoming his intimate friend, undertakes for his behoof the kind office discharged towards his father Herbert by old Albuquerque. The Portuguese exile is unnamed, and evidently meant for the talented author himself, who, as evidently, has long resided in this country, and whom we might have suspected of being an old acquaintance, not now for the first time teaching the British press to speak the language of Camoens, were not our conjectures turned aside by the information that all the translations of French and English poetry into Portuguese are executed by friends, and by the fact, that upon occasion of an *improvisatore's* introduction, the bard's extemporaneous effusions are only described, not given.

But we must enable our readers to judge of the work for themselves; and as the historical conversations of Dom Alvaro are not very intelligible, save to such as are familiarly acquainted with *Os Lusíadas*, which

Herbert Russell is studying when they take place, we will give some fragments of a speech of the old gentleman touching monastic fraternities. He says,—

“The destruction of the Jesuits, who were accused of intermeddling in the operations of cabinets, admonished most other orders to occupy themselves solely in the management of their own affairs, and to expend their incomes without employing them, as of yore, in building, in agricultural improvements, or in the purchase of libraries; because such ostentation of wealth might, in our days, draw upon them government requisitions, or citations for forced loans; a species of contract which I judge to be unknown in your country, as being only possible in states where the government at one and the same time asks a loan and commands obedience. Never has the advantage been taken which these institutions might afford for the education of indigent youth; especially should the convents of nuns offer the most natural asylum for the reception of female orphans, and the daughters of the destitute poor. The Portuguese government, which, since the fall of the Marquês de Pombal, has united to its despotism a spirit of avarice and of profusion, considers the religious orders that possess established revenues, only as so many mines, whence to extract coin. * * * * It seems incredible how religious orders, whose basis is humility and the renunciation of human distinctions, should have taken the place of the Asiatic and African campaigns for maintaining amongst the Portuguese the spirit of distinctions of nobility. Our kings always distinguished the families to which bishops belonged, and upon them have fallen the rewards attached to important offices. I can assure you, that the honours borne by many families now in the class of nobility are due to reputations acquired by virtues practised in the silence of the cloister, and to learning cultivated in the seclusion of the cell. It is always useful that there should exist an open road by which the classes that do not belong to the nobility may lawfully aspire thereto.

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To the want of such a road the speaker proceeds to ascribe the French Revolution, and the reader will, we doubt not, readily dispense with our translating the old gentleman's speculations upon foreign politics. As we think the writer has bestowed more pains upon the disquisitions of his own representative, we should gladly turn to the dialogues held in England, and complete this article in the lofty style of political discussion. But the selection of a proper extract does not prove easy. We have not room here to investigate the difficult question of whether John VI. or Pedro IV. be the monarch bound by the constitution of Portugal to divide his two kingdoms between his children, and therefore we are unwilling to extract our author's eloquent declamation upon Dona Maria da Gloria's claims. The disquisition upon Pombal, the energetic minister of Joseph I., whose despotic measures have been yet more virulently censured than the patriotism of his views has been warmly eulogized, which we thought would answer our purpose, we find to be immoderately long, and incapable of curtailment, without wholly destroying its peculiar character of discursive reasoning. We therefore abandon our ambitious designs, and shall content ourselves with offering a specimen of our author's descriptive powers.

“They (Albuquerque and his family) reached the *quinta* (villa or farm) upon the Douro just as the bustle was beginning which announced the approach of the great wine-fair at Regoa, whither, on that occasion, resort the greater part

of the landed proprietors, and of the labourers of the districts producing wine fit for exportation, and the merchants of Oporto. At no other period of the year do the banks of the Douro present to a stranger so much to admire. At this season the heat is not overpowering. Hardly may be found elsewhere such admirable views, or so many hills uninterruptedly covered with vines. Had there been as much skill and elegance as there was luxury and expense in the mode of constructing the dwellings, few European territories could contend with the banks of the Douro, either in magnificence of buildings, or in agricultural wealth, and the natural beauties, whereby these sites offer delicious abodes during most seasons of the year. Here, between mountains tapestried with vines, are cultivated orchards of exquisite fruits. Whilst by day, fig, pomegranate, and olive-trees, and thickets of fruit-bushes pleasingly variegate the hills, by night, the fragrance of the orange and its kindred trees, as the lime, the lemon, the citron, and other fruits with aromatic flowers, embalm the atmosphere from the moment the sun disappears, till on the following morning his rays dissipate the delightful freshness, preserved through the night by a dew, heavy in proportion to the vicinity of the river. * * * *

"It is easy to estimate the influence of these sweets of life upon the manners of the inhabitants. Sociability is great; luxury in dress remarkable; the night is spent in sports, dances, and serenades of music, especially vocal. The ladies go to these parties, sometimes from distances of two or three leagues, led upon small ponies or mules, climbing roads opened by torrents of rain, not by the industry of man, descending precipices that fill them with awe and terror, for they do not familiarize themselves with these expeditions, though they brave the cold of early dawn, the noxious vapours of night, and often inclement showers. * * * * The priests of Esculapius denounce these excesses as the causes through which the thread of life of the nymphs of the Douro is so often shorn with cruel precociousness. * * * *

"Herbert was about to witness another peculiar scene upon the Douro, the Regoa wine-fair, and all thereunto pertaining. A train of cavaliers, with baggage, litters, and escorts of cavalry, appeared in the distance, recalling what travellers relate of the caravans of the merchants of Asia. Herbert hastened forward to see the entry of the Deputies of the Douro Wine Company. The deeply submissive gestures of the crowds waiting by the road side to salute them; a certain air of sovereignty in the aspect of these commercial kinglings, announcing them as the distributors of favours and punishers of any infraction of the immunities, prerogatives, and monopolies of their company; these are the first things that strike the disinterested spectator, the impartial observer of such scenes. This Regoa wine-fair is something more than a mercantile operation. Herbert, seeing such a display of power, and the civil magistracy with which the deputies of this trading company were invested, recollected the ancient merchants of Tyre, clothed in purple, &c. &c. &c."

Of course, Herbert goes on to recollect first the Dutch, and then the English East India Company, to which thoughts we leave him, and, finding no further account of what the operations of the Regoa wine fair are, we were about to lay aside the *Conto Moral* and the pen together, when we were struck with a sense of remorse for our ingratitude to one of the very few foreigners who appear to have really studied and understood, and to appreciate English institutions, English liberty, and the English character. We have not room for a long extract, and think, of the few short ones we can find, the following, with which we shall conclude, is not the least gratifying.

"Every kind of labour by which riches can be honestly acquired is esteemed an

honourable occupation, because wealth, honestly obtained, is that which amongst this people gives real political importance. Fair conduct, independence, and polished manners, constitute the gentleman. Cleanliness, a certain elegance of dress suited to the age, a polite exterior, ever the offspring of good education, these signs are immediately recognized, and need no herald to proclaim the class to which he who is endowed with them belongs. Tailors, shoemakers, all whom he employs, acknowledge the *gentleman*. (The word is given in English and explained, rather than translated.) If we advert to the spirit of liberty and of independence actuating the lower classes in England, we cannot but wonder at the public consideration enjoyed by every person who fulfils the duties of a gentleman. When it is intended to crown the praise of many virtues honouring an individual, no other climax is sought than to say that he is a perfect gentleman. King George IV., at the height of his glory, was ambitious of nothing so much as the preservation of the distinction which his manners had earned him, of being the first gentleman of the nation whose chief he was born. * * * * All aspire to merit this title, and the aspirants pay no small homage to virtue, since they enter upon the path of duties and obligations, especially with regard to the strict observance of promises, and both the being, and the passing for, men of honour. There is an illusion, a magic spell in the moral importance attached to the idea of a gentleman, which in England conduces to the preservation of good morals and manners, beyond what any legislation has ever been able to effect."

ART. XIII.—*Sämmtliche Schriften* von A. von Tromlitz. (Collected Works of A. von Tromlitz.) Dresden und Leipzig, 1829—1832. 24 vols. 18mo.

WITH the novels of countries where, as in France and Germany, the press teems with works of fiction, it is not often our practice to trouble our readers. But we conceive that an author whose prolific brain yields twenty-four well-written volumes within the short space of four years,* whatever be his native land, deserves to be generally known, at least by name. This, however, is not the only nor even the principal claim to notice of Herr von Tromlitz. Though we can scarcely perhaps call him a very skilful novelist, his twenty-four little volumes possess real merit, and for the most part take strong hold of the reader's fancy. His defects lie in the conduct of his stories, and in a scattering or diffusion of the interest amongst too many characters. His chief excellencies are, a singular talent for combining romantic interest with almost unprecedentedly close adherence to history, a just development of historical characters, a bold conception and felicitous exemplification of the influence of the circumstances and opinions of different eras upon the human mind, a vigorous and often dramatic embodying of incidents, and a powerful imagination, one fruit of which is the happy use of a slight touch of superstition, and occasionally even of the supernatural.

Tromlitz's novels and tales are for the most part historical, and by far the best are those founded upon the annals of Germany and Italy. Here he is at home, and complete master of his subject. When he

* Since this article was written, six more volumes, which we have not yet had time to read, have reached us, raising the number to thirty.

wanders into other countries, his "art" is less prosperous; probably from less familiar acquaintance with the raw material, to wit, the superstitions, prejudices, feelings, and manners that are to be worked into the finished article; as, for instance, in the *Lady of Mull*, he betrays considerable ignorance of the peculiarities of Highland nature. His *Jutta*—by the way this is a Scandinavian, we believe, certainly not a Gaelic name—may be a very good German Witch, but she is no Highland Seer. Some of the short tales are modern, and these are decidedly the worst.

The first novel of the series we think one of the best. It is entitled *Die Pappenheimer*, (or the Pappenheimers,) which was the name borne by the regiments habitually constituting the division of the Imperial and Catholic army commanded by Count Pappenheim during the early part of the thirty years' war; and offers a lively and striking picture of the state of Germany during that disastrous period, which seems to be a favourite era with our author. Nor do we wonder at it. It would be difficult to select another equally rich in all that is valuable to the writer of fiction, so eminently combining marked variety of character and the violence of conflicting opinions and passions, with the capability of romantic adventure and the lingering remains of the superstitions of an earlier age.

But to return to *Die Pappenheimer*. It is no small proof of skill in Tromlitz that he has known how to awaken in his readers a real interest both for the bigoted, savage and cold-blooded Tilly, and for the equally bigoted, more ruthless, and recklessly licentious Pappenheim, or that he long holds us in doubt as to which of the hostile creeds he himself professes. We should much like to make some extracts from this production, but as we cannot afford many pages to Tromlitz and his whole four-and-twenty volumes, we deem it right to confine ourselves to one novel, and notwithstanding our liking for *die Pappenheimer*, we give the preference to the last of the set, *Mutius Sforza*. But before proceeding further, we must warn the reader against being bewildered, as we have ourselves been, by the recollection of the only Mutius with whom we are at all familiar, i. e. Mutius Scævola. The name of the first Sforza was *Giacomuzzo Attendolo*, Sforza being a nickname, or *nom de guerre*, given him for his great strength; and when the bold soldier's offspring became sovereign princes, flattery divided his Christian name into Giacomo Muzio, or Mutius, thereby satisfactorily proving the family's descent in a direct line from the Roman Mutius.

Mutius Sforza is a Neapolitan story of the fifteenth century, and is prefaced by a sketch of the calamities that befel the Angevine Kings of Naples, all of which our author regards as a just retribution upon the crimes of Charles of Anjou, his usurpation of the kingdom from the house of Hohenstauffen, and his judicial murder of the gallant boy Conradin, the last son of that heroic race. He thus considers the Angevine dynasty as in a manner predestined to crime and sorrow, and although this opinion be not referred to in the novel, it may serve as an illustration of the touch of superstition mentioned as one of his characteristics.

The novel presents us with that portion of the disturbed reign of the last Angevine sovereign of Naples, Joanna II., in which the able *condottiere*, whose name the tale bears, played a distinguished part, and adheres to history with the extraordinary fidelity of which we have already spoken. The development of Italian is often as successful as that of German characters. The author has been peculiarly happy in portraying the good-natured, but weak, and above all, *tinder-hearted* queen, and that far more remarkable personage, his hero. Sforza, who, born a peasant, raised himself by his abilities, political and military, to the rank of Lord High Constable of the Kingdom of Naples, and, dying at the age of fifty-three, bequeathed to his natural son wealth, reputation and troops, which, combined with hereditary talent, made him Duke of Milan, is described by the historian of Naples, Giannone, as naturally frank and very simple, (*di natura aperto, e molto semplice*), and this strangely mixed character Tromlitz has wrought out with singular felicity. He exhibits to us the roughness, the blunt speech of the peasant, amidst the craft of the *condottiere* and the Italian statesman; an honest attachment to Joanna, in conjunction with a loyalty limited to the period for which he has hired himself and his bands; touches of strong and kindly affections, breaking through the hardness and selfishness of a soldier of fortune; and all so admirably adjusted and blended, that no one part offends us as inconsistent with the other.

The more skill was perhaps required to make us receive so uncommonly mingled a character as natural, because its gradual formation is not placed before our eyes, but it is first introduced to us in its full maturity. The novelist has taken for his subject the later years of his hero's life, presenting us with his struggles against the worthless and despotic favourites of Joanna; his efforts to emancipate that princess herself from the degrading thralldom to which her unbridled passions subjected her; his wars against her on behalf of her adopted son, Lewis of Anjou; and his death. All this is evidently not very romantic, still less, perhaps, novel-ish; nevertheless the narrative takes an almost irresistible hold of the reader, the interest excited being compounded of the different sympathies called forth by works of fiction and by biography. There are, indeed, love stories interspersed, and these severally interest us; but the interest of the work by no means hinges upon them; nay, we are not without a suspicion that they charm us less in the usual way of love stories, than as illustrations of the author's views of female character. The perfection of this he places so entirely in submissive resignation and enduring fortitude, that a small matter of tender frailty seems, in his opinion, to detract less from feminine excellence than any species of masculine energy. A few words concerning Sforza's illegitimate and long-neglected daughter, Margaritta, may give as much idea as we have room for, of these episodal, though thoroughly connected and interwoven love-tales and heroines.

At an early period of his soldier's life, Sforza had seduced Josepha, the daughter of his comrade Pietro, and refused the reparation of marriage; whereupon Pietro had prayed that the child of his daughter's shame might be the death of its guilty father. Sforza pursued his bril-

liant career: Pietro became a captain of robbers; and amongst his rufian outlaws, the penitent, virtuous and feminine Josepha has educated her daughter. Margaritta, though employed by her grandfather to decoy travellers into his snares, preserves the purity and nobleness of her nature unimpaired, but her impulses and virtues are all Amazonian; and when restored to Sforza she accompanies him upon his expeditions, and fights by his side. The conflict of her Amazonian pride against her love for Antonio, and the influence of that love when acknowledged, in feminizing her character, are well conceived and executed, and if we have a fault to find, it is that she is not so much softened down to womanhood as we could have wished. No extent to which this effect had been carried would have made the revival of her combative propensities after her lover's death less natural; but on the contrary would have rendered it only the more impressive. Her physical feebleness as a warrior causes her to fulfil her grandfather's curse, Sforza being drowned in endeavouring to save her life as they ford a swollen torrent, to encourage the reluctant troops. The unmarried mother spends the remainder of her life with the only woman more perfect than herself, Sforza's quite perfect widow, Caterina Alapo.

It would require great length of extract, or rather an immense number of extracts, to convey, not an adequate, but a very imperfect idea of the manner in which the character of Sforza, or even that of his daughter, is managed, since it is only as a whole that either produces its effect. We shall not therefore attempt it, but select a detached scene, which a few words of introduction will sufficiently explain. Pandolfello Alapo, (Alopo according to Giannone) once the queen's reigning favourite, has been executed in tortures by her husband, Jacques de la Marche. His only daughter, Constance Alapo, an impassioned but austere chaste damsel, had married Urban Origlia, a friend and officer of Sforza, who had attracted Joanna's notice, had repulsed her advances out of love for his wife, and been poisoned at the queen's table, by Alapo's successor, Caracciolo. Joanna only knows that Origlia had died suddenly. Constance has left Naples with the corse, and the queen, driven from her capital and rendered unusually pious by the plague which is ravaging her kingdom, on rising from her devotions in a church at Gaeta, observes a new monument at which kneels a closely veiled figure in deep black.

"Joanna motioned her attendants to keep back, lest they should disturb the mourner, and stept nearer. The monument was of white marble, sculptured in *bas-relief*; two angels, a palm-branch in the one hand, a myrtle-wreath in the other, hovered over a sarcophagus, on which was seen a golden cup. This striking emblem excited the queen's curiosity; she beckoned to the sacristan, who was at hand, and softly inquired 'Whose monument is this?'

"'Urban Origlia's,' he replied, but not low enough to escape the ear of the mourner. She arose, saw the queen before her, stood a moment irresolute, and then with a respectful curtsy would have withdrawn; when Joanna, recognising Constance, detained her.

"'Do I meet you here, Constance Alapo?' she asked, with a burst of kindness towards the daughter of Pandolfello, 'I am very sorry for you.' Constance was silent, her eyes fixedly, but almost lifelessly, gazing upon the queen. Joanna, deeply moved, resumed, 'Peace be to his ashes?'

" 'The peace of heaven is his;' returned Constance, striving for composure. 'God grant his murderers the same mercy!'

"These words blanched Joanna's cheek. 'Queen,' said Constance, passionately grasping her hand and drawing her close to the tomb; 'here, where repose the earthly remains of my husband, where the eye of God looks down upon us, I ask you, knew you of the horrid deed, or were you only a dreadful instrument in the hands of the ruthless?'

" 'I?' asked the amazed queen, hesitating whether to call her train, or justify herself to the unhappy widow.

" 'Yes, you!' Constance went on. 'You yourself gave Origlia the poisoned cup.'

" 'Great God!' exclaimed the queen, and suddenly the whole dinner-scene was present to her. She turned to her train. 'Duchess of Sessa! Tell me, help me to recollect.' Thus she implored the hastily advancing lady; 'At that repast did not Caracciolo compel me to offer Origlia the goblet?'

" 'That did he!' returned the duchess. 'You yourself were to give him the death-draught; so had he his revenge upon him, upon you.'

"At these words the queen sank involuntarily upon her knees; she was inly shaken, and had lost all self-command. 'I then murdered thee, unfortunate!' she exclaimed; 'murdered thee unwittingly, for to thy last breath wast thou dear to me! God forgive me!' She bowed her head low; long she prayed in silence; then raising herself, 'Did he curse me in his death-pangs?' she falteringly asked. 'Did he curse me, Constance? Speak!'

" 'He forgave his enemies;' answered the mourner. 'And even I, on this hallowed spot, I have prayed to God that he would not record this deed against you. But queen,' she solemnly proceeded, standing like a saint before the sinner, 'arouse yourself, drive the ruthless murderer from your throne, expel him from your palace, be the queen, the mother of your people! Grant my prayer, and from this grave shall spring rich fruits to bless our country.'

" 'What can I do for thee?' rejoined the queen, evading an answer; 'Tell me, Constance, speak but a wish; let me in some small degree make good the ill I have done thee!'

" 'My wishes, queen,' she replied, 'soar to a realm which lies further from you than from me; where not yours, not your minion's, is the power to grant or to deny. There dwells a merciful father, and the gates are open to every pious soul. For this world I have no wish; my wishes for another God will surely grant.' She bent to the queen and left the house of God.

"Joanna stood, crushed, beside Urban's tomb, her eye dwelling, spell-bound, upon the sarcophagus. 'You loved him,' said the Duchess of Sessa, half in sympathy, half in taunt, 'and your love brought him death. Maliciously and treacherously did Caracciolo poison the cup, and your hand must present it to the man whom he feared, upon whom your heart still hangs. Thus does he recompense, thus punish your love.' "

Neither the dreadful discovery just made, nor the taunts of her kinswoman, the duchess, shake the empire of Caracciolo over the more than frail Joanna, during the period comprised in Tromlitz's *Mutius Sforza*, but it is some satisfaction to know that in the end the duchess, whom Giannone calls *una donna terribilissima*, (a most terrible woman) extorted from the queen an order for Caracciolo's arrest, when, under pretence of his having offered resistance, he was put to death.

ART. XIV.—*Umrisse zu Schiller's Lied von der Glocke, nebst Andeutungen.* Von Moritz Retzsch. (Outlines to Schiller's Song of the Bell, with Explanations. By M. Retzsch.) Leipzig. 1833. 4to.

SPEAKING a universal language, the graphic poems of Retzsch are more extensively known, and better appreciated in this country than the originals they are intended to illustrate. Poems they may well be termed, since there is both mind and soul in the productions of his pencil—deep thought and unaffected feeling. It is almost a profanity to apply to what is of so very superior stamp the much abused and ill-reputed word “Illustrations,” which remind us more than could be wished of the insipid, prosy, unimaginative things, seemingly manufactured for the purpose of bringing down the works of a popular author to the level of the lowest taste and most sluggish apprehension. Were it not for a certain specious, yet for the most part mechanical execution, the pretty things of this latter description would hardly pass muster at all, except with those who feel even their inane to be a recommendation, inasmuch as they require no exertion of thought. Few are better able to dispense with the flattering appliances of the engraver's art, and to trust to the inherent vigour and raciness of their compositions when briefly expressed in outlines, than is Retzsch. He brings out the ideas of his author in the happiest manner, catches at the imperfect and obscure images of poetry, and embodies them to the eye in the language of another art. Neither is it merely in detached passages that he shows himself capable of following his prototype *passibus æquis*; but accompanying him almost step by step, he puts the entire subject into action, and dramatizes it to the eye. If, too, in some parts he fails to express all that the original itself conveys to the mind, in others he seems to elevate his author, investing his sentiments with fresh beauty, and expounding with equal energy and propriety what in the other is at best remotely hinted at. That Retzsch's merit must be apparent to the most careless observer, is more than we dare to say—more than as his admirers we should care to say, for the compliment would be a very questionable one. Striking as his works are in themselves, they are not to be fully relished at the first glance. To feel all their excellence we must study them, and then we find they amply repay the attention bestowed on them. At so called effect there is little aim; the artist is too intent upon his subject to be very solicitous about mere prettinesses, or to work up minutiae to the neglect of what is more important; but he grasps the totality of the idea in a masterly way, and places it before us in all its energy. Yet while he never brings forward the mere minutiae that belong to finish and detail, he rarely neglects any circumstance, however slight it may be, that adds to the significancy of the representation. Whatever heightens expression is duly attended to, not obtrusively so, but with a judicious regard to keeping. Bold and spirited as these *outlines* are, they are anything rather than hasty *improvisatore* sketches. On the contrary, they manifest consummate study and reflection, as well as mastery and readiness of hand, and fertility of imagination. There is a healthy

and invigorating tone—an evidence of mental stamina about them, which it is refreshing to contemplate, after the feebleness and vacuity of our own *annual* school of art. The productions of the latter are, undoubtedly, prettier, nicer, and more easily comprehended withal, as exhibiting only external objects, and devoid of aught that “passeth show.” Perfectly innocent of thought themselves, they make no demand upon us for sympathy of intellect or reflection.

These forty-three *Outlines*—for so copiously as this has Retzsch illustrated a poem not much exceeding four hundred lines—will in no wise detract from the fame of him whose pencil has with kindred sentiment and feeling imaged forth *Faust* and *Hamlet*, together with some other productions of Schiller, besides the present. This series is fully equal to any of the preceding, while it is peculiarly happy in its subjects, which form, to a certain extent, a general epitome of human life and social interests, mingled with scenes of a purely poetic or mystical nature. In exhibiting the former, he is earnest, impressive, unaffected; in delineating the latter, he combines philosophy with sportive fancy. It must be confessed that he has brought his pen to the assistance of his pencil, and has explained himself, wherever it was necessary, so fully as to remove all doubt and obscurity, and so as to let us entirely into his meaning. Without some such interpretations, subjects like those in Nos. 4 and 7 would be very imperfectly understood, whereas now all their force and beauty are apparent, nor can we refuse to acknowledge the ability and depth they display. Many may perhaps incline to consider it a defect that there should be occasion for any verbal elucidation at all, since every picture ought to explain itself. The objection however is rather seeming than real, because, although mere objects speak for themselves, a composition ever so simple in itself cannot be understood intuitively. Either it must be explained by previous information, as is the case with historical pictures representing events generally known,—or similar information must be supplied before it can have any definite meaning for us. If indeed, after such preparatory explanation, the subject is still felt to be ambiguous, obscure, and unsatisfactorily treated, the blame must lay with the artist. This, however, is not the case with Retzsch, whose pencil has given additional emphasis to his own ideas and conceptions, as pointed out by him in his *Andeutungen*, which latter, again, are penned with no little power of expression. We are looking anxiously for the appearance of his long expected series of *Outlines from Macbeth*, which, we have little doubt, will invest that sublime drama with new interest, and prove that he has fully identified himself with the poet's personages and conceptions.

ART. XV.—1. *Storia di Sardegna*, del Cavaliere Don Giuseppe Manno. 4 vols. 8vo. Torino, 1827.

2. *Vedute di Sardegna*. Fol. Torino, 1831.

THE fine island of Sardinia, one of the largest in the Mediterranean, important by its central position between Italy, Africa and Spain, rich in the produce of its soil, its mines and its fisheries, and ranking as one of the kingdoms of Europe, has been till lately hardly noticed by strangers; and its history was very obscure when the writer before us undertook his laborious task about ten years since. This work has now been completed some time, and deserves to be more generally known, both for the curious information it contains, and for the enlightened spirit and the abilities of the historian. The Cavaliere Manno is a native of Sardinia, and has been long in office as a member of the Supreme Council, or board for the affairs of that island which sits at Turin. He has therefore had access to all the archives, and has enjoyed other facilities for illustrating the history of his country. In the first volume he makes his way with much caution and discrimination through the obscure mythic ages of Sardinia. The Phœnicians and the Lybians are believed to have been the first navigators who frequented its coasts for the purposes of commerce, in very remote times. The Greeks came after: first Aristæus is said, by Diodorus Siculus, to have come with a colony from Coos, and to have instructed the rude aborigines in the arts of agriculture. Pausanias mentions another colony, led by Iolaus, who built the town of Olbia, enclosed the lands, raised temples, circuses, and other monuments, which Diodorus says still existed in his own time. The name of Iolaus was mentioned with veneration by the inhabitants at the time of the Roman conquest. An Iberian colony, led by Norax, is mentioned by Pausanias and Solinus. He built the city of Nura or Nora, vestiges of which still remain. Perhaps the curious monuments called *Noraghes** which are scattered about the island, derive their origin, as well as name, from the same people. Strabo speaks also of Etruscan colonies; and the Siculi are mentioned by Ptolemy as having settled on the Eastern coasts of the island facing Italy, where their name had maintained itself to the time when that geographer wrote. Lastly, a Lybian colony, under a chieftain named *Sardo*, settled on the western coast, and from him came the name which was at last applied to the whole island, which had been previously called *Ichnusa*.

Amidst all these traditions, one fact appears certain, that Sardinia had been colonized by various races in times long anterior to the history

* These are conical towers, constructed of large cubic stones, whose sides fit each other, without being connected together by either lime or cement. The largest are from fifty to sixty feet in height. The interior is divided into three dark chambers, one above the other, a spiral staircase communicating between them. Under several of these structures, burying places and subterraneous passages have been discovered leading to other *Noraghes*. In some instances an outer wall of the same construction, ten feet high, encloses the earthen platform on which the *Noraghes* is built, and which is 120 yards round. There are several hundreds of these monuments, between large and small, scattered about Sardinia. There are, we believe, structures of a similar description in some parts of Ireland, which country is supposed also to have been colonized from Iberia.

of Rome. The Carthaginians were in possession of at least a part of the island, long before the first treaty between Rome and Carthage, concluded soon after the expulsion of the Tarquins, in which treaty Sardinia is mentioned as a dependency of the latter republic. Pliny and Pomponius Mela mention several cities, such as Calaris, Sulci, Olbia, and Nora, as most ancient, (*vetustissimæ*,) already in their time. Several of those and other towns on the coast have been repeatedly destroyed and rebuilt by different people in the course of centuries, so that it is not uncommon to find on the same spot a Greek gem, a Punic coin, and a Roman inscription.

Sardinia was the scene of bloody contests between the two great rivals, Rome and Carthage, until the year 515, A.U.C., when it was given up by the Carthaginians. After a revolt of the inhabitants which was put down by T. M. Torquatus, it was constituted into a Roman province. From that period it followed the destinies of Rome, and is frequently alluded to in Roman authors.

In the second volume of Manno, we find that the Christian faith was early introduced into the island, and a Bishop of Cagliari is recorded at the beginning of the fourth century. The Vandals invaded it, and under them it became a place of exile and martyrdom for numerous bishops, especially from Africa, persecuted by the Arians. It was reconquered by the Emperor Justinian in 553, and remained subject to the Greek Empire for a long period, though occasionally visited by the Longobards. In the ninth and tenth centuries, it was subject to frequent attacks from the Moors or African Saracens, who at last obtained and kept possession of it until the eleventh century, when the Pisans and Genoese united and conquered it in 1017. Muscet, a Moorish chieftain, reconquered it in 1050, but he was at last defeated by the allied Christians, and taken prisoner to Pisa. The island was then divided among the allies, the principal part falling to the lot of the Pisans, and the rest to the Genoese, the Spanish Count of Mutica and the Marquis Malaspina. Afterwards, the Pisan families to which that Republic had given large districts as feudal tenures, made themselves independent of the mother country, and the Pisans being defeated by the Genoese at sea, could never recover their supremacy. The island was divided into four jurisdictions, Cagliari the south, Arborea to the west, Logoduri north-west, and Gallura to the east, which division has remained till our days. The lords of these provinces, now become independent, were styled judges. The male line of the Judges of Gallura, the most powerful of the four, becoming extinct, the heiress married one of the Visconti of Pisa, and upon his death espoused a second husband, Hans, or Entzius, natural son of Frederic, who was styled King of Sardinia, though he never enjoyed the sovereignty, or visited the island. The whole of this period of the history of Sardinia, from the Pisan conquest to that of the Aragonese, embracing a space of about four centuries, has been till now extremely obscure and confused, though full of interesting incidents; and this is the part which our author has the merit of having the first cleared and rendered intelligible.

The Aragonese, already masters of Sicily, availed themselves of the

dissensions in Sardinia, to gain a footing in that island, first, at the end of the 13th century, as the allies of the Judges of Arborea, against the Pisans and the Genoese; they were supported by Pope Boniface VIII. who by a stretch of Papal authority, not unusual in those times, made them a grant of the whole kingdom. About this time the City of Cagliari, by a special convention with the republics of Pisa and Genoa, constituted itself as an independent free town. At the beginning of the fifteenth century, however, we find the Aragonese at war with the Judges of Arborea, the last remaining of the four judicatures. Mariano, and after him his son Hugo bravely defended their territory against the invaders. After Hugo's death, Eleanor, his sister, a woman of strong mind, married to Brancaloneo Doria, was occupied, while her husband kept the field, in compiling and promulgating wise judicial laws, which have been known by the name of *Carta de Logu*, and which have remained in force to our days. The jurists of Sassari, then a sort of free town in the northern part of the island, had already a century before, namely in 1316, compiled a judicial code, both civil and criminal, remarkable for its equity and humanity. The greatest political offence, viz. that of conspiracy against the Republic of Sassari, or of its patroness Genoa, was visited merely with fine. Capital punishment was inflicted for murder, violent robbery, forgery of deeds, false coining and rape. In speaking of Eleanor's *Carta de Logu*, Manno observes—"whilst I was perusing these remains of an old legislation, it was not without a feeling of national pride, that I repeatedly met with this sentence: *let not the guilty escape for any sum or consideration whatever*, a sentence, which discarding all pecuniary composition in cases of high misdeed, raises the laws of Eleanor above those of most contemporary nations, where the wealthy could almost always evade judicial punishment, which thus fell upon the poor with double severity, and became in fact an act of injustice towards the latter."—Vol. iii. p. 127. These laws, enacted by a woman in a semi-barbarous island, four hundred years ago, have also the merit of being concise and clear, without redundant preambles, without exceptions, or quibbling.

The Aragonese maintained themselves in Sardinia, though exposed to frequent contests with the mountain tribes, till, by the union of all Spain under one sceptre, Sardinia became a dependency of the great Spanish monarchy. As such, the island suffered and decayed for two centuries under the Spanish Viceroy, in the same manner as Sicily, Naples, and Lombardy. The population decreased, as appears from the fact that the militia of the island, consisting of all the youth in the country, which in 1588 mustered 30,000 foot and 7,000 horse, was found in 1727, soon after Sardinia had passed from the Spanish rule to that of the House of Savoy, reduced to 20,000 foot and 9,000 horse. In 1814, its numbers had increased to 25,000 foot, and 35,000 horse. The administration of the laws under the delegated Spanish rule became relaxed and corrupt, crimes remained unpunished, and whole districts of the island, especially the mountainous north-eastern part, had shaken off all subjection to legal authority, and people accustomed themselves to settle their disputes with the musket. The *Stamenti*, or national representation of each of the three orders, nobles, clergy, and towns, which

when united, constitute the Cortes of the kingdom, became a sort of dead letter.

In Manno's fourth volume we find a more hopeful era beginning in consequence of the island being ceded by the treaty of London, in 1720, to the Duke of Savoy, who thereupon assumed the title of King of Sardinia. Our author describes the improvements that took place under the new dynasty, and especially during the reign of Charles Emmanuel III. whom national writers have styled "the Great," and through the cares of his enlightened Minister, Count Bogino, whose name is still venerated in Piedmont as well as in Sardinia. This may be called the epoch of Sardinian civilization. Agriculture and commerce were encouraged, especially the cultivation of the mulberry tree, the improvements of the flocks, &c.; a regular internal administration was established, upright magistrates were appointed, crimes repressed, education was fostered; besides the two universities of Cagliari and Sassari, numerous schools were opened for the instruction of youth, and the presses of Sardinia bore witness of the good effects of the system, by the many interesting and useful works they brought to light.

Our author ends his history with the close of Charles Emmanuel's reign, in the year 1773, avoiding thus the slippery ground of contemporary history. The events of 1793, however, when the people of Sardinia withstood the attack made by the French on Cagliari, and repulsed their landing in different places, prove the truth of what he has stated that the Government of the House of Savoy had gained the affection of the islanders. The sojourn of the Royal Family in Sardinia, during their expulsion from Piedmont by the French, made its princes better acquainted with the wants of the inhabitants, and the reign of the late Charles Felix has been marked by particular care being bestowed on the affairs of the island. Already in 1820 an edict of Victor Emmanuel authorized the enclosing of common lands, which extended over immense tracts of the island, and were nearly useless. This permission has since been largely acted upon, and many of the enclosed tracts have become well cultivated estates, equal to the best farms in Piedmont. The Marquis of Villa Hermosa has been foremost in giving the example of enlightened agricultural methods on his vast estates.

The King, Charles Felix, directed that in every commune or parish there should be a school for the gratuitous instruction of the country people in reading, writing, arithmetic, religious catechism, and the elements of agriculture. Of 392 villages, more than 300 were already, in 1820, provided with such schools.

The laws of Sardinia were the product of various epochs, differing in the various localities, and often clashing in their spirit. Besides the *Carta de Logu*, there were the Aragonese pragmatics and capitularies, the edicts of the Spanish Viceroy, and lastly those of the dynasty of Savoy. A compilation has been made of the best old laws, removing their anomalies and obscurities, and supplying their deficiencies, which on its completion was promulgated in January 1828, as a code of "civil and criminal laws for Sardinia."

The want of inland communication between the various parts of the island was severely felt. A great carriage road was begun in 1823, which, crossing the whole island in its length, south to north, from Cagliari, proceeds by Oristano near the western coast, and thence to Sassari, ending at Porto Vorres, the northernmost point, where the mails and government despatches are landed from Genoa. The whole length of the road is about 145 miles; it was completed in 1829. About 6000 workmen were at times employed, and it cost the government four millions of francs, part of which was defrayed from the king's private purse. The northern division of the road passes over high mountainous tracts, and reaches in some places the elevation of 2,000 feet.* Besides nineteen towns or villages which are scattered on its line, there are houses of refuge in the most solitary tracts, where keepers of the road reside. The people of the interior have now become anxious to establish at their own expense cross-roads in every direction to communicate with the main one. The *Stamenti* or three estates of the kingdom, have also come forward with a grant of money for the purpose of effecting other high roads, leading from the central one to the eastern and western coasts. Two of these, one leading to Ogliastra and the other to Alghero, are now nearly completed.

The beneficial effects of all these wise measures on the minds of the people have become apparent in the decrease of crimes, most of which arose, as among all rude uncultivated people, from violence, jealousy, and revenge. This was especially the case in the interior mountainous districts of Barbagia and Gallura, whilst robbery on the roads or in houses was very rare, and in many parts unknown. The number of murders and homicides, which up to 1818 amounted in the whole island to the frightful number of 150 every year, had already decreased in 1828 to ninety.

The population of Sardinia is somewhere above half a million. By the last census, the men capable of bearing arms were found to be as follows: from sixteen to 30 years of age, 51,947; from thirty to forty-five, 45,648; from forty-five to sixty, 28,026. In all, 125,621. The people are brave, high-spirited, and generally hardy and robust, except in the unwholesome plains, especially on the side of Oristano, where the malaria fever prevails. Cagliari has about 27,000 inhabitants, of whom 1158 are students either in the University, or in the secondary schools. Sassari, the second city in the island, with about 18,000 inhabitants, has also its University, attended by about 230 students. The total number of students in the *normal schools*, which are established in each of the ten districts of the island, is about 6,600. The principal towns, besides Cagliari and Sassari, are Oristano, Bosa, and Alghero, on the western coast, each with a population of 5,000; Iglesias, Tempio, and Quarto in the interior, having each about the same number.

* A series of lithographic views has been since published, (No. 2 of our List,) the designs of which were made by the engineers employed in the construction of the road, exhibiting the most interesting points of view of the interior of the island, which had remained till now a *terra incognita* for the world at large.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. XXIII.

FRANCE.

THE first volume of M. Michaud's (the historian of the Crusades,) *Correspondance d'Orient*, 1830—1831, has just made its appearance. The work, which is to extend to six volumes, will comprise the letters which the author wrote to his friends during the course of his tour. The first volume includes the account of his visit to different parts of the Morea, and to the coast of Asia Minor, including the Troad: the second will contain the letters written from the banks of the Hellespont, and from Constantinople; the third, his correspondence on the road from Constantinople to Jerusalem; the fourth, fifth, and sixth, the letters written from Palestine, Syria, and Egypt. We hope to return to the work hereafter. M. Michaud is neither a Philhellene nor a Philoturk in his opinions; he has as little faith in the regeneration of the first, as in the efficacy of Sultan Mahmoud's reforms of the latter nation. When he left France, Prince Leopold was the destined King of Greece; M. Michaud, after relating the particulars of an interview with the late president Count Capo d'Istria, and adverting to the entire failure of his administration in tranquillizing the country, proceeds to ask,

“Will King Leopold have better success! Nobody knows him here; to the Greeks he will be like a monarch fallen from the clouds. He is not called to it either by recollections of the past or anticipations of the future; it will be difficult to connect the family of a German prince with that of Agamemnon, of Cecrops, or of Agesilaus, still less with the ideas and the interests which have arisen out of the revolution; Prince Leopold inspires no other feeling than that of curiosity; they are looking for him at Napoli, as you are looking at Paris for the Needles of Cleopatra, or the Obelisk of Luxor; there is one thing, however, which may make his arrival wished for; it is generally believed that he will bring with him the proceeds of a loan of sixty millions; this is a great bait for the children of Lycurgus, and of Solon; but when the sixty millions are expended, what will become of the royalty which is now looked upon as a treasure, and will be then only an empty purse? Besides, nothing has been done to establish and consolidate the throne of the new comer. The allied cabinets have thought it sufficient to settle by treaty that there should be a king in the Morea, and that this king should come over from Europe. When I left Paris they were busy settling the limits of the Greek territory; but there was no question about fixing the limits of the royal authority, or of the popular power, in other words, about constituting a government; this is as little thought of here, as it has been in Paris, Petersburg, or London. The new king will come without knowing on what conditions he is to reign, or how he ought to reign; he will have no other prospect before him but to be the continuer of Capo d'Istrias; he must not expect even to be more popular than the president; for in this country, like many others, popularity is not the fate of those whose mission it is to restore order any where. Popular opinions scarcely ever support those whom they have raised, and by their extreme mobility they resemble those stormy winds whose fury always terminates by letting fall what they have carried to the clouds. Such is the fate which threatens the new monarchy of Greece.”

Let us hope that the experience which the Greeks have acquired of the evils of the anarchy under which they have been suffering almost ever since their liberation from the Turkish yoke, will dispose them, and especially their influential chiefs, to give a firm support to the government which has been at last installed among them under King Otho. The author of a very clever

little volume, lately published under the title of "Sketches in Greece and Turkey," (and who, by the way, confirms in every point the truth of M. Michaud's representations as to the wretched state of the country and the people,) says that Otho's arrival was ardently desired by all parties and classes. "The Greeks look to him with enthusiasm, as a sort of saviour who is to bring healing under his wings, who will apply a panacea to all their sufferings and distractions."

On the Sultan's attempts to raise his subjects in the scale of civilization, and the opinion which the latter entertain of him, M. Michaud gives us the following lively and sensible remarks, in a letter from Kounkalé, a little town in the vicinity of the Troad.

"We frequently talked to the Turks about Mahmoud's reforms; they never said a word. Would the revolution succeed? Is Mahmoud a great prince? *God only knows*, was the sole and invariable reply. Nothing is more surprising than to contrast the silence which accompanies the march of events in the East, with the violent and noisy agitation of parties in Europe. Just opposite to where we are lodged there is a coffee-house, which is resorted to by the principal persons of Kounkalé; we see them come, provided with their long pipe, and a leathern or stuff bag hanging by their side, which contains the leaves of the plant perfumed. Every one squats himself down on a raised seat; the most profound silence is observed, and no one ever thinks of asking his neighbour what news? How different from our coffee-houses in Paris, and even in the provinces, where every one is eager for the news of the day, where opinions meet and are excited by opposition, where every thing becomes a subject of agitation and of noisy conversation. I do not believe that the hundred-voiced goddess ever entered a Turkish coffee-house; the silent Osmanli appears to trouble himself as little with what is likely to happen in his own country, as he does with what is passing among unknown nations. If a thousand heads have fallen, if a pasha raises the standard of revolt, a Turk would not give a single para to know why these heads have been cut off, or whether the Porte or the rebellious pashas are likely to triumph. . . .

"You may judge by this that if Sultan Mahmoud is not seconded in his undertaking by popular feeling, he is still less likely to be thwarted by any very hostile opinion. Were I the sovereign of Turkey, and entertained projects of reform, perhaps I should like better to have to do with indifference than with the passions, even with those which might be favourable to me for the moment. Indifference, we all know, allows us to do whatever we like; it is never troublesome, and never demands an account from any one; in a word, indifference is never of service, but is rarely an obstacle."

The first part of the first volume of the long announced *Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde*, to be completed in about twelve volumes, or twenty-four parts, large 8vo., has just made its appearance at Paris. The materials for the work have been in preparation for the last four years, and the list of contributors includes the names of several of the most distinguished men of the present day in literature, science and art, in France as well as other countries. The delay in its commencement, in order to give it the necessary maturity and perfection, has allowed another undertaking under the title of *Dictionnaire de la Conversation et de la Lecture* to take the priority in publication; with this the *Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde* has nothing in common save their common origin, namely, the German *Conversations-Lexicon*. The plan of the *Encyclopédie* is developed at considerable length in a *Discours Préliminaire*, in which it is explained to be neither a *popular*, alias *elementary*, Encyclopædia, nor a *scientific* (savante) Encyclopædia; but a work calculated for persons in active life; (*gens du monde*,) it is designed for readers of all nations; it will be written with a spirit of moderation and tolerance; it will be made as complete as its proposed limits will admit of; and the various articles will occupy a space proportioned to their relative importance in a scale of histori-

cal or scientific unity previously fixed. Finally, all the articles are marked with the initials of the authors' names, the list of whom is given at the beginning. It is supposed that the number of separate articles will amount to 20,000, of which the letter *A* alone will occupy one-eighth; (the first part contains 740 articles in 400 pages,) the publication of the future parts will take place at short intervals. As a specimen of the work we select and translate a short article on a subject which is at present interesting to the inhabitants of the English metropolis, from the attempts that are making to introduce similar establishments among them.*

"**ABATTOIR.**—The *abattoirs* are places constructed for the purpose of slaughtering cattle intended for consumption. Such establishments are only to be found in great cities; those of Paris, which were built in 1809, deserve to be mentioned as models. The inconveniences which attend the existence of slaughter-houses in a city are well known; besides the horrible stench arising from the effusion of blood in the gutters, as well as from the hot water used for washing the intestines, which diffuse putrid miasmata in the air, we must reckon the dangers which the population incurs from the animals escaping in a state of madness, after receiving an ineffectual blow. These considerations, which gave rise to the establishment of *abattoirs*, do not apply to places of small population; for the sake of the public health and security, however, the slaughter-houses ought to be arranged on the same principles.

"At Paris the *abattoirs* are situated beyond the barriers; they are five in number, and consist of a large inclosure surrounded by high walls and iron gates, in which there are stalls for placing the animals intended for slaughter, and courts called *echaudoirs*, where every butcher kills and cuts up the cattle that belong to him. The *echaudoir* has two gates, one by which the living animal is brought in, and another by which the meat is carried out to be taken to the different shops. A ring fastened in the floor serves to fasten the ox, by means of a rope attached to his horns, while he receives a blow on the head from an iron bar. The floor is made of flagstones, with gutters, along which the blood flows into a tub, when it is easily collected. A pulley is fixed in the ceiling for the purpose of raising the carcasses; and strong pieces of wood for fastening them to, while the joints are being separated. Finally, by means of cocks, the most ample supply of water, indispensable for such operations, is obtained.

"Similar *echaudoirs* are reserved for the pork-butchers. In other parts of the building there are places provided with the necessary apparatus for the various operations of melting tallow, and the preparation of the intestines and other parts, which forms the business of the tripe dealer.

"Besides the advantages above enumerated, the *abattoirs* also possess that of facilitating the collection of large quantities of different animal substances, such as bones, horns, hoofs, blood, (which is used in making Prussian blue,) glue and size, gelatine, animal black, &c. which, in the smaller establishments, are entirely lost. Finally,—and this last consideration is not the least important,—the *surveillance* which can easily be exercised in the *abattoirs* affords a security that animals which have died of disease cannot easily be brought into the market."

The XIXth Volume of the great collection of French Historians, commenced by the Benedictines, has just made its appearance. It is divided into three series, the first comprising the historians of the war against the Albigenses;

* To such of our readers as desire fuller information on the subject, we cannot do better than recommend a little pamphlet lately published by Nisbet, of Berners' Street, entitled, "The System of Suburban Abattoirs and Cattle Markets contrasted with London Slaughter Houses and Smithfield Market, being the substance of various Essays published in the "Voice of Humanity,"—and to that quarterly periodical itself, which has been set on foot by the "Association for Promoting Rational Humanity towards the Brute Creation," in aid of the laudable objects of that most excellent Society.

the second, the various contemporary testimonies selected from French and foreign chronicles, and the third, the collection of letters relative to the reigns of Philip Augustus, and Louis VIII. The materials for this volume were in a great degree prepared for the press by Dom Brial, the editor of the preceding five, and it is brought out under the care of the new editors, MM. Naudet and Daunou.

A curious posthumous volume of M. Desmarest, the head of the police under Fouché and Savary, from 1799 to 1815, has just been published under the title of *Temoignages Historiques, ou Quinze Ans de Haute Police sous Napoléon*. It is stated in the preface to have been nearly prepared for the press by the author just before his sudden death last year. It contains a variety of interesting details, many of them new, relative to the various plots and conspiracies against the life of Napoleon, both in France and elsewhere; the deaths of the Duc d'Enghien, General Pichegru, Captain Wright; the assassination of the Emperor Paul; the escape of Sir Sidney Smith and Captain Wright from the Temple; the disappearance of Mr. Bathurst; the mission of the Baron de Kolli; the negociation of Napoleon with Louis XVIII., through the King of Prussia, for the resignation of his claims to the throne of France, &c. Supposing it to be authentic, it affords some valuable materials for history.

M. Casimir Delavigne has brought out a new tragedy, in three acts, founded on Shakspeare's Richard III. entitled *Les Fils d'Edouard*, which has met with complete success.

NECROLOGY.—M. *Andrieux*, perpetual secretary of the French Academy, died recently in the seventy-fourth year of his age, respected and beloved by all parties. He was the author of several excellent comedies. He was originally destined for the bar, but was diverted from it by his taste for literature. He embraced the cause of the Revolution, and in 1798 was elected a member of the Council of Five Hundred; and after the Revolution of the 18th of Brumaire, a member of the Tribunate, from which he was *éliminé* by Buonaparte. He was, however, appointed Professor of Grammar and Belles-Lettres to the Ecole Polytechnique, which he filled for twelve years; after the restoration of the Bourbons he was nominated to the chair of French Literature at the Royal College.

M. Arnault has been elected his successor to the Secretaryship of the French Academy.

The French Academy of Sciences has elected M. Lesson correspondent in the Section of Zoology, in the room of M. Huber, of Geneva.

The Collection of Mirabeau's *Letters during his Residence in England*, lately published in London in two volumes, 8vo., and stated to be printed from the original manuscripts, is denounced by one of the French literary journals (*L'Europe Littéraire*,) as a barefaced fabrication. The whole *fond* of the publication is said to be derived from the fragments of *six* letters of Mirabeau to Chamfort, written from England, and printed at Paris in 1797, a circumstance which is entirely kept out of sight by the London Editor.

The same journal announces that M. Lucas de Montigny is preparing a *Life of Mirabeau*, derived from authentic materials collected during thirty years. Some of the numerous letters of Mirabeau, his father, the Marquis, and his uncle, M. Le Bailly, in M. de Montigny's possession, will shortly appear in the journal above-named.

Coray, the celebrated Greek, and author of so many works tending to revive among his countrymen a love of knowledge and of the literature of their illustrious ancestors, died at Paris in April last, in his eighty-fifth year. He was born at Chios in 1748, and went to Montpellier in 1782, for the purpose of studying medicine and natural history. Having received the degree of Doctor, he settled at Paris in 1788, where his learned labours and his numerous publications have powerfully contributed to produce that lively interest which France has taken in the regeneration of his country. With such views he wrote his Memoir on the present State of Civilization in Greece, read in 1803 before the Society of the Observers of Man, as well as the numerous Prefaces which he inserted in his editions of the Greek Authors. He has left his valuable library to his country, which he had the consolation to see in the enjoyment of that independence for which she had combated with such heroism.

The Academy of Moral and Political Sciences of the French Institute has elected as Foreign Associates, Lord Brougham, and M. Ancillon of Berlin.

The lovers of our national antiquities will be gratified by the appearance of two new publications by F. Michelet, one of which is a tract of the 13th century, in prose and verse, entitled "*Des XXIII Manières de Villains*," and contains a humorous explanation of some of our ancient popular sayings; the other is "*La Lai d'Havelok le Danois*," a poetical version in the *Langue d'Oil* of a tradition relative to the first incursion of the Danes into England.

A collection of models, in relief, of more than sixty monuments of Pelasgic antiquity, is now exhibiting at the Mazarine Library by M. Petit-Radel, who has had them executed under his own direction, for the purpose of diffusing and rendering familiar by ocular demonstration the principles and proofs of his new theory on the early history of Greece and the neighbouring countries.

After an interruption of several years, the Philomathic Society of Paris has resumed the publication of its journal, entitled *Nouveau Bulletin des Sciences*.

M. Tessier, a distinguished architect and geologist, has announced to the Academy of Sciences his approaching departure for the East, where he is sent by government for the purpose of inquiring into the ancient architecture of these countries. His inquiries will embrace the art of masonry as practised by the eastern nations, and the sites of their principal quarries, particularly in Asia Minor, from whence the ancients received the finest and most valuable marbles employed in their monuments. M. Tessier read to the Academy, some time ago, a Memoir on the ancient quarries in the neighbourhood of Frejus, and demonstrated that the beautiful porphyries that adorn the buildings of the Romans, whether in Italy or in Gaul, were not derived from the East and particularly from Egypt, as had been long supposed, but that they were taken from quarries on the shores of the Mediterranean. Near Frejus he discovered one of these quarries, which had been abandoned while in full work. Obelisks and columns traced out in the rock, were still seen adhering to it by one of their sides: besides, the remains of tubs, of vases and of potteries, indicated that this had been the scene of extensive labours: even traces of the iron crampings by which the criminals were held, are still to be seen in the rock, for it is well known that working in the quarries and mines was one

of the severest punishments of the Roman law. M. Tessier has transmitted all these documents to the government, and it is probable that our monuments will shortly be enriched by those substances which formerly conferred such beauty and durability on the constructions of the ancients. M. Tessier has offered his services to the Academy in the collection of such notices and materials as may be required for the solution of questions in geology; and on this subject it is his intention to make a trigonometrical survey of the lakes of Asia—an undertaking of great importance in a geological point of view. During his stay at Constantinople, he will also inquire into the state of the principal libraries, which are supposed to contain valuable materials respecting the state of the sciences during the first and fairest ages of the Mahometan era.

GERMANY.

A new Conversations-Lexicon, in ten vols. 8vo., is announced for publication by a learned Society at Leipzig. Promises are made in the prospectus of great improvements on all preceding works of the kind, &c. &c.

A work of great interest to the philologist and the antiquary is announced for publication by Dr. E. G. Graff, under the title of "Dictionary of the Old High-German Language," in which the original signification and form of our present words, as well as the family connection between all the progeny of the German language and the more ancient languages connected with it, is pointed out, by a complete collection of all the High-German words, phrases and inflections, preserved to us from the earliest times to the commencement of the 12th century, etymologically and grammatically compiled from the most ancient MSS.

The author, in a prospectus of some length, gives specimens of the nature of his work, and dwells on its great importance to his countrymen and the nations of cognate idiom. "Not we alone," says he, "but all the nations of Teutonic origin, the Britons, Netherlands, Danes and Swedes, will derive advantage from the present work: they will also receive from it an explanation of many of their words; and they also, thereby, will perceive in their language the genius of the people with whom both they and we have a common origin. On these accounts the appearance of the present work will be gladly received by these nations. . . . Or do I deceive myself when I think that this work will connect all the nations of our race in new bands of brotherly affection, when they are presented with the living proofs that the same ideas, the same sentiments, pervade and govern both our language and theirs, and that it will excite the determination to hold fast by one another, as children of the same mother, when defence or conflict is needed against those *who are of foreign blood?*" The Italics here are the author's, and we pretend not to determine their meaning.

A new edition of Suidas's Greek Lexicon is announced for publication in two vols. 4to., under the editorship of Professor Bernhardt. The text will be that of the *Editio princeps* of Milan, as being more accurate and complete than that of Küster. A critical apparatus of various readings, corrections and illustrations from the older grammarians and the works of Reinesius, Gronovius, Toup, Schweighæuser, Porson and others, will accompany the work. The Latin translation will be greatly improved, and a suitable Index and literary introduction will be added.

An important work, drawn up from official sources, entitled "The Prussian Monarchy represented in its topographical, statistical and economical State, by Dr. Leopold Krug," is now in course of publication, in two vols. 8vo.

The first volume of a new German translation of Rabelais's Works, by Gottlob Regis, has recently made its appearance at Leipzig. It includes the text of the five books of his famous romance of "Gargantua and Pantagruel." Another volume will contain an Introduction and Notes by the translator, with the various readings of different editions, some of which have only very recently been discovered. The book is handsomely printed in large 8vo., and a good portrait of Rabelais is prefixed.

A new portrait of Goethe has just been published by Schwerdgeburth, which, in point of characteristic resemblance, is said to be superior to any that have yet appeared of that extraordinary man.

A life of the German novelist, Auguste Lafontaine, from the pen of his friend, Professor Gruber (the author of the Life of Wieland), has recently appeared, and report speaks very favorably of its execution.

In the Catalogue of the last Leipzig fair, the following translations of English books are announced as in the press:—Brodie on the Urethra; Clement's Observations in Surgery and Pathology; Lindley's Introduction to Botany; and Stapleton's Life of Canning. Translations are announced as already published of—Babbage on Manufactures; Brewster's Letters on Natural Magic, with Notes by Wolff; Brown's Miscellaneous Botanical Works, Vol. V. Part I.; Christison's Medical Poisons; Cobbett's Protestant Reformation; Sir A. Cooper on Hernia, &c.; Crofton Croker's P. Mahoney; Sir H. Davy's Consolation in Travel; Hope on Diseases of the Heart; Lander's Voyages to the Niger; Lawrence's Lectures; Loudon's Encyclopædia of Agriculture; Lyell's Geology; Mackintosh's History of England; Napier's History of the Peninsular War; Russell's Palestine; Snodgrass's Birman War, 2nd edit. Besides these there are many reprints and translations of Byron, Scott, Moore, Edgeworth, Bulwer, Sheridan, &c. &c.

ITALY.

THE Milan Editors of the *Classici Italiani* are publishing, as a sequel to that series, a collection of the best Italian Writers of the Eighteenth Century, which will consist of 136 volumes, 8vo. The eighteenth century was to Italy an age of revival of philosophical studies and critical investigation. The names of Giannone, Muratori, Maffei, Genovesi, Filangieri, Beccaria, &c., bear sufficient evidence of this. We are, however, surprised not to find in the list of writers of which the collection is to consist, those of Vico, Pietro Verri, and Appiano Buonafede. The *Storia d' Ogni Filosofia* of the last mentioned writer, which has been in part translated into German by Heydenreich, is, notwithstanding its imperfections, the most complete work Italy possesses on the subject. We hear that Fontana of Milan is preparing a new edition of it.

Pistolesi's splendid work, *Il Vaticano descritto*, with etchings by Guerra, which is being published at Rome in folio, has reached its Thirtieth Number. It will contain a complete description of the whole Vatican, ancient and modern, with its multifarious structures, the great Church, the Pontifical Palace,

the Museum, the Library, Raphael's Logge, the Sistine and Paoline chapels, the Sacristia, the Mosaic works, &c.

The Frescoes of the Campo Santo of Pisa, engraved by Lasinio, are publishing at Florence by Molini. Rosini's former publication of the same has become very scarce.

Necrology.—Rafael Morghen, the celebrated engraver, died at Florence on the 8th of April, aged 73. Reared up from his infancy among the arts—for both his father and his uncle followed engraving and early initiated him into its technical practice,—Rafael enjoyed advantages that do not always second the impulses of youthful genius. He afterwards studied under the eminent Volpato, whose daughter he married in 1781. His works are by far too numerous to be specified here. We shall therefore content ourselves with naming the *Madonna della Seggiola*, and the *Transfiguration*, after Raphael, and the *Last Supper*, after Leonardo da Vinci, *chefs-d'œuvre* of the art, and in every respect worthy of the illustrious originator.

Professor Sebastian Ciampi has published at Florence a hitherto unknown translation of the Moral Essays of Albertano Giudice of Brescia, by the notary Sofredi Del Grazia of Pistoja. This is the most remarkable and genuine monument of the old Tuscan dialect, and the perfect character of that idiom appears in it, without the slightest alteration, as it existed before the time of Dante. The preface and notes of the editor are principally intended to show how little known, or rather how entirely unknown, the history of the language of the Italian people was before the discovery of this MS.; 2dly, to determine, at least approximatively, at what time the language of the people began to be generally used in publications and literary works; 3dly, to show in what the peculiar merit of Dante, and his literary contemporaries, consisted, as creators of the Italian language; 4thly, to show the alterations permitted by subsequent writers and copyists of MSS. No more need be said to show the importance of the work to the linguist, the historian and the antiquary.

Mr. Martorano, of Palermo, is publishing a work of *Notizie Storiche dei Saraceni Siciliani*. The first volume has lately appeared.

Alberto Nota, the dramatist, has published an interesting account of the earthquake which took place in the town and district of San Remo, in the Riviera of Genoa, in May, 1831.

Professor Rosini's new novel, *Luisa Strozzi*, in four volumes, 8vo. is expected to appear forthwith. The epoch of the story is that of the fall of the Florentine Republic in the sixteenth century. It is embellished with portraits of Savonarola, Michael Angelo, Guicciardini, Cellini, and other characters of the times.

Another Italian historical romance of the middle ages, entitled *Ettore Fieramosca*, by M. Alzeglio, son-in-law of Manzoni, has just appeared at Milan, in 2 vols. 8vo., with plates from the author's drawings, and is attracting a good deal of attention, probably from the idea of the author having been assisted by his father-in-law.

A new description of Pompeii by Fumagalli, of Milan, from drawings taken in 1824—1829, in sixteen numbers, folio, is announced.

The well known literary Journal, the *Antologia* of Florence, after twelve years of an honourable existence, was suppressed in April last, by an order from the Tuscan government. An article, in the December number last, on the downfall of Greece under the Roman invasion, with a slight allusion to the Austrian dominion in Lombardy, is said to have been the cause of this determination. The article had passed the ordeal of the censorship, which in Tuscany has been till now comparatively indulgent, and the number in question had freely circulated for more than two months all over Italy, at Milan as well as elsewhere, without attracting any animadversion from the respective authorities, when the journal called *La Voce della Verità*, published at Modena, and believed to be under high patronage, made a violent attack on the *Antologia*, on the subject of the said article, and its general tendency. Soon after this the order for the suppression of the *Antologia* was issued. This step, which seems out of the general tenor of Tuscan policy, has made a considerable impression on the people of Florence. A subscription has been made to indemnify the proprietor, M. Vieusseux, for the injury he has sustained by this act of the government. The *Antologia* was one of the two principal Italian literary journals, and was supported by some of the first literary and scientific characters in that country. Its suppression will be felt as a loss. Such is the precarious tenure of literary property in a country subject to the censorship.

Manno, the historian of Sardinia, has recently published at Milan two curious little works; the first is entitled "De 'Vizi de 'Letterati," in the contents of which we notice the following heads:—*Of literary men too young: Of those who remained always young: Of those who are too old: Of the rash: Of the pedantic, the barren, the flowery, the jocose, the proud, the unjust, the mercenary, &c.* We find also chapters on the literati who are exclusive admirers of a single science, on the encyclopedists, on the liberty of language, on the idolatry of language, on the *rifacimento* of old works, and lastly, on classicism and romanticism. The title of the second is "*Della fortuna delle Parole*," or on the good and bad luck of particular words, in which he traces how certain words once noble have become vulgar, while vulgar ones have been admitted into good company, words which may be traced to an historical or sacred origin, words which have usurped the place of other, words which are a perpetual lie, &c. The whole is written in a vein of considerable humour.

Mr. Cigogna is publishing at Venice an interesting work, entitled *Delle Iscrizioni Veneziane*, being a collection of the numerous Epitaphs and Monumental inscriptions on the tombs of distinguished characters existing in the churches of Venice, with copious biographical and critical illustrations. It is in fact a *Liber Fastorum* of that famous Republic and its fourteen centuries of independence. The Eleventh Number is just published.

SWITZERLAND.

Necrology.—Madame de Montolieu, the authoress of *Caroline de Lichtfield*, died at her chateau of Bruyer, near Lausanne, on the 28th of December, 1832, after a long and painful illness, in the eighty-first (according to some accounts in the ninety-first) year of her age. She was twice married; first, to M. de

Crousaz; second, to the Baron de Montolieu. The reputation she acquired by her first novel, published in 1781, was sustained by a long series of productions of the same kind, amounting to upwards of a hundred volumes, original and translated; a large proportion of the latter were from the German novelist, Auguste Lafontaine. She was a very successful competitor for the public favour, for which she was indebted to the ease and gracefulness of her style, the purity of her descriptions, her good taste, and finally to that quality which is so deficient in the literature of the present day—her adherence to nature.

Her son, M. Henri de Crousaz-Mein, who had also been long ill, died the day after his mother, in the same house.

An important work, entitled *Recherches sur les Poissons Fossiles, etc.* will commence to be published in livraisons, in September next, by Dr. Louis Agassiz, Professor of Natural History at Neufchatel. It will be completed in five vols. 4to. of letterpress and 250 plates in folio; and, as respects the vertebrated animals, may be considered as the complement of the Researches of Cuvier on Fossil Bones. It will comprehend a description of 500 extinct species; an exposition of the laws of succession and of the organic development of fish, during all the changes of the terrestrial globe; a new classification of these animals, expressing their connection with the series of formations; and, lastly, some general geological reflections deduced from the study of these fossil remains.

ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

The French translation of the *Laws of Menou* from the Sanskrit, by M. Loiseleur de Longchamps, has just been completed in four livraisons. The original Sanskrit text forms a separate volume.

A Dictionary of the Mongol Language, with explanations in Russian and German by Professor Schmidt, of St. Petersburg, will be published in 1834.

The celebrated linguist, Bopp, has just published the first part of a comparative Grammar of the Sanscrit, Zend, Greek, Latin, Lithuanian, Gothic, and German languages, in which he treats of the sounds, the comparison of the roots, and the formation of the case. A second part will complete the work.

A second edition of Jaubert's Turkish Grammar is in the press, in 8vo., with corrections and additions.

M. Garcin de Tassy has just published a Supplement to his Hindostanee Grammar.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW WORKS

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THE
FOREIGN
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Rapport sur l'état de l'Instruction Publique dans quelques pays de l'Allemagne, et particulièrement en Prusse.*
Par M. V. Cousin, Conseiller d'État, Professeur de Philosophie, Membre de l'Institut et du Conseil Royal de l'Instruction publique. Nouvelle Edition. Paris. 1833. 8vo.

IN our last number we gave an account of the valuable work founded on the observations of MM. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville, the commissioners sent by the French government to inquire into the Penitentiary system established in some of the states of the North American Union. The Report of M. Victor Cousin is the result of a similar scientific or legislative mission, and on a subject even more important than the system of legal punishments. The first part of it contains a sketch of the entire system of education, both learned and popular, in the free city of Frankfort on the Main, the Grand Duchy of Saxe-Weimar, and the kingdom of Saxony: the second part comprehends a detailed account of the general organization of national education in Prussia, of the authorities by which it is regulated and controlled, and the funds from which its expenses are defrayed. The public education of Prussia consists of three degrees: 1. Primary or elementary instruction, destined for children of the lower and middle orders. 2. Secondary instruction, communicated in schools called *gymnasia*. 3. The highest instruction, communicated in the universities. The first of these parts relating to the primary instruction, M. Cousin has completed in the published report; on the two other branches he promises another report of equal extent with the first. In the present article we do not propose to follow M. Cousin through all the details of the various establishments and methods of education which he describes, however interesting and important they may be, as it would be impossible to give a distinct and clear impression of them in the limited space at our command; we shall therefore confine ourselves to the kingdom of Prussia, and give a general view of the admirable system of education established in that state; after which, we shall offer some

remarks on the subject of national education as applicable to our own country.

In Prussia, in the year 1819, a minister of state was created by the name of *minister of public instruction, of ecclesiastical and medical affairs*. His department embraces the superintendence of the national education, the religious establishment, the secondary medical schools, all institutions relating to public health, and all scientific institutions, as academies, libraries, botanical gardens, museums, &c.; every thing, in short, which belongs to the moral and intellectual advancement of the people. This minister is the head of a council or board, consisting of three sections; viz. an ecclesiastical section, composed of thirteen persons, of whom some are lay, but the majority are clerical, with one Roman Catholic; a section of public instruction, composed of twelve persons, chiefly laymen; and a section of medicine, consisting of eight members. All the members of this council are paid; thus the director or chairman of the section of public instruction has a salary of 5000 thalers (760*l.*); four other members a salary of 3000 thalers (460*l.*); seven, from 2000 to 2600 thalers (300*l.* to 375*l.*) The same person may be member of two sections at the same time; thus, nine persons are members both of the ecclesiastical section and of that of public instruction; but in that case he only receives one salary. The section of public instruction meets twice a week, the director in the chair; and the business is transacted by the whole board. Sometimes, however, special reports are made to the minister by some of the councillors. Each of the sections has an establishment of clerks, besides the official establishment belonging to the minister. The entire expense of the department, including the salaries of the councillors is 80,610 thalers a-year (12,180*l.*)

In order to understand the arrangement of the national education, it is necessary to explain the territorial division of Prussia, as the one is adapted to the other. Prussia is divided into ten provinces, viz. Eastern and Western Prussia, Posen, Pomerania, Brandenburg, Silesia, Saxony, Westphalia, Cleves, and Lower Rhine. Each of these provinces is divided into *regencies*, called *Regierungs-Bezirke*, corresponding to our counties; each regency is divided into *circles* (*Kreise*), and each circle is divided into *communes* (*Gemeinden*), corresponding to our parishes. Nearly every province has its university; East and West Prussia, and the duchy of Posen, which border on one another, have the university of Königsberg; Pomerania that of Greifswald; Silesia that of Breslau; Saxony that of Halle; Brandenburg that of Berlin; Westphalia the imperfect university, called the aca-

demy of Munster; the Rhenish provinces that of Bonn. Each of these universities has its authorities named by itself, under the superintendence of an officer appointed by the minister of public instruction, called *curator* in the old universities. This office is always entrusted to a person of importance in the province; and although the appointment is considered as a mark of honour, it is accompanied with a certain salary. All communication between the universities and the minister is carried on through the medium of this officer; and no provincial or local authority has the right of interfering with the establishments for the higher instruction.

This however is not the case with the other two degrees of education, which are considered as belonging in great part to the local authorities. Every province is under the control of a supreme president (*Oberpräsident*), who is at the head of a body dependent on the central department of public instruction, and organised on the same plan, called the *provincial consistory*. This body, like the central council, is divided into three sections; the first for ecclesiastical affairs, or consistory properly so called; the second for public instruction, called the school-board (*Schulcollegium*); the third for affairs relating to public health, called the medical board. All the members of this provincial consistory are paid, and are named directly by the minister of public instruction; the supreme president of the province is chairman both of the entire body and each of the sections, and he corresponds with the minister of public instruction. This correspondence however is not of much importance, and is only intended to maintain the connexion between the different parts of the administration; as in fact the whole authority is in the hands of the consistory, each section of which deliberates separately, and decides every thing by a majority of voices. The *Schulcollegium* or school-board has the management of the secondary instruction in the whole province, and all the higher parts of the primary instruction, such as the *progymnasia* or preparatory gymnasia, the upper town schools, and the seminaries for teaching the masters of the primary schools. Attached to this body is a board of examiners, generally composed of professors of the university in the province, who examine the pupils of the gymnasia before their admission into the university, and the candidates for the situations of teachers in the gymnasia. This board of examiners forms the connecting link between the establishments of the higher and secondary instruction.

We now proceed to explain the arrangement of the primary instruction. Every circle, as we before stated, is divided into

communes; and each commune is provided with a school, of which the pastor or curate of the place is inspector, together with a committee of the principal persons of the commune, called *Schulvorstand*. In the city communes, where there are several primary schools, there is a higher board, composed of the magistrates, which exercises a general superintendence over the several committees. Moreover, in the chief place of the circle there is another inspector, whose authority extends over all the schools of the circle, and who corresponds with the local officers. This as well as the local inspector is almost always an ecclesiastic, but after these two officers the authority of the civil administration commences. The school-inspector of each circle corresponds with the government or council of each regency or department through the medium of its president. One of the members of this council is an officer called *Schulrath*, paid as well as his colleagues, and specially charged with the superintendence of the primary schools; this officer connects the public instruction with the regular administration of the department, being on the one hand named on the presentation of the minister of public instruction, and on the other belonging by virtue of his office to the local government council, and thus being in relation with the minister of the interior. The *Schulrath* makes reports to the council, which decides by the majority of votes. He also inspects the schools; awakens and stimulates the zeal of the inspectors, the committees, and the schoolmasters: all the inferior and superior inspectors correspond with him, and he carries on, through the medium of the president of the council of the department, all the correspondence relative to the schools, with the higher authorities, such as the provincial consistory, and the minister of public instruction: he is in fact the real manager of the primary instruction in each department. It will be observed, therefore, that the details of the primary schools, to which we now limit our attention, are in Prussia left to the management of the local authorities, while the central government exercises everywhere a general superintendence.

Having given this account of the place which the popular or primary instruction occupies in the Prussian system, we shall now proceed to explain its character, objects, and operation.

All parents in Prussia are bound by law to send their children to the public elementary schools, or to satisfy the authorities that their education is sufficiently provided for at home. This regulation is of considerable antiquity; it was confirmed by Frederic the Great in 1769, and was introduced into the Prussian *Landrecht* or code in 1794, and finally it was adopted in the law of 1819,

which forms the basis of the actual system of Prussia. The obligation in question extends not only to parents and guardians, but to all persons who have power over children, such as manufacturers and masters of apprentices, and applies to children of both sexes from their 7th to their 14th year complete. Twice a-year the school committee and the municipal authorities make a list of the children in their district whose parents do not provide for their education, and require the attendance of all who are within the prescribed age. This attendance is dispensed with, if satisfaction is given that the children will be properly instructed elsewhere; but the parents are nevertheless bound to contribute to the school to which their children would naturally belong. Lists of attendance kept by the schoolmaster are delivered every fortnight to the school committee. In order to facilitate the regular attendance of the children, and not altogether to deprive the parents of their assistance, the hours of lessons in the elementary schools are arranged in such a manner as to leave the children every day some hours for domestic labours. The schoolmasters are prohibited by severe penalties from employing their scholars in household work. The schools are closed on Sundays; but the evenings, after divine service and the catechism, may be devoted to gymnastic exercises. Care is taken to enable poor parents to obey the law, by providing their children with books and clothes. "It is to be hoped (says the law,) that facilities and assistance of this kind, the moral and religious influence of the clergymen, and the good advice of the members of the school committees and the municipal authorities, will cause the people gradually to appreciate the advantage of a good elementary education, and will diffuse among young persons the desire of obtaining knowledge, which will lead them to seek it of their own accord." If, however, the parents omit to send their children to school, the clergyman is first to acquaint them with the importance of the duty which they neglect; and if his exhortation is not sufficient, the school committee may summon them and remonstrate with them severely. The only excuses admitted are a certificate of ill health by a medical man, the absence of the children with their parents, or the want of clothes. If all remonstrances fail, the children may be taken to school by a policeman, or the parents, guardians or masters brought before the committee, and fined or imprisoned in default of payment, or condemned to hard labour for the benefit of the commune. These punishments may be increased up to a certain limit for successive infractions of the law. Whenever the parents are condemned to imprisonment or hard labour, care is to be taken that their children are

not abandoned during the term of their punishment. Parents who neglect this duty to their children are to lose all claim to pecuniary relief from the public, except the allowance for instruction, which however is not to pass through their hands. They are likewise declared incapable of filling any municipal office in their commune. If all punishments fail, a guardian is to be allotted to children, and a co-guardian to wards, in order specially to watch over their education. Both Protestant and Roman Catholic ministers are enjoined to exhort parents to send their children regularly to school; and they are prohibited from admitting any children to the examinations for confirmation and communion, who do not produce certificates showing that they have finished their attendance at school, or that they still regularly attend it, or that they receive or have received a separate education.

In order to enable parents to comply with the terms of this law, it is necessary that there should be schools which their children can attend without difficulty. Accordingly every commune is required by law to have a complete *elementary school*, and every town containing more than 1500 inhabitants to have at least one *town school*; the difference between which schools will be explained presently. In order to carry this law into effect, it is enacted that the inhabitants of every rural commune shall, under the direction of the public authorities, form themselves into a society (called *Landschulverein*), composed of all the landed proprietors, and all the fathers of families not landed proprietors, resident in the commune. A society of this kind may likewise be formed by a single village, or even by a collection of remote farm-houses. In general every village is required to maintain its school; several villages however may have one in common, if each is unable to support the expense of a separate school; provided that the distance from the common school is not greater than two miles, in a flat country, or one mile in a hilly country; that the communication is not interrupted by marshes or rivers impassable at certain seasons of the year; and that the number of children to be instructed is not too large, that is, more than 100 for one master.

In order to make a complete primary school the following things are necessary. 1. A sufficient income for the schoolmasters and mistresses during their service, and a maintenance for them after their retirement. 2. A building for exercises and instruction properly constructed, maintained, and warmed. 3. Furniture, books, pictures, instruments, and all things necessary for learning and bodily exercise. The *first* of these points is declared by the Prussian law to be the most important of all;

as without sufficient salaries it is impossible to have good masters. No general rule as to the amount is laid down, as the circumstances of different places differ; but the provincial consistories are directed to appoint a minimum for the salaries of school-masters in towns and in the country for each province, which is to be revised from time to time. With regard to the *second* point, it is laid down that the school-house ought to belong to the school; but if it is hired, a house ought to be taken which stands in an open space. It is absolutely required that every school should be in a wholesome situation, should have rooms of sufficient size, well floored and ventilated, and kept with the utmost cleanliness, and should, as far as possible, contain a good lodging for the master. Where there are several masters, one at least ought to reside in the school. The provincial consistories are directed to prepare plans for the town and country schools of the province, with an estimate of the expenses, in order that they may be followed in the construction of all new schools. Every school in a village or a small town is required to have a garden, where the scholars may learn the art of gardening, and a yard for the exercises of the children. As to the *third* point, every school is to have a collection of books sufficient for the use of the masters, and, as far as possible, for that of the scholars. Other things used in education, such as maps, models for drawing, instruments and collections for teaching natural history and mathematics, implements for teaching trades, &c. are to be furnished to the different schools, according to a scale fixed by the provincial consistories.

The next subject to be considered is the fund from which the expenses incurred in establishing and maintaining these schools are to be defrayed. This fund is of three kinds—1. Endowments of private benefactors. 2. A rate imposed on the inhabitants of the town, commune, or department. 3. The payment of the scholars. With regard to the first of these sources, the law enacts that wherever there is a school maintained by the gifts of private benefactors, it shall be used as the public school of the place; and shall, if necessary, be assisted or augmented at the public cost. Wherever the private funds are insufficient, the duty of maintaining the inferior schools is imposed on all the *fathers of families* in the town or commune, that is, all married persons having an independent establishment; the rate of payment being proportional to the income of each. If a town or commune should from poverty be unable to maintain a proper school, the funds of the department are to be called in aid, so long as the inability shall continue. In addition to these resources, all children attending the school are required to pay a

certain sum to be fixed by the school committee; the chief part of which is to be divided among the masters, in order to stimulate them to the proper performance of their duties. In places however where there is no charity school (*Armenschule*), the public school is bound to furnish gratuitous instruction to the children of indigent parents; some favour is likewise to be shown to parents who have several children attending at the same time.

Having thus explained the duty of parents to send their children to the elementary schools, and the manner in which these schools are established and maintained, we now come to the object and nature of the instruction communicated in them. "The principal object of every school (says the law) is to bring up the youth in such a manner as to create in them, together with a knowledge of the relation of God to man, the power and desire of regulating their lives according to the spirit and principles of Christianity." With this view the masters are directed to form the children to habits of piety; to begin and end the day's lessons with a short prayer; and to instil religious sentiments into their minds at the time of the communion. They are likewise enjoined to inculcate in the children obedience to the laws, and fidelity and attachment to the king and state, in order to animate them with the love of their country.

The inferior public schools are of two kinds—the *elementary schools* in villages and country places, and the *civic* or *town schools* in the towns. Every complete elementary school is required to teach the Christian religion, the German language, the elements of geometry and the general principles of drawing, arithmetic, the elements of natural science, geography, general history, and particularly the history of Prussia, singing, writing, gymnastic exercises, and the simplest kinds of manual labour. No elementary school is *complete* which does not embrace all these subjects; in *every* school however it is absolutely necessary that at least religion, reading, writing, arithmetic, and singing, should be taught. Every town school is required to teach religion and morality, the German language, reading, composition, and the study of the national classics, the elements of Latin and of mathematics, a sound knowledge of arithmetic, physical science, geography and history, and especially the history, laws, and constitution of Prussia; the principles of drawing, singing, chiefly for religious purposes, and gymnastic exercises. No particular books are appointed to be read in the schools; but the masters are left to choose the best on each subject as they may successively appear. Every scholar is bound to go through the entire course on every subject forming a part of the prescribed education, nor are the parents at liberty to exclude their

children from any particular branch of knowledge. The children are to be examined before they pass from one class to another; and once a-year, in every boys' school, there is to be a public examination, at which moreover the master is required to give a written account of the progress and actual state of the school. Every child at his departure from school is furnished with a certificate of his acquirements and character.

The Prussian law justly lays great stress on the respectability and competency of the masters: it is not, however, satisfied with mere injunction and exhortation, but establishes a system by which a succession of well-qualified masters is ensured. Every department is required to maintain a seminary for teachers, or a model school, containing not more than sixty or seventy scholars. Persons between the ages of sixteen and eighteen, who have gone through the entire course of elementary instruction, and whose character is altogether unexceptionable, are admissible. They remain either two or three years, according to their knowledge when admitted; the last year being specially devoted to the theory and practice of teaching. Any person, whether a native or foreigner, properly qualified, is eligible to the situation of school-master; but the pupils of the model schools are to have the preference. No person can be appointed to the situation of teacher who has not been examined and approved by a commission consisting of two clergymen and two laymen: the certificate granted by this commission is to state the degree of the examinant's capacity, and whether he is fitter for the lower or higher class of elementary schools. The appointment of the teachers is regulated by a series of complicated and detailed enactments, which we do not think it necessary to repeat. In the country schools the teachers are selected from the number of qualified persons by the committee: in endowed schools in towns, the appointment belongs to the benefactor; but if they are maintained wholly or in part by the inhabitants, it is exercised by the municipal authorities. No appointment is valid until sanctioned by the government. Detailed regulations are added with respect to the installation, the improvement, the promotion, and the removal of teachers, all contrived so as to enhance their respectability, to awaken and confirm in them a sense of their high calling, and to purge their body from negligent or disreputable members.

We have already given a general view of the authorities by which the public places of education, from the highest to the lowest, are governed; and we do not think it necessary to give a minute account of the means by which the execution of these various laws is ensured. Suffice it to say, that the local committees of the country schools consist chiefly of the ecclesiastical

authorities of the place; while in towns the management of them is shared by a member of the municipal magistracy. Upon the whole, a system of inspection and control is so completely arranged, that no considerable dereliction of duty can take place on the part either of the parents or teachers, without detection and punishment.

It should be added, that the Prussian law does not permit any person to open a private school without having obtained permission from the proper authorities, which may be refused in case of immorality or improper conduct on the part of the applicants. Unmarried men are absolutely prohibited from keeping a girls' school. After private schools have been established, they are subject to the inspection of the public officers of education, who have power, if they find that bad books or masters are employed, to report the school to the provincial consistory, which may withdraw the permission from the school.

Such is a general outline of the national system of elementary instruction for the middling and poorer classes, established by the law of 1819 in Prussia. Even in the imperfect sketch which we have given of its provisions, it is impossible not to recognize a truly sincere and enlightened desire of raising the condition and advancing the civilization of the people; an absence of all narrow political or sectarian views; a wise foresight in providing remedies for all probable abuses, and means of overcoming all probable obstacles; and a judicious distribution of power, in causing it to be exercised in detail by those who have local and minute knowledge, and superintended in general by those who have the widest and farthest views. It is not, however, as M. Cousin observes, to be supposed that so complete, so extensive, and yet so practicable a law, should have proceeded from a single individual. Not only the outlines, but even many of the details of the system, existed previously to its promulgation, either in virtue of special ordinances, or by the habitual practice of certain districts. Thus the legal obligation of parents to send their children to school, and the intimate connexion of elementary instruction with religion, date from the age of the Reformation in Prussia; to which great event they owed their origin, as the progress and diffusion of Protestantism were considered as synonymous with the progress and diffusion of knowledge. This law, therefore, was in great measure an act of codification rather than of new legislation. But if it did not create a new system, it raised the different parts of the kingdom to an uniform standard, it made universal what before had been only partial, and gave the sanction of law to that which before had only existed as a custom. Such zeal and diligence were likewise shown in executing its provisions, as well by the

minister of public instruction as by all the provincial and local authorities, that not only has the letter of the law been strictly carried into effect, but in some instances more has been done than was required. Thus the law enjoins the establishment of a large model school in each department: in several departments, however, small model schools, preparatory to the large one, have been founded. The zeal of the government was, however, tempered with prudence, in applying the law to parts of the kingdom where there were peculiar obstacles to its enforcement. Thus in the Rhenish provinces, where the obligation to send children to school had not existed, the clause relating to compulsory attendance was at first suspended, and after a few years of persuasion and exhortation had induced the people to acquiesce in its propriety, the suspension was removed in 1825. Great caution was likewise required in applying the law to the Jews, a numerous and wealthy part of the Prussian population, who feared lest the faith of their children should be shaken by the public education.

The universality of the operation of the Prussian law is shown by the following statistical facts, furnished by M. Cousin in the Supplement to his Report. According to the newest census the population of Prussia amounts to 12,726,823 souls. Of this number there were in the year 1831, 4,767,072 children up to the age of fourteen years complete. Now it is reckoned that out of 100 children from one day to fourteen years old, 43 (or more exactly, 42, 857 out of 100,000) are between seven and fourteen—the legal age for attendance at school. Consequently, if all children of the required age attended the public schools, the number ought to be 2,043,030. Now it appears from official returns, that in 1831 the number of children attending the public primary schools was 2,021,421. And the small difference between these two numbers is easily explained, when we remember that none of the children under fourteen, educated at home and in private schools, is included in this list, and that in 1832 there were nearly 18,000 scholars of the same age in the Gymnasia. In some parts of the kingdom, indeed, children attend the schools before the age of seven, and in others there is difficulty in enforcing attendance within the prescribed age; so that the number of children under the legal age, who attend in the more advanced provinces, compensates the deficiency caused by the absence of children within the legal age in the more ignorant provinces; but even with this allowance, it will be seen that in the short interval between 1819 and 1831, the Prussian government has gone very far in enforcing the elementary instruction of the entire rising generation of the country.

Having given this account of one of the most remarkable and most successful efforts of legislation which either ancient or mo-

dern history can furnish, it is natural to ask, what is the lesson which it teaches? what light does it shed on the question of national education, more especially with reference to the opinions on that subject commonly entertained in this country?

In the first place we may remark, that it proves incontestably, by the solid and substantial argument of complete practical success, that a system of national education is not a mere chimera; that it is not a phantom of the brain, imagined by dreaming philosophers; but a mode of insuring the elementary instruction of all children, which may be established and maintained not less than an army or navy. There is no doubt that the institution of such a system is encompassed with many difficulties and impediments, some of which we shall presently consider; but that by wisdom, zeal and perseverance these difficulties and impediments may be overcome, the conduct of the Prussian government has irrefragably demonstrated.

Some persons, however, say, that although a system of national education may be *practicable*, it is not *expedient*; that teaching ought, like other services, to be left to the natural operation of demand and supply; that people need not be compelled by law to do that which they will do voluntarily without law; and that all endowed places of education have a natural tendency to become worse than those maintained on the mercantile principle. To those who urge this argument, we answer, that the fact is inconsistent with their assertions; that in this country, where education is left to the principle of demand and supply, the education of a large part of the children of the lower orders is notoriously neglected; that in many parishes, and even districts, there is an entire want of school-houses, and more especially of persons qualified for the situation of schoolmasters. The reasons of this state of things are extremely obvious. Under any circumstances parents have a pecuniary interest in neglecting the education of their children, as it requires an outlay of money for which they certainly get no immediate return, and probably may get no return at all. Poor parents, however, have an additional motive; for not only does the schooling of the children require a direct payment, but their attendance at school deprives the parents of their services at home, or their gains if they can be employed for hire. A remarkable instance of the operation of this interest is furnished by the evidence taken in the last spring by the Factory Commission, from which it appears that the system of employing children in manufactories at a tender age, and for an unreasonable length of time, has arisen entirely from the interest of the parents, who receive the wages of their childrens' labour, and are sometimes even maintained by it in entire idleness. The evils of

infant labour, which have been so loudly, and in part with justice, complained of, could never have existed if a system of national education had existed in this country. Nor is this custom confined to the manufacturing labourers : all poor people, whether in towns or in the country, make great use of the labour of their children ; and although it would be very hard altogether to deprive a poor man of this assistance, yet the children ought not on that account to be wholly sacrificed to their parents. It is to this practice of working young children for the benefit of the parents that the number of Sunday Schools in this country is to be attributed, Sunday not being a *working-day*. In Prussia the law considers that Sunday ought to be a holiday for children as well as parents ; and as the children have laboured at their tasks on the week days, the schools are closed on Sunday. Uneducated persons moreover are for the most part ignorant of the benefits of education, and have no wish to impart to their children that which they do not seek for themselves. Hence the Prussian law enjoins all clergymen and school authorities to seek to inspire parents with a sense of their obligation to their children, and treats the duty of sending children to school as being like other duties, onerous, and therefore likely to be broken, and as forming part of a high and severe code of morality, and therefore not likely to be generally understood. If children provided their own education, and could be sensible of its importance to their happiness, it would be a *want*, and might be left to the natural demand and supply ; but as it is provided by the parents, and paid for by those who do not profit by its results, it is a *duty*, and is therefore liable to be neglected. Parents moreover are for the most part ignorant of the best modes of instruction, and cannot personally superintend the education of their children. A few persons may have leisure to educate their own children, but with the great mass of mankind, education must be delegated to professional teachers ; for, as has been justly observed, "if the grown generation was successively employed in educating the rising generation, the world would be always sowing, and would never gather the harvest."* But the check exercised over a schoolmaster by an absent parent, employed about his own affairs, and probably ignorant of the business of education, is necessarily very imperfect, both in quantity and quality ; and Mr. Babbage might add

* M. de Barante, *Tableau de la Littérature Française*, p. 130. Speaking of Rousseau's *Emile*. "On pourrait soutenir avec une grande probabilité que l'éducation publique est essentiellement la meilleure, mais il est clair du moins qu'elle est nécessaire pour le plus grand nombre. Car une génération entière ne peut pas être occupée à élever la suivante, pour qu'à son tour celle-ci se charge d'en instruire encore une autre ; ce serait cultiver sans cesse en ne recueillant jamais."

education to his list of the articles of which the price is raised and the quality lowered by the difficulty of verification.* It is because the *vis inertiae* and want of enterprise in the teachers are more powerful than the vigilance and knowledge of the parents, that old imperfect systems of education are propagated in unendowed schools; and the improvements in endowed establishments proceed from the spontaneous efforts of the governors, rather than the remonstrances or demands of the parents. The Latin and Greek Grammars of Eton and Westminster, still used at those schools, are a sufficient proof how little protection the mercantile principle affords against the retention of obsolete and barbarous modes of teaching after the discovery of simpler and more compendious methods. Another reason too why education ought not to be left to be regulated merely by the demand, is, that parents looking to immediate and tangible results, have a disposition to give their children what is called a *useful* education, that is, to teach them some trade or calling, to give them some *professional* knowledge, by which they may make money.

"Were there no public institutions for education," says Adam Smith, "no system, no science would be taught for which there was not some demand, or which the circumstances of the times did not render it either necessary, or convenient, or at least fashionable to learn. A private teacher could never find his account in teaching either an exploded and antiquated system of a science acknowledged to be useful, or a science universally believed to be a mere useless and pedantic heap of sophistry and nonsense."—*Wealth of Nations*, book v. ch. 1, p. 3.

The principle which Adam Smith here lays down is strictly true, and the inference which he draws from it is correct so far as it goes; but although the mercantile principle insures the abandonment of antiquated absurdities, it does not insure the inculcation of sound and solid learning. It protects the learner against judicial astrology, casuistry or scholastic divinity, as it would banish the study of the Ptolemaic system of the world from the university of Salamanca.† But it is no guarantee that moral and religious training, that the infusion of scientific and unprofessional knowledge, of which the effects are *future, general, and negative*, will form part of a course of education. Under such a system a boy might learn nothing useless, but he might leave unlearnt much that was highly useful. The same writer says, that "no discipline is ever requisite to force attendance upon lectures which are really worth the attending, as is well known wherever any such lectures are given." This assertion is utterly inconsistent with fact: if two courses of lectures were given

* Babbage on Machinery and Manufactures, c. 14.

† See Lyell's Elements of Geology, vol. i. p. 78, 2d ed.

at a place of education, one scientific, precise, systematic, accurate and profound, the other declamatory, vague, shallow and popular, the latter would have by far the best attendance, if young men were left to their choice. Adam Smith further remarks, that

“ Those parts of education, for the teaching of which there are no public institutions, are generally the best taught. When a young man goes to a fencing or dancing school, he does not indeed always learn to fence or to dance very well, but he seldom fails of learning to fence or to dance. The three most essential parts of literary instruction, to read, write and account, it still continues to be more common to acquire in private than in public schools; and it very seldom happens that any body fails of acquiring them to the degree in which it is necessary to acquire them.”

These remarks are no doubt true; but they do not establish the general proposition which Smith would deduce from them. A slight knowledge of dancing or fencing is easy of acquisition, and no young man goes to a dancing or fencing school who does not desire to learn to dance or fence, as quickly and perfectly as he can. It is not therefore to be wondered that he should succeed in his endeavours. Thus also reading, writing and arithmetic, as they are the most essential, so they are the simplest parts of a literary education, and it is not necessary that for the higher classes there should be public places of education, in order to teach that which every child learns at home. But it does not therefore follow that every parent is best able to choose those more general, abstruse and scientific studies, which ought to form part of every liberal education, or that the system of instruction, arranged by an endowed body, when subjected to a proper superintendence, would not be superior to the fluctuating and unconnected plans of private teachers. It is by no means true that nothing is important in education, for which there is no demand. There are some things, as reading and writing, of such obvious and prominent utility, and which it would be so disgraceful not to know, that for the upper ranks they may be safely omitted from any public system. But if a course of lectures on political economy, or jurisprudence, or logic, is delivered to empty benches, this does not prove either that the professor follows an antiquated system, or that the subjects are trifling and unimportant; it only proves that they are not *fashionable*; and although the fencing and dancing master may have more pupils, who may all learn what they seek to learn, we cannot therefore allow that fencing and dancing are more important than the above-mentioned sciences.

Other persons, however, who may admit that a national system of instruction is practicable, and who do not object to it on the ground of its violating the principle of natural demand and sup-

ply, nevertheless conceive that an extensive plan of education is likely to produce various evils; one of which often insisted on is, that it necessarily has an *irreligious* tendency. Mr. O'Connell is reported to have said in the House of Commons, in the debate on Mr. Roebuck's late motion, that he conceived that the system of national education lately established in France, was intended to make all the people Atheists and Deists. When it is remembered that by the French law, religion is made an essential part of the elementary instruction, and that the curate or the pastor is a member of the school committee, and the curate of the committee of arrondissement (*Loi sur l'instruction primaire*, art. 1, 17, 19); moreover, when we consider what are the opinions which M. Cousin has expressed on this subject, and that he was the person principally concerned in preparing the late French law on primary instruction, we have no doubt that this opinion is completely erroneous; but we will here only remark, that the Prussian system is a positive proof that a national education has not *necessarily* an irreligious character. The Prussian system is throughout based on religion; the ministers of the different Christian persuasions are everywhere charged with its superintendence and management, and are specially enjoined to exhort all parents to fulfil their duty to their children, in sending them to the public school, if their education is not provided for elsewhere. At the same time, it is not entrusted to the sole care of churchmen, but a vigilant inspection is exercised by the government, nor is it administered in the interest of any particular persuasion or sect. If, on the one hand, a national system has not an irreligious, on the other hand it has not necessarily a *sectarian* tendency, and does not tend to produce religious dissention and controversy, which some people think must inevitably spring from increased knowledge and inquiry. Prussia, if we are not mistaken, is remarkable for nothing so much as the enlightened and practical spirit of religion which prevails in it, and the entire absence of theological disputes and hatreds, although there is a considerable variety of religious belief. Those persons likewise, who object to the advancement of education on the ground of its connexion with *liberal* or *revolutionary doctrines*, would do well to consider the case of Prussia, a despotic government without a legislative assembly or a free press, and ask themselves whether the irresponsible ministers of an absolute monarch would have been likely to show such effectual zeal in its cause, if they expected it to produce in the remotest degree the results thus attributed to it. Those who connect anarchical doctrines with the spread of knowledge and the progress of political inquiry, pay those opinions a compliment of which they are wholly undeserving.

So far from unsettling men's minds, nothing is so likely as the slightest tincture of political or historical knowledge to teach them the uncertainty of revolutions, and the improbability of deriving benefit from sudden, violent, and extensive changes of government. With regard to the security of property, this remark applies with even greater force; and it is vain to hope that crime can be effectually suppressed by improvements of police and amendments of criminal law, so long as the poor protect and sympathize with the thief, the rioter, and the incendiary, considering them as persons enlisted on their side in the great war against the rich.

It will not, we suppose, be asserted that the endowed schools and the exertions of private societies in this country, furnish adequate means for the elementary education even of the children whose parents are desirous to provide for their instruction, much less where the parents are indifferent about the moral and intellectual training of their children, and seek rather to profit by their labour. The agricultural labourers are generally considered as the most uncultivated part of our population; as the country districts are least furnished with schools, and the difficulty of attendance where the school is at a distance is greater than where it is close at hand. It is among this class of labourers likewise, that the operation of the poor laws has been chiefly felt, and their pernicious influence in diminishing industry and aggravating poverty, in extinguishing all forethought, prudence and family affection, has taken from parents, in a great degree, both the means and the desire of properly educating their children. Even among the manufacturing population, who for the most part are more enlightened, and have greater opportunities of instruction than the agricultural labourers, the prospect is very far from promising. The Factory Commissioners state in their general report, that

“It appears from the statements and depositions of witnesses of all classes, that even when the employment of children at so early an age and for so many hours as is customary at present produces no manifest bodily disease, yet in the great majority of cases it incapacitates them from receiving instruction. On this head the statements of the children themselves must be admitted to be of some importance; and it will be found that the young children very generally declare that they are too much fatigued to attend school, even when a school is provided for them.”—*Report*, p. 29.

The evil effects of early labour in factories, in preventing or curtailing the instruction of children, have been most felt in parts of Great Britain where it has been generally supposed that education was in the most satisfactory state. The following is an extract from the evidence of the Rev. Dr. Macgill, Professor of

Divinity in the University of Glasgow, contained in the Factory Report.

“ Dr. Macgill stated that he had been above forty years a minister, and had resided during that period in Glasgow and its vicinity; that during that period a great deterioration had taken place in the religion and morals of the labouring classes in that city. This great deterioration he considers to have arisen from a number of concurring causes. Among these he certainly includes the early age at which children of both sexes are sent to work in the manufactories. By this practice the domestic affections are injured, the benefit of parental superintendence, instruction and authority is not enjoyed, and the demoralizing effects of the association of multitudes of young creatures, without instruction, principle, or virtuous habits previously formed, is felt to a lamentable degree. The females, even when preserved from the worst effects of such debasing influence, are unfitted for domestic duties; and the boys, prematurely employed in labours unsuited to their years, and too soon trusted with money, acquire a distaste for regular industry, and plunge into the most wretched courses. The race which succeeds becomes worse than the former; parents and children become still more degenerate, and a general profligacy pervades the whole population. The time for education is also in general too short. Even were it longer, in such a state of things, he apprehended the education would be most inadequate. Fatigued and dispirited, the scholars would learn little; the power of reading would be employed without the disposition to employ it. Above all, religious truth would be little impressed upon their mind, and heard with listless reluctance, would have little influence on their character.”—*First Factory Report*, A. 2, p. 72.

We have not here space to enlarge upon the various circumstances which prove that there is not at this time any thing like a sufficient provision for the proper education of the poorer classes in this kingdom, and that there is no reasonable ground to expect that under the present system there ever will be; we therefore only say, that we confidently anticipate that those persons who are deeply impressed with the manifold advantages and powerful influence of education, who see in it the only means of advancing the civilization of the people, of instilling habits of practical religion and domestic virtue, of implanting the love of order, temperance and regularity, of stifling the seeds of political agitation, of quieting unreasonable expectations, and of strengthening the security of property, will agree with us in thinking that it is impossible to ensure the general diffusion of its benefits without making it a *national establishment*.

For this purpose, it is in the first place necessary that there should be some central authority, appointed by the crown, and forming part of the civil government, in whom the general superintendence of all matters relating to education should be lodged.

It was only in 1819, that the ministry of public instruction was created in Prussia, the business of that department having previously belonged to the ministry of the interior. M. Cousin "considers this change as an improvement of the highest importance. In the first place the business is much better done, there being a centre on which everything depends; the authority also, being more powerful, is better obeyed. Moreover, the high rank of the head of the public instruction shows the importance attached to everything which concerns education; and science thus takes the position in the state which belongs to it." (*Rapport*, p. 148.) All the partial attempts at centralization, which have recently been made in this country, have been attended with complete success; witness the establishment of the metropolitan police, and the consolidation of the metropolitan turnpike trusts; it is moreover understood, that the commissioners of poor law inquiry intend to suggest the formation of a central board to superintend the management of the poor-rate, as being the only means of counteracting the evils arising from the present partial, irregular, short-sighted and unthrifty modes of administration. There is so little centralization in the executive system of England, that there is little danger of carrying it too far by any inconsiderable changes: moreover, under a system like that established in Prussia, the chief authority would in fact reside with the local authorities. M. Cousin argues with great force, that the minister of public instruction ought to be the head of a board, composed of persons who should not go out with the government; otherwise, he says, the maxims and principles, or the management of the national education would be liable perpetually to fluctuate: moreover, as the minister could not be equally well instructed in all the branches of knowledge placed under his care, he would be forced to take the advice of interested persons, and after all, solicitation and influence would probably carry the day. In the present state of opinion in this country, and the jealousy which exists of all authority, and all high and well-paid officers of state, it would, we fear, be hopeless to expect that any minister could be created who should stand in the same relation to his colleagues as the minister of public instruction in France and Prussia. But without attempting to place this department in the place which (as M. Cousin says) justly belongs to it, we have no doubt that a central board of administration, established on the same footing as the revenue boards, consisting of men of science and literature, partly lay and partly clerical, would exercise a completely efficient superintendence of a national system of elementary instruction, as well as of all other scientific and learned establishments.

There are, however, many obstacles to the foundation of a system of national instruction in this country, which do not arise from general objections to its principle, but are occasioned by the prevalence of peculiar opinions and other accidental circumstances. Among the chief of these impediments we may mention a general *indifference* to the subject of education; it is not so much that people consider education as dangerous or hurtful; but they are not aware of its importance both to the individual and the community. It has been justly remarked that it is extremely difficult to convince a person of the utility of logic: for all people can reason either well or ill; and as they are not conscious of reasoning ill, they do not perceive their need of a test which shall distinguish between bad and good reasoning. Whereas if a person has not learnt arithmetic, he cannot so deceive himself as to fancy that he is able to do a rule of three sum, or to extract the square root. It is the same, in a great degree, with education: persons of uncultivated and torpid minds are not aware to what an extent education can raise, enlarge, and stimulate the understanding: in how great a measure it ensures a person's happiness, and makes him both independent of the world, and a safe and peaceable member of society. Hence it is that they have no zeal in the cause; and do not care to promote what they are unable to appreciate. Archbishop Whately, in his *Lectures on Political Economy*, has argued that barbarous nations have no tendency to civilize themselves: in the same manner it may be argued that an uneducated society has no tendency to educate itself; the impulse must come from above; from persons who have created the want which the others do not possess. For this reason it cannot be expected that education will ever become a *popular* question; its advancement can only be expected from persons of public spirit and comprehensive views, who are prepared to undergo much thankless labour, and to sustain much unmerited obloquy, in promoting what they consider the good cause.

Admitting, however, that the negative obstacle of indifference might by zeal and perseverance be overcome, there is a positive obstacle, of a most substantial and serious nature, viz. the variety of religious faith, and the conflicting claims of the Churchmen, the Protestant dissenters, and the Roman Catholics. Hitherto all attempts to establish national systems of education in this kingdom have been thwarted by the dissensions of rival sects. The efforts of the late Education Commission in Ireland were foiled by the heads of the Established Church; and the plan now attempted to be enforced by the Irish Board of Education has met with vehement opposition both from Churchmen and Presbyte-

rians, and its ultimate success is extremely problematical. Mr. Brougham's education bill yielded to the exertions of the English dissenters. When we consider the entire absence of theological controversy on the continent of Europe; in Italy and Spain on account of the slavery of the press; in France and Germany on account of the state of opinion; it is astonishing to contemplate the activity and violence of the religious contest kept up in this country. Every sect maintains its periodical works, its magazines, its reviews, and its newspapers; which, however, do not supersede the necessity of numberless occasional pamphlets, tracts, and loose sheets; and the warfare is further maintained by field-preachings, controversial sermons, conventicles, and other public meetings. A large part of our modern literature consists of polemical divinity. Even popular writers, like the author of *Little's Poems* and the biographer of Lord Byron, desert those departments of literature in which they are fitted to excel, in order to assume the unnatural character of polemics. An indifferent spectator, who considered the effects of religion in parts of this kingdom where the unfortunate tendency to religious disputation is developed with the greatest acrimony, might with some reason think that Christianity was a religion of war, not of peace,—of hatred, not of love: that, (to use Lord Bacon's expression,) the Holy Ghost had descended on mankind, not in the likeness of a dove, but in the shape of a vulture or a raven. However these disputants may differ in their tenets, they agree in urging them with the same animosity, and assailing their opponents with the same uncharitable and unreasoning zeal. Their doctrines are many, but their spirit is everywhere the same. If one ground of dispute is removed, it is only to make way for another. They forget all they agree in, that they may contend about anything that they disagree in. We by no means intend to say that the great body, or even a considerable minority, of Christians of any religious denomination in this kingdom evince such a spirit as we have described; but, unfortunately, when any question affecting religious matters arises, they suffer themselves to be represented and headed by professed polemics, that is, by persons destitute of any love of conciliation, any willingness to concede unimportant points, or to sacrifice accidents to essentials. It is utterly impossible to produce any sincere agreement between persons in this state of mind, and extremely difficult to contrive any plan in which all parties will acquiesce; nevertheless we are convinced that all attempts to unite opposite sects in the same system of education have in this country hitherto been rested on a false foundation, and that the method adopted in Prussia offers the only chance of success. Prussia, it will be observed, has a population of different religions;

of the Christian part, about three-fifths are Protestants, and two-fifths Catholics; there is likewise a considerable number of Jews. The Prussian law of public instruction has the following provisions to meet this difficulty. It enacts that if in a village there are two schools, maintained by different sects, they are not to be united; *but on the contrary, separate schools are to be encouraged, wherever circumstances admit of their formation.* Wherever a school common to two sects is thought expedient, the consent of both parties is to be obtained, and every convenience and security given for the religious education of the several scholars. In establishing the *school-society*, (that is, the body of persons who defray the expenses of the school, see above, p. 278,) the numbers of the Catholics and Protestants in it are to be regulated by their proportion in the district. The school committee is likewise to be filled on the same principle. Where there are two masters, the principal master is to be of the religion of the majority, the inferior master of the religion of the minority, (Rapport, p. 176, 221.) On the subject of proselytism, the law makes the following declaration:—

“ Since in every school of a Christian state the prevalent and universal feeling must be piety and a deep veneration for the Deity, every school may receive children of a different Christian persuasion. The masters and inspectors should most carefully avoid every kind of constraint or annoyance towards the children with regard to their particular creed. No school is to be perverted to purposes of proselytism; and the children of a different faith from that of the school are not required, against their own or their parents’ will, to participate in the religious instruction or exercises. Separate masters of their own faith will be entrusted with their religious instruction; and whenever it is impossible to have a master for each belief, the parents must attend to the religious education of their own children, if they do not wish them to learn the doctrines of the school.”—p. 191.

Now in this country it seems to have been assumed as a fundamental principle in contriving all systems of national education, that the children of different sects should as much as possible be educated in common; and that a separation of schools tends only to widen the breach and inflame the animosity already existing between the different religious persuasions. But we are convinced that the benefits attempted to be gained by this system are only to be ensured by the opposite course; that a conflict is only to be avoided by keeping the conflicting elements as far asunder as possible; that an explosion is to be prevented, not by attempting to accustom gunpowder to the contact of fire, but by carefully removing the one from the neighbourhood of the other. *Divide et impera* is the maxim which should guide the conduct

of one who has to arrange the education of conflicting sects, separated by irreconcilable differences. We agree with M. Cousin in thinking that all national elementary education ought to be founded on religion;* but it ought not to be founded solely on the established religion. A national system of education should be free from all imputation of proselytism, or of being favourable to the clergy of one religious denomination more than another. The law should as much as possible ensure and enforce the education of every child, providing sufficient securities that the children might be brought up in the religion of their parents. Mr. Brougham's education bill was lost because the dissenters considered it too favourable to the Established Church. The system which he proposed was in truth faulty as being without a *main spring*; it wanted a central authority, unconnected with any peculiar religious persuasion; and hence he was obliged to rely too much on the Established Church, the only existing organized body to which he could look for assistance. A central board, free from all religious bias, ought, in our opinion, to be the *fulcrum* on which the entire system of education should ultimately rest; and every facility ought to be given to the maintenance of separate schools for the dissident sects, by the members of those dissident sects. At the same time ample security should be required and enforced by a vigilant inspection, that the prescribed course of instruction should be followed in them, and that no mischievous books, such as those formerly used in the Roman Catholic schools of Ireland, should be read. Under these circumstances, all dissenters, whether Protestants or Roman Catholics, would have the alternative either to maintain separate schools of their own, in which they would undertake to teach the entire course of elementary instruction required by the state, or to send their children to schools in immediate connexion with the established church. M. Cousin states it as "a lamentable fact, that the Roman Catholic clergy of France are generally indifferent or hostile to the instruction of the people." (Rapport, p. 255.) The same statement has often been made with respect to the Protestant clergy of the Established Church of England; but though some members of that body may be bigoted and timid, and others lukewarm or indolent, we believe that the great majority are sincerely anxious to promote the cause of popular education;

* There is an excellent passage on this subject in M. Cousin's Report, p. 394—6, which nothing but our want of space prevents us from extracting. Some remarks on the same subject may also be found in Chalmers's *Political Economy*, ch. 15.

† An able and elaborate account of this bill, and the grounds of the opposition to it, may be found in the *Edinburgh Review*, vol. 34, p. 214—254. and vol. 35, p. 214—257. On its connexion with the Church establishment, see particularly vol. 34, p. 246.

and as the creed of the Church of England is still the faith of the majority of Englishmen, and as the established clergy by the degrees of their hierarchy, and their distribution over the country, afford the basis of a regular administration, and a certainty that there is for the most part a respectable and well-educated public functionary resident in every parish, every system of national education for England must in great measure depend for its success on the co-operation and superintendence of the Established Church.

But supposing that a system of national education could be proposed in which all the different religious persuasions of this country should acquiesce, we are next met with the formidable question, whence are to come the funds from which its expenses are to be defrayed? In solving this financial problem, we would keep in view the example of Prussia, (*ante*, p. 279), and would in the first place appropriate the funds of all endowed schools, destined either to general purposes comprehended in the elementary course of instruction to be sanctioned by the state, or to purposes no longer useful, and obviously only fitted for a former state of society. The endowments of schools founded for peculiar and exclusive purposes, such as the use of specified sects or trades, would of course not be interfered with. A very considerable sum would, we believe, annually flow from this source, which now from its imperfect and unsystematic management, is productive of comparatively little benefit. In the next place, in whatever parish this resource was either wanting or insufficient, we would impose a rate (on a plan nearly similar to a poor-rate, or a road-rate) on a certain part of the parishioners; and if the parish was either from poverty or the pressure of the poor-rates unable to bear an additional burden, it should be empowered to call a county rate in aid. Special provisions would of course be required, in order to meet the cases of small parishes which might not require a separate school, and populous parishes in towns, which would require several. The feasibility of this part of the plan would in great part depend on the success of the attempts which will be made to amend the English poor-laws, and to diminish the amount of the poor-rates, which in all parts of the country appear to be steadily and rapidly increasing. That this formidable evil *will* be arrested in its course is what no one can be bold enough to predict: but that it *may* be arrested, we entertain no doubt. It would likewise be proper to admit the mercantile principle in the national schools, so far as it is admissible, and to require a payment for all children whose parents were not satisfactorily proved to be unable to incur such an expense. By this means there would be an additional inducement

to the regular attendance of the children, and an additional incentive to the good conduct of the schoolmaster, if he received a proportional part of the money thus obtained. The maintenance of model-schools for teachers ought, we think, to be provided for by the counties. And this is a point of primary importance; as there is no doubt of the truth of the maxim, which (as M. Cousin says) is generally recognised in Prussia, that the goodness of the school depends on the goodness of the master. There is at present in this country no provision whatever for this important subject. We learn from the *Factory Report* that operatives of both sexes often officiate on Sundays as teachers in the Sunday schools: the *Edinburgh Review* speaks of "the barbarous manner in which the Scotch schoolmasters are educated, examined, appointed, paid and superintended," (No. cxvi. p. 525); and it is known that the schoolmasters of Ireland are frequently persons of most worthless character, and that the threatening letters and Captain Rock notices which abound so much in that country, in many cases emanate from them. The Prussian law, by which the schoolmasters are made as it were an order in the state, the clergy of education, and provided with a small retired annuity, appears to us in every way worthy of imitation. The expenses of a central establishment ought, we think, to be defrayed from the public revenue; and some contributions towards the heavier expenses, such as the building of schools, might be sometimes obtained from parliamentary grants, which in this case would be duly appropriated by responsible persons, and the schools built by means of the sums so granted would belong to the state: instead, like the £20,000 now proposed to be granted for the building of schools in England, and the large sums of money annually granted for many years to private societies in Ireland, of being expended and often wasted by irresponsible persons, on schools which do not become the property of the public. We are convinced that if the burdens of an education establishment were divided in the manner which we have suggested, the expense to the public would be inconsiderable as compared with the greatness of the object, and the immense resources of this country. Prussia with a revenue of less than eight millions (£7,590,476), educates her entire population (nearly as large as that of England), at an expense of about £360,000 a year, of which sum the state contributed in 1831 about £48,000, (Cousin, *Rapport*, p. 268, *Supplément* p. 15). How small a part of the sum annually raised in England as poor rates for corrupting the poor, would be sufficient to educate them in knowledge and in virtue!

With regard to the *nature* of elementary instruction, there is not of course much room for doubt. Reading, writing and arith-

metic are the necessary avenues and means of knowledge; but it must be remembered that they are not knowledge in themselves; that, like languages, they are mere *instruments*, and do not, so far as they *are* mere instruments, produce any beneficial effect on the mind of the learner, independent of the exercise of learning. The great object therefore is to establish an education, not of merely instrumental knowledge, but of *facts, principles and habits*; and this can only be done by a course of schooling continued through several years, and not, as is customary in England, confined to one day in the week, and barely sufficient to teach the elements of reading and writing. It has sometimes been said that it is impolitic to teach the lower classes to write, as they thus learn how to forge and to direct parcels of stolen goods. But the object of a good education should be, not merely to teach a child to write, but to teach him how to make a good use of the power which he has acquired. Mere readers and writers and casters of accounts may be as vicious and idle as a man who cannot say his alphabet; but to maintain that the character is not improved by a good moral and religious education, seems to us as absurd as to maintain that the sun is not the source of light and that the moon is not the cause of the tides; for not only is the character improved by this means, but it is the *only* means of improving it. The following extract from the evidence of Mr. H. Ashworth, a cotton manufacturer of Bolton, taken by the Factory Commission, throws so much light on several of the subjects which we have mentioned, that, notwithstanding its length, we venture to insert it.

“ In what way do you think that the charge of the education of children in mills should be defrayed where the parents are unable or unwilling to meet it?—If the inquiry has reference to the education of the factory children exclusively, and if it is deemed expedient that some provision should be made for their education and early training into proper habits of life (as I think there ought to be), I think that the manufacturer, if he were to be answerable for the education of the children, should be allowed to deduct the amount paid for schooling from his quota of the poor's rates.

“ Why do you think that the expense ought to be defrayed from the poor's rates?—I think that the parish ought to pay for the training of the infant poor, inasmuch as that training has a tendency to relieve the parish from after burthens. The master ought not, I think, to be made to pay, inasmuch as he has no claim for the after services of children. They may, at any time, deprive him of the benefit of the education he has given them, by removing to another mill or entering into some other occupation.

“ Have you observed the effect of the education and training the infant poor in relieving the parish from after burthens?—Yes. The township of Turton, where I reside, has the privilege (under a bequest of Hum-

phrey Cheetham, Esq.) of sending ten or twelve boys to a charity school, where they are boarded and educated. This privilege has been enjoyed for nearly a century and a half; and *I have heard it remarked, that during the recollection of the oldest officers and residents of the township only two instances were known where the persons who had been educated under this privilege had received parochial relief.* One of these persons was for seven years at school, and never could learn his horn-book or alphabet, and was, in fact, a kind of half-idiot. In the other case, relief was only claimed in extreme old age, and when the family of the pauper had deserted him.

“Were the persons, upon whose children this privilege was conferred, of the labouring classes?—Yes; all of them. They were annually selected by the guardians of the poor.

“Why, seeing the pecuniary benefit derived from the education thus given to a few children, have not exertions been made to extend the benefits of a similar education to all the poor children of the township?—In the first place, many of the rate-payers are persons who would themselves have benefited by a like education; in the next place, they have not all a permanent interest in the welfare of the place; and the immediate expense would produce an impression to outweigh remote considerations, if they were accustomed or able to entertain them. They have many of them limited means, and narrow views of these advantages.

“Are there not some of the manufacturers who have not had the benefits of education?—I think that there are very few who have not had an education to enable them to read and write, but there certainly are some whose education has not been liberal or extensive.

This being the case, that with such evidence of the pecuniary advantages of education (setting aside the moral advantages), whilst on the one side you have parochial authorities whose views are so narrow as not to prompt them to take measures to ensure those advantages, and on the other, manufacturers whose education has not been liberal, and who are therefore not likely to take comprehensive views of the education of others, would not some extraneous securities be requisite to secure a real and efficient education to the classes in question?—I think that in places where enlightened and benevolent individuals do not come forward in sufficient numbers to direct the education required for children who would come under the contemplated restrictions in their hours of working, means should be taken to secure its efficiency.”—*Second Factory Report*, E. p. 1.*

There is, moreover, another circumstance connected with the political state of this country, which should not be overlooked in reference to this question. Those who think it dangerous to diffuse knowledge among the people, judge correctly in wishing to withhold political power from them; but as the Reform Act has given a large share of political power to the people, it can no

* See also, on the general diffusion and the benefits of education among the manufacturing classes in the United States, the evidence of Mr. James Kempson, of Philadelphia, in the *First Factory Report*, E. p. 21.

longer be safe to limit their means of knowledge, even in the views of those who were opposed to the extension of their rights. On the contrary, all parties must now admit that not only ought popular instruction to be *encouraged*, but that it ought to be *ensured*, as affording the only guarantee for the proper use of that power, which, whether *wisely* or *unwisely*, has at any rate *irrevocably* been granted to the middling and lower orders of this country.

Any general measure on this subject ought to be the result of accurate and extensive inquiry and mature deliberation, and be so framed as to meet the reasonable demands of the various religious sects and parties who would be affected by it: it should not be, like so many of the measures which have recently been introduced into parliament, the extemporaneous production of a person occupied with other matters, a mere skeleton of legislation, wanting flesh and blood:

“ Not the hasty product of a day,
But the well-ripened fruit of wise delay.”

Under the actual circumstances of this country however, any law on national education must, as Cousin says of France, (p. 245,) be in great measure provisional. The great and ultimate object, viz. the compulsory attendance of all children within certain prescribed ages, can only be approached by slow and cautious steps; and custom must previously establish what the law should afterwards enforce. The new French law is silent on this subject; the Prussian government, as we have seen above, only introduced this obligation gradually in some of its provinces. When, however, we recollect that the late Factory Act has sanctioned the principle of the compulsory attendance of children at school, in order to protect them from the interest of their parents, and to improve their moral and physical condition, we cannot help thinking that this duty might be imposed by law in some modified form, as either for a part of the year or a part of the week; in addition to which, all moral incentives should be used, such as exhortations of the local authorities, the ministers of religion, &c. in order to habituate parents to the practice of this duty to their children, and to facilitate its ultimate imposition by law.

We have before examined many of the objections which might be made, with considerable show of reason, to a compulsory plan of national education, though we think that they are partly founded in error, and at any rate are greatly outweighed by the counter-vailing advantages. We do not however expect that the arguments to which we have adverted will be much brought forward in popular discussion: the chief objections to such a system will

probably come in the form of such phrases as the following:—"tyrannical interference with natural right," "drilling people into knowledge and virtue," "borrowing measures from despotic governments," "not suit our free constitution," &c. Those who may urge such objections will do well to cast their eyes on our system of poor laws, a system the excellence of which it was for many years unpatriotic to doubt, and which even now passes with many people as a model of benevolence, charity and humanity; and consider why a compulsory provision for the *maintenance* of the poor is less "tyrannical," less "suitable to our free constitution," less "an interference with natural right," than a compulsory provision for the *education* of the poor. Those who judge of political measures, not by the sound of obnoxious epithets, but by the good or evil effects which they either produce or prevent, will probably be inclined to agree with us in thinking, that although both poor laws and national education may be founded on legal compulsion, the one system is beneficial for the same reasons that the other is pernicious. The one has a tendency to increase the rate and amount of the taxation on which it depends, as the numbers and claims of the paupers augment, and the system of pauperism is more completely organized; the other has a tendency to diminish the rate and amount of its taxation, as in each succeeding generation the parents having better learnt to estimate the benefits of education, and gained the industrious habits which it inspires, will be both more willing and able to pay for the schooling of their children. The one has a tendency to generate foresight, prudence, industry, sobriety, and orderly habits; the other, to generate improvidence, recklessness, indolence, profligacy and irregularity. The one has a tendency to create habits of respect to the law and the magistrate, to teach the sacredness of the right of property, and to strengthen the natural affections; the other tends to break the links which bind the rich to the poor, to set the pauper against the government and the law, to encourage insubordination, to teach that the wellbeing of the pauper varies directly as the terror of the rate-payer, and to extinguish the feelings of family and kindred. Each system tends to move on with a constantly accelerated velocity, and perpetually to widen the sphere of its operation; but the increase of the one is knowledge, industry, wealth, morality, good order and happiness; the increase of the other is ignorance, vice, misery, idleness, poverty, insurrection and national ruin.

- ART. II.—1. *Histoire de la Renaissance de la Liberté en Italie, de ses progrès, de sa décadence, et de sa chute*, par J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1832. (The same in English, under the title of *A History of the Italian Republics, being a View of the Origin, Progress, and Fall of Italian Freedom*, being vol. XXVII. of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.)
2. *Storia Fiorentina di Ricordano Malispini, dall' edificazione di Firenze al 1282, seguitata da Giacotto Malispini, fino al 1826*. 2 vols. 12mo. Livorno, 1830.
3. *Cronaca Fiorentina di Messer Dino Compagni, dal 1280 al 1312, con note di Antonio Benci*. 12mo. Livorno, 1830.
4. *Istorie Fiorentine di Niccolò Machiavelli*. 2 vol. 16mo. Italia, 1819.
5. *Vita di Federico Barbarossa*, per Messer Cosimo Bartoli, *con note*. 16mo. Milano, 1829.
6. *Storia di Milano di Pietro Verri*. 4 vol. 8vo. Milano, 1824-5.
7. *Istoria d'Italia, antica e moderna, del Cavaliere Luigi Bossi*. 19 vol. 8vo. Milano, 1819-23.

WE look upon historical abridgments and *resumés* as we do upon maps on a small scale, as being the means of communicating a general though superficial acquaintance with the great outlines of various nations and countries, and of preparing the mind of the student for deeper investigation, if it should be required. To expect any thing more from an abridgment would be unreasonable. All we require of the writer is, that he should curtail without mutilating, compress without disfiguring, adhere strictly to facts and dates, and avoid as much as possible all redundancies of expression, all unnecessary disquisitions and reflections. The style ought to approach to that of a chronicle.

M. de Sismondi's "History of the Italian Republics of the Middle Ages" has been now long before the public. Judgment has been pronounced on that work, and upon the whole it has been favourable. Extensive information, eloquence of style, discrimination in the selection and arrangement of an immense multitude of details,—these and other valuable requisites of a great historical work have been acknowledged in it. One quality, however, has not been found so thoroughly evident, and that is, strict impartiality. M. Sismondi's liberal ardour, natural enough at the time he wrote, made him enthusiastic for the *name* of liberty, even at the expense of the *substance*. This has been remarked by several of his admirers, by men attached to liberty, but not worshippers of every fallacious idol that has been set up at times as the image of the goddess. Yet in M. Sismondi's great

work, the bias was in his judgment only, for his narrative was generally impartial and conscientious, and the reader might indulge in a good-tempered smile now and then at seeing how much his facts were at variance with his conclusions. But in the abridgment now before us, which he has styled the "History of Italian Freedom," most of the instructive details have been necessarily left out, while the predilections of the author are set forth with all the dogmatism of a preorganized system. The manner of it has too much the tone of a special pleading. The quarter of a century that has elapsed since the appearance of the first volumes of M. Sismondi's great work, might, one would have thought, have somewhat sobered the enthusiasm of the writer, without affecting his liberal principles; but to our surprise we have found a greater appearance of juvenility in the present than in the former work. Has the sun of July, 1830, had any influence in producing this effect?—that sun whose light has proved a safe guidance to those who have availed themselves of it in sober earnestness to find their way, while to many others, and some of them able men too, it has been but an *ignis fatuus*, leading them astray into the wilds of abstract fancies, and of stale, unprofitable and long exploded schemes.

However this may be, we cannot approve of the sententious tone of M. Sismondi's abridgment, and we shall always recommend our friends not to form their judgment by this shorter publication, but to refer to his really valuable and instructive "History of the Italian Republics of the Middle Ages." And as several of the old chroniclers of those times have been lately reproduced in Italy, we have placed them at the head of this article, in which we purpose to exhibit, in as brief space as possible, a progressive view of the rise, decline and fall of the Italian free cities, exemplified in the history of two of the principal ones, Milan and Florence.

The Italian cities were, under the Longobards, subject to their respective dukes, who, like all the other men in authority, belonged to the conquering nation. The Italians, or *Romans* as they were then called, had no share in the civil government, but in the capacity of *clerks*, filled most of the offices and dignities of the church. After the fall of the Longobards, Charlemagne and his successors, who favoured the church and had been favoured by it, gave temporal power to the bishops and abbots, bestowed on them feudal tenures, and in many instances made them counts or governors of the city and territory where their sees lay. Meantime the lay-vassals of the crown were multiplied, through the policy of the first Carlovingian monarchs, and numerous counts, marquises and barons arose all over the country. It is well

known how these feudal tenures, which were at first held during pleasure, or at most for life, became hereditary in the families of the holders during the weak and distracted reigns of the later Carlovingian emperors, and how the great feudatories, in order to strengthen themselves, granted sub-infeudations to their respective vassals, thus usurping the powers of the crown. Hence a swarm of nobles, or *milites*, in every district, and a marked distinction between them and the *villeins* or *roturiers*, who were free but ignoble. The land was divided chiefly among the former, who cultivated it by means of their serfs or their freedmen (*aldiani*). There were also free landed proprietors, who were not noble, not being possessed of a fief, but who had allodial property; these were called *arimanni*. The cities were inhabited chiefly by men born free, though not noble, or who had obtained their freedom, and who carried on trades and professions, and they increased rapidly in numbers, industry and importance.

The Archbishops of Milan exercised an almost sovereign jurisdiction over the city in the ninth and tenth centuries; always, however, in the name of the Emperor or King of Italy, who gave them the investiture as their first vassals in the Italian kingdom. As such they raised their contingents of militia, and even appeared personally in the field, either at the call of their sovereign, or more frequently upon their own account, to extend their power over neighbouring districts. Thus we find Arnulph making war against the Marquis of Asti, and Heribert against the town of Lodi. The kings of Italy of the Carlovingian race, as well as their successors, Berengarius, Hugo of Provence, Otho of Saxony, were elected by the bishops and the great feudatories of Italy, who, through jealousy of each other, generally chose a foreigner, and at last accustomed themselves to accept as their king him whom the Germans had elected their emperor, preferring a distant and generally absent sovereign to a native and a resident one. From the time of Otho I., who was called in by the Italians as an umpire, the elective crown of Germany became annexed, in the minds of the people, with the iron crown of Italy and with the imperial dignity.

The political system of Milan and other towns of North Italy was composed at that time of the nobles or great vassals, at the head of whom was the archbishop or bishop, and of the principal citizens, who had a share in the election of their own magistrates, called *scabini*, and who constituted a sort of council to the count or bishop. This, however, was far from constituting a republic; it was more like a military aristocracy. The towns, or the counts for them, obtained leave to raise walls and fortifications for their defence against the incursions of the Saracens and Hun-

garians. As to the municipal charters, or franchises granted to the towns by Otho, there is not, as Mr. Hallam justly observes, any evidence of the fact.* The emperors or kings appointed to the sees, the old right of election by the clergy and the people having been obliterated by the bishops having become feudatories. They also appointed, from time to time, their *missi* or commissioners, who were often Italian nobles, and sometimes archbishops, to represent them.

About the middle of the eleventh century we begin to find discord in Milan between the various classes of its population. In 1035, the *valvassori* or inferior nobles, of whom there were many gradations, owing to the absurd extension of sub-tenures, arose in arms against the great nobles, and particularly against the Archbishop Heribert, a haughty but talented prelate. The latter defeated them, and drove them out of the city. The malcontents were joined by the inhabitants of some neighbouring districts. The emperor Conrad coming to Italy the following year, deposed and imprisoned Heribert; the latter, however, contrived to make his escape, and returned to Milan, where he was joyfully received by the clergy, the nobles and the people, and where he remained, in spite of the emperor's deposition, of the Pope's excommunication, and of the attacks of the neighbouring princes or great feudatories, to whom Conrad had entrusted the charge of reducing Milan by force. On this occasion Heribert called out to arms men from every district of the town, *without distinction of condition*, which was another step towards popular ascendancy, the use of arms having been deemed till then a privilege of the nobles or milites. It was on this occasion also that Heribert first introduced the *Carroccio*, in imitation of the ark of the Israelites, and which became afterwards the emblem of popular independence. Thus, as Mr. Hallam observes, the episcopal government of Milan and other cities laid the foundations of their subsequent independence.

In 1041, an affray took place between the *plebeians* or burghers and the nobles, which was the beginning of the long struggle between these two classes. One of the former was one day struck and wounded by one of the *milites*, others took the part of the sufferer, and lastly the whole of the plebeians united against the nobles, of whose insults and vexations they complained. On

* M. Sismondi himself acknowledges "that the municipal governments of the towns grew silently under Otho and his descendants, without any charter attesting their legitimacy;" and in another place "a veil covers the first epoch of the history of the Free Towns, and there is no historian of the tenth or eleventh centuries who has traced their progress; the citizens slowly and gradually appropriated to themselves the prerogatives of the sovereign, not wishing to attract attention to their encroachments."—*Repub. Ital.* vol. i. pp. 98 and 380.

this occasion, Lanzo, a man of noble birth, put himself at the head of the people, a furious battle was fought in the streets, and the nobles were obliged to go out with their families. The Archbishop Heribert, who had taken no part in the contest, also withdrew. The nobles, then joined by others, formed a blockade round Milan, which continued nearly three years, during which the inhabitants suffered so much, says the chronicler Gandulph, that the survivors looked "like living skeletons." Lanzo having obtained promises of succour from the Emperor Henry III., represented to the nobles that it was better for both parties to avoid the interference of armed strangers, and brought about a pacification in 1044. The nobles returned, and high and low agreed to live in harmony. In fact the nobles formed the nerve of the militia, they were the only cavalry, and their acquaintance with the world made them useful also in the councils.

In 1059 fresh troubles arose against the Archbishop Guido, on account of the married clergy, whom the Council of Pavia, in 1021, had ordered to leave their wives—a decree which was not, however, strictly enforced. Hildebrand, afterwards Gregory VII., induced Pope Stephen IX. to declare the state of marriage incompatible with holy orders, and that all wives of priests were concubines. This decree created the greatest tumult in Milan. Many of the clergy of that city lived in a state of matrimony, and they refused to leave their lawful wives. A zealot, called Arialdo, excited the people against the married clergy, and against the archbishop, who favoured them. This contention lasted for thirty years, and occasioned the greatest disorders. Then came the long struggle between Gregory VII. and Henry IV. about the investitures. This famous contest filled up the latter part of the eleventh century, during which little is known of the internal affairs of the cities, all the attention of the chroniclers being engrossed by the great events between the church and the empire. M. Sismondi passes over this period of about half a century at one leap.* The great nobles of Lombardy were mostly devoted to the cause of the emperor, whilst in Tuscany and other neighbouring districts south of the Po, the celebrated Countess Matilda supported the pope. Most of the bishops of Lombardy, with the Archbishop of Ravenna at their head, who had been excommunicated by the pope in the council of Rome, as a simoniac, sided with the empe-

* Even in his larger work he has leaped, as he says himself, over a space of seventy years, from the insurrection of Lanzo till the war of Milan with Como. In vol. i. p. 413, he says, that all the Italian contemporary historians are silent on the internal affairs of the towns and on the march of liberty. Yet this was the epoch in which that liberty was established, and in a work of minute research he ought to have collected details which would throw some light at least on the progress of affairs. Verri and Bossi have mentioned some, which we have extracted.

ror. The disgraceful scene at Canossa, where Henry was so ungenerously treated by the haughty pontiff, seems to have raised a general cry of indignation throughout Lombardy, among both high and low. In the desultory warfare between the Countess and the Lombards, we find a bishop of Pavia, at the head of his militia, taken prisoner by the former. However, Henry's party becoming weaker in Lombardy, especially after the rebellion of his son Conrad, the cities of Milan, Lodi, Cremona, &c. formed an alliance for twenty years with Countess Matilda and her second husband Guelfo, in 1093. This was the beginning of the independence of the cities, which, in the precarious state of the emperor's authority, acknowledging no longer his missi or vicars, and for similar reasons paying little deference to the bishops, who were excommunicated by one pope and confirmed by the anti-pope, sometimes appointed by Henry and sometimes by his son Conrad, and even by the Countess Matilda, elected magistrates from among their citizens. These were styled consuls, a name suggested by recollections, or rather traditions, of republican Rome.* But in the Italian cities of the middle ages, the spirit of freedom, restricted within narrow limits, had all the exclusiveness of a municipality or corporation. The country people never had any share in the government, which was centred in the citizens of the chief towns, as has been the case till lately in most of the cantons of Switzerland.†

The consuls administered justice and commanded the militia; they were chosen among the three orders of nobles, vavassors, and plebeians or burghers. The word people, *populus*, sometimes also styled *commune*, meant, as in ancient Rome, the whole of the community, and not merely the lower order. The rural nobles inscribed themselves among the citizens, and came to live, at least part of the year, in the city, and thus were enabled to participate in the offices of government. A council of *Credenza*, or "trust," composed of a certain number of citizens of the various classes, formed a sort of ministry, whose deliberations were secret. The mode of election of these authorities, their numbers, and the duration of their offices, are to us unknown.‡ The general assembly, or comitia of the people, called also parliament, which was convoked on certain important occasions by the sound of a

* M. Sismondi assumes, or seems to assume, for his mode of expression is very vague, that it was when Otho I. granted charters to the cities, that they appointed the consuls. But no consuls appear before the twelfth century. The *people* are mentioned, and later, the common council of the whole city, but no consuls.

† See the article on Switzerland, *For. Q. R.* No. xvii.

‡ Ghirardacci, the best historian of Bologna, as Sismondi acknowledges, in his large work, found it impossible to discover how the consuls were elected in that city.—*Hist. Repub. Ital.* vol. ii. p. 255.

bell, to give their consent by acclamation to some measure already approved of by the council, can hardly be considered as a permanent feature of the government. There was no distinction in fact between the judicial and the executive powers—no real legislative assembly, and for this reason, that the right of making laws was still considered as a prerogative of the king, assisted by the magnates or great feudatories, and by the judges, at the Diets held for this purpose at Roncaglia. Laws were few in those times, and written constitution there was none. The consuls enforced the customs and precedents, *consuetudines et usus*. These customs and precedents were collected at last in 1216, a century later than the time we are speaking of, in a body or code, and made public at Milan and other cities.

The cities continued to acknowledge the king's sovereignty over Italy, his right of exacting military service, of giving the investiture of feudal tenures, of sending judges, who were called royal and imperial, distinct from the magistrates of the people, and of demanding the *foderum* or tribute, for the maintenance of his person and retinue while residing in the country; and lastly, of sending from time to time his *missi* or vicars, who represented the royal person.

Such was the form of government of Milan and other Lombard cities, properly so called, between the Adige, the Ticino, and the Po, at the beginning of the twelfth century. Those on the left of the Adige remained under the rule of their principal nobles, and the cities of Montferrat, and other districts to the west of the Ticino, were for a century after under the government of their bishops, of the Counts of Montferrat, or of the Malaspina.

The Lombard cities, now in undisturbed possession of their liberties, began to exhibit the same fatal spirit of ambition as that of their former counts and bishops of the preceding century. Milan and Pavia, only twenty miles distant, were rivals from the time of the Longobards, and Cremona, which was the third great city of Lombardy, was also jealous of Milan. But before they turned their arms against each other, they began attacking their weaker neighbours. Cremona attacked Crema, Pavia attacked Tortona, and Milan assailed Lodi and Novara. The towns attacked by one city had recourse to the protection of the other. At last all Lombardy was divided between two parties: one, of which Milan was at the head, included Brescia, Crema and Tortona; and the opposite one consisted of Pavia, Cremona, Lodi and Como. But it was not ambition alone that led them to fight: it was an exuberance of animal courage, a wanton pride of physical strength. There were challenges sent from city to city in

the same manner as for a public tournament, a kind of wholesale duelling, to decide which of the two people was the most valiant. Something of this spirit may be seen in our days, on a smaller scale, in the villages and at the fairs of Ireland. Well may Mr. Hallam say, that "we cannot extend our sympathy for the free institutions of the Italian cities to the national conduct of those little republics. Their love of freedom was alloyed by that restless spirit, from which a democracy is seldom exempt—of tyrannizing over weaker neighbours. They played over again the tragedy of ancient Greece, with all its circumstances of inveterate hatred, unjust ambition, and atrocious retaliation, though with less consummate actors upon the scene."

The emperors had formerly repeatedly interfered to restore peace between neighbours, but after the war of the investitures, their authority had become almost null, and thus a check was lost, which had not been without its utility. The people of Milan had had frequent disputes with those of Lodi, as early as the time of the old archbishop Heribert, who had forced on the latter by arms a bishop of his own choice: hence a mutual rancour, which lasted for more than a century, and in the end proved fatal to both cities. In 1107, the Milanese began to make war upon Lodi; destroyed the harvests regularly for four years, and at last, in June, 1111, made themselves masters of the town, which the inhabitants, weakened by famine, had no longer the power to defend; they killed many of them, plundered the rest without mercy, razed the buildings, and distributed the survivors between six villages. The spot where this miserable tragedy took place is still known by the name of *Lodi vecchio*, or Old Lodi. On their side, the people of Pavia took Tortona, and burnt it. In 1118 the Milanese began a furious war against Como, which lasted ten years, and has been compared by a contemporary poet to the Trojan war.* This war originated in the dispute of the investitures. The people of Como had a bishop, Guido by name, who had been named by the pope, while the emperor and the anti-pope had appointed to the see Gandulph, a noble of Milan. The latter, endeavouring to force himself into his rival's diocese, was attacked by Guido and his partisans, and taken prisoner, while several Milanese nobles who were with him were killed. Their friends at Milan spread their blood-stained garments on the square before the cathedral, and the archbishop shut the gates before the people, saying that he would not open them unless they promised to avenge the church and their country. The Milanese marched

* Cumanus, seu de bello Comensi, anonymum Poema. Muratori, *Rerum Ital. Script.* tom. v.

against Como. The people of the latter, supported by the neighbouring mountaineers, resisted for a long time the forces not only of Milan, but of most of the other towns of Lombardy, but having lost their bishop, Guido, they at last submitted in 1127; their walls were razed, and they submitted to pay tribute to Milan, and serve the latter in all its wars.

About this time the succession to the imperial crown, vacant by the death of Henry V. was disputed between Lotharius, Duke of Saxony, allied to the house of Welf, or of Bavaria, and Conrad of Hohenstauffen, connected with the house of Franconia, called also of Weiblingen, from the name of a castle out of which it originally issued. These two names, slightly altered into those of Guelphs and Ghibelines, became afterwards the respective appellations of the Italian friends and enemies of the Hohenstauffen dynasty.

During the reigns of Lotharius and of his competitor and successor, Conrad, the Italian cities were left in the full enjoyment of their turbulent independence and private feuds. But in 1152, a man of a different stamp from his predecessors, Frederic of Hohenstauffen, was chosen by the electors of Germany to succeed his uncle Conrad. In 1154, he crossed the Alps, in order to receive the Italian crown.

Frederic, on his accession, found that the Italian cities not only had encroached on the prerogatives of his predecessors, but made a most mischievous use of their newly acquired independence; that they not only did not respect the rights of the empire, but trampled upon those of their own countrymen and neighbours, whose towns they attacked, whose property they plundered, whose lives they sacrificed. His ears rang with lamentations from Italian exiles, who claimed protection and redress against the tyranny of a few dominant cities. Two citizens of Lodi appeared foremost among the supplicants, as the fate of their country was the hardest of all. Frederic considered that such a state of things ought not to be allowed to continue. He thought that the people of Lodi, after forty-two years bondage, ought to be emancipated, and be allowed to rebuild their town, and he summoned the Milanese to desist from tormenting them any longer. The latter insolently refused, and war began. Frederic attacked first the smaller refractory towns. Asti, which had revolted against its bishop, was burnt, after the inhabitants had abandoned it. Frederic next summoned those of Tortona to renounce the alliance of Milan, which they refused to do. War was carried on in those times with much inhumanity on all sides, yet if we compare the conduct of Frederic towards those whom he considered his revolted subjects, with that of several belligerent

powers in our own times, with that, for instance, of Napoleon's generals towards the Spaniards and the Tyrolese, who refused to submit to his sway, we shall judge less severely the conqueror of the 12th century. After an obstinate defence, the citizens of Tortona were allowed to go out unmolested, taking with them all they could carry, and to proceed wherever they pleased. It is a well authenticated fact, that most of the barbarities committed at the sieges of Tortona, Crema, and Milan, were perpetrated by the Italian auxiliaries of the emperor, by the people of Pavia, and Cremona, who thus satisfied their old grudge against their neighbours.

Frederic, on his return from Rome, where he had been crowned in the midst of a revolt and fighting in the streets, found the people of Spoleto in arms to oppose his passage. They had already before arrested Count Guerra, one of the emperor's *missi*, on his passage, and they refused to release him. They also refused to pay the *foderum*, or customary allowance for provision to the emperor and his suite. An obstinate fight ensued, but at last the Germans entered the town and set fire to it, and the inhabitants escaped to the mountains.* Sismondi, in relating this event, says, "that the citizens of Spoleto not having supplied *with sufficient promptitude* the provisions that Frederic demanded, he attacked, took and burnt the city" . . . and that he showed his barbarity "by every where on his passage spreading havoc and desolation." — *Histoire de la Liberté*, vol. i. p. 60. He says nothing of the other provocations, of the arrest of Count Guerra, of the absolute refusal of the citizens to supply the *foderum*, and of their having come out to dispute with him the only road by which his army could pass.

Meantime, the Milanese were devastating with fire and sword the lands of their neighbours of Pavia and Novara, after which they again visited with their vengeance the defenceless people of Lodi, in the six hamlets in which they had confined them. They imperiously ordered every one of them to swear implicit obedience to Milan, foreseeing that the contest with Frederic would be soon renewed, and that the people of Lodi might become auxiliaries to the emperor. It is some consolation in reading the history of those times, to find that the faith of an oath was scrupulously respected. The Lodesans refused to take the oath, unless it was coupled with the clause "saving always their fidelity to the emperor." Upon this the Milanese stripped the houses of the Lodesans of their remaining moveables, and gave them two days more to decide. At the expiration of that time, the Mi-

* Bossi, vol. xiv. p. 450. Bartoli, Vita di Barbarossa, pp. 77—79.

lanese consuls found the houses empty, the poor people having left them, to wander as outcasts rather than forswear themselves. Most of them retired to Pizzighettone, and the Milanese burnt the villages.* We find no allusion to this new act of barbarity in Sismondi's abridgment, although he had mentioned it in his former work, calling it *a civil war*! A civil war, when there was no shadow of resistance on one side, as he himself acknowledges. But he says that "the Lodesans were determined to revolt."† Against whom? Against their oppressors, who had plundered them, destroyed their city, and reduced them to misery. And when the avenger came, Sismondi says that the Milanese drew closer their bonds of alliance with Brescia and Piacenza, which towns had declared for Milan and liberty!

Frederic returned in 1158, and a multitude of Italians from the oppressed towns flocked to his standard. He told his German barons, "that he was forced into this new war by the irreverent madness, and the cruelty of the Milanese, who had driven from their homes, and deprived of the domestic endearment of their wives and children a number of those refugees whom they now saw before them, and who had come in their distress to claim his protection."—*Bartoli*, p. 123.

The history of the sieges of Milan and of Crema is well known: horrid cruelties were committed by both parties. We are no great admirers of Frederic Barbarossa, who was after all but a splendid barbarian. Milan was at last obliged to surrender at discretion in March, 1162. The emperor ordered all the inhabitants to leave the town, carrying away what they could. Their personal liberty and their lands were left to them. A certain number of hostages, however, were sent into Germany, the family Visconti among others. The city was then given up to plunder, and afterwards sentenced to be razed, according to the *lex talionis*. Milan was treated as it had treated Lodi. The people of Cremona, Pavia, Novara, Como, Lodi, and of Seprio and Martesana, charged themselves readily with the execution of this decree. Each of these people had a district allotted to them, and they destroyed all, except some of the churches. The story of ploughing the ground and manuring it with salt is a fable. Indeed, the work of demolition could never have been so complete as to allow of this. Of the inhabitants, the wealthier took refuge in the neighbouring towns, the rest built themselves five villages on their own territory.‡

* Bossi, vol. xiv. Otto Morena, Vita di Barbarossa, and Hallam's Middle Ages.

† Hist. des Republiques Italiennes, vol. ii. p. 87.

‡ Milan had been totally destroyed once before in 538 by the Goths and the Burgundians, commanded by Uraja, General of Vitiges, King of the former, when all

Down to this period, the impartial reader, although he may deplore the catastrophe of Milan, cannot but acknowledge that the citizens had brought their calamities upon themselves by their ambition, their turbulence, and their cruel oppression of their weaker neighbours. But after the stern retribution was inflicted, a change takes place in the character of the respective parties; the conquerors abuse their triumph, and the former oppressors become the oppressed, without having committed any fresh offence. Frederic had returned to Germany, but his officers, his podestas, whom he had now placed every where, treated the Milanese outcasts with the most unsparing severity. Only one-third (Bartoli says *one ninth*, but this seems an exaggeration,) of their income, of the produce of their lands, was left to them, the rest was exacted by the imperial delegates. Nor were Cremona and the other towns of the imperial party much better treated, although they were allowed to retain their consuls. Besides the regal dues, there were taxes on corn mills, fishermen were obliged to give one third of their fish, no one was allowed to go hunting or hawking without a license. To all these and other grievances the people submitted, waiting for the return of the emperor into Italy. He came in October, 1163; he heard the complaints and supplications of the Milanese who threw themselves on a rainy day in the muddy road on his passage, and he seemed moved; but he neglected or forgot to give redress, being then engaged in his differences with Pope Alexander III. Year after year passed, and the exactions continued; the cities on the left of the Adige were the first to show refractory symptoms, but at last the cities of Lombardy formed a league, in 1167, to protect each other against foreign aggression, with the usual clause: *salva tamen imperatoris fidelitate*. It was then resolved to rebuild Milan, a resolution in which even Cremona, forgetting for the moment all old feuds, joined, all except Pavia, Lodi, and Como. On the 27th of April the militias of the various towns escorted back the Milanese emigrants to their ruined city, and assisted them in rebuilding the walls. Milan arose from its ashes. The Lombard league built Alessandria, thus called from the name of their protector the Pope, as a check upon Pavia and Asti. Frederic was foiled in his attempt to dissolve this league, and he left Italy in 1168, pursued by his enemies as far as the Alps. He remained absent for seven years, engrossed by the affairs of Germany. This seasonable respite was well employed by the Lombards. The number of towns

the male population was butchered, including infants. The women were given as slaves to the Burgundians, whom Bossi considers as having formed the chief stock from which the new population afterwards arose, the old mixed Insubrian and Roman race having been destroyed in the massacre.

which joined the league increased to fifteen, forming a chain extending from the March of Treviso to the hills of Montferrat. Lodi was forcibly compelled to join it. Pavia alone stood out for the emperor. The towns engaged to assist each other in the defence of the privileges they had enjoyed *a tempore Henrici Regis usque ad introitum imperatoris Frederici*. Mr. Hallam thinks, and we believe justly, that the Henry here alluded to was the last of that name, or Henry V., as it was under his weak reign that the towns had first assumed the rights of independence. They now reinstated their consular governments. A federal parliament was assembled at Modena, composed of the consuls of the various cities, who were styled "Rectors of the league of the Towns." Here was a fair opportunity for establishing a permanent federal union, which might have given a totally different turn to the destinies of Italy. But they seem to have had no idea of such a bond, being too much wrapped up in their narrow-sighted municipal patriotism. Sismondi urges as an excuse, that "the conception of a federal constitution is one of the most refined and abstract of political combinations, and that, therefore, men hardly civilized could not raise their minds to the contemplation of it." And yet the mountain cantons of Switzerland, little more than a century afterwards, did raise their minds to it, and they certainly were not more civilized or refined than the Italian cities of the 12th century!

The Lombard league was, therefore, merely a temporary coalition against Frederic, without any central government or fixed diets. However, they carried their purpose bravely for a season. The Lombard militias defeated the imperial army on the field of Legnano in May, 1176, and took the emperor's camp. Frederic, while fighting in the thickest of the combat, was seen to fall, and was supposed to have been killed; but a few days after, he arrived disguised and alone at the gate of Pavia, which city remained faithful to him in his reverses. A congress was held at Venice the following year, to which city Pope Alexander III., and afterwards Frederic himself, repaired; a truce for six years was agreed upon, which led to the famous peace of Constance in 1183. By this treaty, the first in modern history between a sovereign and the people or commons, the cities were confirmed in their independent government, their *regalia*, the right of declaring war, in short, in all the attributes of sovereignty; under an acknowledgment, however, of the emperor as their suzerain, who appointed an imperial vicar to represent him in Lombardy, as well as judges of appeal in civil matters, and to whom they were to pay *foderum* on his passage, and whose rights they were bound to support against those who were not members of the Lombard league. This treaty served afterwards for ages to

regulate all affairs between the German empire and the Italian cities, until Charles V. merged by conquest the old imperial prerogative in the far more sweeping pretensions of his own house, and thus laid the foundation of direct Austrian dominion in Italy.*

Soon after the termination of the war, several of the Lombard towns, unable to check the revived turbulence of their internal factions, adopted the institution of a *podestà*, which Frederic had first introduced. This officer was to be of noble birth, of another territory, to be renewed every year, and to be vested with extensive judicial and military powers. In his judicial capacity he was assisted by lawyers or assessors. He had the *jus sanguinis*, or of ordering the infliction of capital punishment. He was, in short, a dictator. We find Cremona having a *podestà* in 1178. Milan followed the example in 1186, by choosing Uberto Visconti of Piacenza. This innovation, however, does not seem to have been very popular at first, and we find the series of *podestàs* often interrupted. The consuls still remained, being magistrates of various classes and attributes. The first in rank were styled *consuls of the community*, who commanded the militias of the six districts of the city, with their captains and *valvassori*: there were also *consuls of justice*, who were magistrates or justices of the peace; and *consuls of the merchants*, elected by the body of trades. The consuls of the community had the administrations of the state and its financial affairs, but they could not take any important determination without consulting the council of *credenza*. In 1198 a fresh rupture took place between the nobles and the *popolani*, or plebeians. The latter insisted on having their separate council of trust, which was called *Credenza di Sant' Ambrogio*, and afterwards *dei pratici*. It seems that several noble families sided with the popular party, and had themselves inscribed on the rolls of trades.

The *Credenza di Sant' Ambrogio* was at first composed of the lower artisans. The wealthier burghers, merchants, and men of liberal professions formed, therefore, another community among themselves, having also their own *credenza*, which they called *della motta*. The *valvassori*, or inferior nobles, formed also their own *credenza*, separating themselves from the higher nobles or captains, who, with the archbishop at their head, constituted the *Credenza dei Gagliardi*.† Each of these four *credenze* had its con-

* For an abstract of the German historian, Raumer's, account of these transactions between Frederic and the Lombard cities, see F. Q. R. vol. iii. pp. 566—571.

† Sismondi, in his larger work, only mentions two of these rival councils, which he calls *la motta* and *la credenza*. In the abridgment he says nothing about them. Verri reckons three, *Capitani*, *Sant' Ambrogio* and *la Motta*, which last he attributes to the *valvassori*. *Stor. Milan*, c. viii.

suls, who enacted edicts or laws for those under their respective jurisdiction. But in matters concerning the whole state, deputies from each of these four classes assembled in a general council, the numbers of which appear to have varied from 200 to 1000. The right of electing these deputies, and the duration of their office, are equally vague, as well as the condition and qualifications of the candidates; for in the lists which still remain are found barbers, vintners, carpenters, butchers, &c. The podestà had the right of calling together these general councils, which prerogative became subsequently vested in the vicars or lords.

The four credenze, however, generally resolved themselves into two parties; the nobles, with the valvassori, on one side; and the merchants, traders and artizans on the other. The nobles of that epoch were not, as now, a few single families; they formed, with their connections, sub-feudatories and dependents, a very numerous and compact body, decidedly the most warlike part of the population; they constituted the only cavalry who had sustained the brunt of the wars against Frederic. They had the advantages of a superior address, of an acquaintance with foreign courts and councils: they had for them the archbishop and his dependents; and the podestà, being a noble also, was generally on their side. But they were ambitious, overbearing to others, and quarrelsome among themselves. The burghers on their part, as they became wealthier, would no longer brook the superiority which the others assumed. The nobles were driven out of Milan and of Brescia, but they returned to the charge, strengthened by their friends from Cremona and other towns. Reggio and Bologna were distracted by similar feuds. To these internal dissensions was added the old rivalry between one town and the other, which revived as soon as they had all adjusted their quarrel with the emperor. The never-ending list of these petty wars, which is given by Bossi and other historians, without any distinct account of the origin of most of them, excites a mixed feeling of indignation and contempt; for people were killed, property was destroyed, and families made unhappy by all these feuds. One half of the index of Bossi's fifteenth volume consists of such heads as these:—"Wars of the Lombard cities; private wars of several Italian cities; other wars of the Italian cities; fresh contests between the Italian cities; peace concluded between several cities; wars and tumults in the cities; wars of the Italian cities, (this head is repeated at least twenty times); wars of Lombardy; tumults of Brescia and Milan; tumults at Piacenza; wars in Lombardy and all over Italy; wars in Romagna, at Genoa, in Tuscany," &c.: and all this, independently of the vicissitudes of the great contest which was then going on between the popes and Frederic II. and his son Manfred.

Such was the happy condition of the Italian cities during the

thirteenth century, such the manner in which the free people enjoyed that independence for which their fathers had bravely fought at Legnano.

"But," Sismondi observes, "there were then no regular soldiers like ours, who have now to bear all the privations and dangers of war; military service was a temporary duty, *the pleasure and pastime* of every citizen, to which he consecrated a few days every year: he fought in sight of his own walls; if he was wounded he was brought back to his own house, and if he died his loss was wept by all his townsmen."—*Repub. Ital.* chap. xv.

Alas, what a piece of mock-heroics is this! Strip it of its glittering phraseology, and what does it come to? That a conduct for which individuals would be hanged or sent to the galleys in our days, was then the pleasure and duty of every citizen. Who could suffer now Bristol to fight every year against Bath, Manchester against Liverpool, and predatory bands from Windsor to go and storm the good people of Reading, taking them prisoners, and immuring them in dungeons. Something of this sort has been going on for years among the republics of South America—another specimen of the happiness of unchecked democracy; and yet there are people who talk about establishing a constellation of republics all over old Europe!

It will be said, perhaps, that the nobles were the cause of all this. But the nobles, as we have observed, were no exclusive aristocracy—they formed a numerous class of the citizens, partaking of the general feelings. And after the nobles were driven out of the towns, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, did discord cease? No, it continued as violent as ever between town and town, and within the towns, between the wealthy burghers and the artisans or lower classes.

"The truth is," says Bossi, "that the cities of Lombardy were ruining each other through their municipal quarrels, whilst within some of them, as at Piacenza, intestine feuds still raged between the nobles and the people."—*Storia d' Italia*, vol. xv. p. 86.

It has been said that the towns flourished and the population increased in the midst of all this. But this is a vague assertion. The truth is, that some cities increased at the expense of others. Bossi observes, that a number of towns which are mentioned as being of importance in the eleventh century had disappeared in the thirteenth. Several causes contributed to keep up the wealth of the cities; the extraordinary fertility of their territory; their manufactures, for which they were yet unrivalled in Europe; the practice of the Lombard citizens of lending money at high interest all over Europe, from which the name of Lombard became synonymous with that of banker as well as usurer. But however

flourishing the cities might be, surely the country which was subject to periodical devastations could not be improved by them ; and accordingly we find that the greatest sufferers were the unfortunate country people, who had no voice in all these disputes, but were doomed to pay the citizens for the misery they inflicted on them. They were treated like dogs by both parties. Sismondi himself gives a short sketch, from Ferratus of Vicenza, of the sufferings of the rural population, resulting from the quarrels of conflicting cities, to which we refer such of our readers as may wish to satisfy themselves of the truth of our observations,—*Repub. Ital.* vol. iv. chap. xxviii. pp. 396, 397.

After repeated affrays between the nobles and the burghers of Milan, after the former had been expelled and had afterwards returned, the people, dissatisfied with the podestà, who favoured the nobles, determined on having a separate podestà for themselves, in the same manner as they had their own credenza and consuls. They chose for this office Pagano della Torre, Lord of Valsesina, a powerful feudatory, who had saved some years before the remains of the Milanese militia, after the defeat of Cortenova. The nobles had now for their champion the Archbishop Frà Leone de Perego, an enthusiast both in religion and politics, who, like his contemporary Frà Giovanni da Vicenza, had distinguished himself by his zeal against the *cathari*, or heretics, many of whom were publicly burnt at Milan and other places. Perego did not succeed in restoring the authority of the nobles, and encounters between the two parties continued to take place.

On the death of Pagano della Torre, his brother Martino was elected by the popular credenza to succeed him, and no limits were assigned to his authority. The nobles had for their own podestà Paolo da Soresina. A marriage took place between the sister of the latter and Martino, which served for a time as a pledge of peace between the two parties. But Guglielmo da Landriano having slain a man who was his creditor, the people flew to arms, pulled down Landriano's house, and drove all the nobles out of the town, with the Archbishop Perego at their head. The latter concentrated their forces in the neighbourhood, and Martino led the people out to fight them ; but through the pope's mediation a convention was agreed upon on the basis of perfect equality, all the offices of the state, from the highest to the lowest, being divided between the two parties. The Credenza of *Sant' Ambrogio*, composed of artizans and other inferior classes, had appointed, in 1257, Martino della Torre *Anziano e Signore del Popolo*, "Elder and Lord of the People." They thought by giving themselves a permanent chief to be better able to oppose the nobles and the Archbishop Perego. The Credenza of *la*

Motta, or of the wealthy burghers, did not at first agree to this choice; they elected another chief, and many of them joined the nobles, who had appointed Soresina. Martino, however, obtained the advantage in the city, and expelled Soresina. The nobles then had recourse to *Eccelino III. da Romano*, the famous tyrant, who ruled Verona, Vicenza, and the March of Treviso, and who had also lately taken the city of Brescia. *Eccelino* advanced towards Milan with a splendid army: he crossed the *Adda*, but seeing himself pressed on all sides by his enemies, among whom were *Oberto Pelavicino*, Lord of Cremona, and *Buoso di Doara*, both Ghibelines, and once his friends, he attempted a retreat, but was taken prisoner and died of his wounds in October, 1259.

The exiled nobles of Milan still kept the field, with about one thousand cavalry; and Martino, unable to reduce them with his militia alone, engaged *Pelavicino* and his cavalry in the service of Milan, with the title of Captain-General for five years, and a pension. This was the beginning of the practice, afterwards so prevalent in Italy, of hiring mercenary troops, or *condottieri*. The Milanese emigrants were surrounded in the castle of *Tabiago*, near *Brianza*, and the water in the wells being exhausted, their horses died, the air became infected, and the cavaliers, pressed by thirst and disease, surrendered at discretion. Martino had them chained and carried to Milan on carts. The people wanted to murder them, but Martino had them confined, some in dungeons, and others in cages, exposed to the public gaze, where they dragged for years a miserable existence. The ferocity displayed by all classes in those times is truly revolting. *Alberic da Romano*, *Eccelino's* brother, having been delivered into the hands of the people of Treviso, was taken, with his family, before the *podestà*, and there saw his young wife and four children, two girls and two boys, literally hacked to pieces, before he was himself put to death.

Martino della Torre was chosen, in 1260, by the towns of *Lodi* and *Novara* as their "lord," which in such small communities implied a more absolute authority than that which he enjoyed at Milan. Thus Lombardy was forging its own chains link after link. After the death of the Archbishop *Perego*, the Chapter of Milan, composed of nobles and plebeians, was divided about the choice of a successor. The plebeians gave their votes to a nephew of the Lord Martino, and the nobles to *Francis Settala*. The pope, *Alexander IV.*, was offended with Martino for having allied himself with *Pelavicino*, a Ghibeline, who was besides known to favour the cathari, or Paulician heretics: he rejected, therefore, both competitors, and named to the see the Canon *Ottone Visconti*, of a noble and powerful family, and who had

been exiled with the nobles some years before. In 1263 Martino died, having first secured the succession to his authority to his brother Philip. The latter added to his brother's lordships those of Como, Vercelli and Bergamo, which towns elected him as their lord. Tired of their dissensions, the citizens were glad to resort to the protection of a chief, powerful and popular at the same time. The Della Torre did not alter the form of the institutions of Milan; the podestà, the councils and the credenze, remained with an authority apparently independent of that of the lord. Philip received, in 1264, a podestà from the hands of Charles of Anjou, and separated himself from Pelavicino and the other Ghibelines. It is curious to see the Torriani favouring the Guelph or church party, while the pope had raised against them a formidable rival in the person of the Ghibeline Visconti. This is one of the numerous evidences of the short-sighted policy of Italian parties. Philip having died in 1265, was succeeded by his nephew, Napoleone della Torre, who pursued the same line of policy. Otho Visconti, the archbishop-elect, still continued an emigrant on the estates of his family, near the lakes of Como and Maggiore, where he collected many dissatisfied noblemen, carrying on for years a sort of predatory warfare against Milan. As long as Gregory X. lived, the wise policy of that pontiff, who seeing that in Charles of Anjou the Italians had to fear a worse master than the Princes of the House of Suabia, endeavoured to reconcile Guelphs and Ghibelines without giving the preponderance to either, obliged Visconti to be cautious in his movements. But after the death of that good pope, in 1276, Otho grew bolder: he took possession of Como and Lecco, and at last marched against Milan. Napoleone came out to meet him, but allowed himself to be surprised in the night, and taken prisoner; he and others of his family were confined in cages, after the fashion set up by his uncle Martino. The people of Milan, hearing of the defeat, rose against the remainder of the Torriani, pelted them with stones, and obliged them to leave the city. A deputation of citizens was sent to Otho Visconti, whom they saluted as "perpetual Lord of Milan." This occurred in January, 1277.

"It was but one dynasty supplanting another," says Sismondi. "The Torriani, who had raised themselves by acting the part of demagogues, introduced monarchical habits, depressing the nobles and driving them into exile. The Visconti, when they returned at the head of this long proscribed nobility, now ruined and become mercenary, found the people corrupted by servitude. There was no longer any independence of spirit in any class, no elevation of character or love of liberty, and although republican councils, popular societies, continued for a long

time after, the principle of life, which ought to have animated them, was extinct, and the sovereign power became transmitted by the first and virtuous Viscontis to their inapt and vicious descendants, without the nation ever attempting to recover it from their grasp."—*Republ. Ital.* ch. xxii. p. 455.

This passage is worthy of the consideration of those politicians who think that destroying the nobility is the surest means of securing liberty to the people.

The sequel of the history of Milan from this period is more generally known. The first Viscontis were able and well-disposed men, who bore their faculties with temperance, and paid a certain respect to the habits and feelings of the citizens. The monsters of the family, the Bernabos, the Galeazzos, the Giovanni Marias,* came after. Matteo, grand nephew to the Archbishop Otho, after being elected captain of the people, was appointed by a diploma of the Emperor Albert, in 1298, "Imperial Vicar-General in Lombardy." He was afterwards proclaimed by the Milanese themselves "General Lord and defender of the city of Milan." He then formed a privy council, composed of fifteen, and afterwards of twenty members. This institution, under the name of "Senate," lasted till the French invasion in 1796. He had his own guard and his own tribunal. His grandson, Azzo, who was called the good, died young and without issue, and Azzo's two uncles, the Archbishop John and Luchino, succeeded him in the administration of the state. They were succeeded by Bernabó and Galeazzo II., brothers, who disgraced themselves by acts of the greatest cruelty. Galeazzo having died in 1378, his son Gian Galeazzo, after some years, imprisoned his uncle Bernabó, and became sole ruler of Lombardy. In 1395 he obtained of the Emperor Wenceslaus, for a considerable sum of money, the title of "Duke of Milan and Count of Pavia," including in this investiture twenty-six cities and their territories, from the hills of Montferrat to the lagunes of Venice. To the south of the Apennines he held Pisa, Lucca, Sienna, Perugia and Bologna. Florence was the only city that stood in his way to universal tyranny, and he was preparing to attack it with all his forces, when the plague carried him off in the castle of Marignano in September 1402.

Under the first Viscontis, the community or citizens of Milan, by means of the general council and of the elders, was in a

* Giovanni Maria Visconti, son of Giovan Galeazzo, used to give up his prisoners to be devoured by mastiffs, and he enjoyed the sight of the chase. Squarcia Giramo was his chief huntsman. They were both murdered at last by some Milanese gentlemen, but with no great benefit to the people, as the atrocious although not quite so insane Filippo Maria succeeded his brother.

manner co-sovereign with the lord; they discussed the laws which the latter proposed, they executed the decrees, administered the finances, coined money, imposed taxes, and exercised other sovereign rights. But from the time of Bernabó and Galeazzo II. this co-sovereignty was at an end. The Visconti promulgated their statutes, especially the penal ones, such as that of the *Lent*,* which breathe the most ruthless ferocity, without consulting the general council, and enforced them by their own fiat; they declared war, made peace, imposed taxes, farmed the different branches of the revenue, appropriated to themselves the monopoly of various articles of first necessity, such as salt, without consulting any one but their own privy council, whose deliberations were kept secret. The general council of 900, which continued to exist *pro forma*, merely registered the orders of the dukes. The latter in their edicts and despatches spoke of *il nostro comune, our city of Milan*.

After the death of Duke Filippo Maria Visconti, the Milanese made an attempt to recover their independence; but Francesco Sforza, the son of Attendolo, the peasant of Cotignola, and who had married a natural daughter of Filippo Maria, partly by artifice, partly by force, obliged them to surrender, and acknowledge him Duke of Milan in 1450. Francesco showed himself a good prince, but his son and successor, Galeazzo Maria Sforza, was a monster of cruelty, lust and perfidy. He was at last stabbed by Olgiati, but the people took not the part of their deliverer, who expired in torments. The Sforzas were afterwards driven out by the French, reinstated by the Swiss, turned out again, until at length Charles V. brought the Duchy of Milan under the sway of the House of Austria. The Venetians on their side had by degrees taken possession of the whole eastern country, from the Adda to the Alps of Friuli.

The cities of Lombardy therefore lost their liberty, or more properly speaking, their independence, not through foreign attacks, but by their own intestine dissensions, which made the people give themselves willingly up to some able and determined chief, in the hope of obtaining peace and security. The chief himself generally ensured these blessings to them for a season, but his successors proved tyrants, and their irresponsible power became as mischievous as the former popular factions had been. The want of a balance in the powers of the state is the great evil of both single republics and absolute monarchies.

If, from the contested field of Lombardy, we pass over the Apennines into Tuscany, our eye is first arrested by Florence, the

* See Verri, Storia di Milano, c. xiii.

most brilliant specimen of an Italian free city. We find there a higher degree of intelligence and refinement, a greater approximation to general principles of justice; "her judicial institutions," says Sismondi, "are indeed far from deserving to be held up as models, but they were the first in Italy which afforded any security to the citizen." And yet what was the career of republican Florence? Distracted at first by the factions of the nobles, she took the bold though harsh resolution of extirpating the evil by the root; first the Ghibelines were exiled, and then the Guelph nobles were ostracised, they and their descendants being declared incapable of holding office. At any fresh out-breaking of violence on their part, their houses were razed, their property confiscated, and their persons severely handled. The nobles being thus disposed of, did the citizens manage to live in harmony among themselves? By no means; the wealthier burghers, the merchants, the higher trades, the men of education, kept the offices and power of the state in their own hands, and the lower trades,* the artizans, besides that indescribable class called populace, which is an unavoidable superfluousness of every city, began to cry out against the new or plebeian aristocracy of the *popolani grassi*, i. e. the "fat burghers." And this is all natural enough. M. Sismondi in one place asserts the plausible; though with many in our days unpopular principle, that government should remain in the hands of the educated, and of persons of property. After relating the revolt of the Ciompi, or lower artizans, he observes that

"False ideas of equality first made the Florentines insist upon every citizen having an equal share in the government; and after they had experienced the violence and depredations caused by the anarchy of the Ciompi, they forgot the advantages of true equality. They did not sufficiently seek to procure to all equal protection and equal justice."

And then he thus sums up:—

"Let liberty exist for all, but let power remain with those who can understand its objects, with those who are *too proud to acknowledge masters, and too generous to wish for subjects*, with those who possess the advantage of a liberal education. Let all, however, have some share of political power: such share as may be required to secure them against oppression but let them participate in this political power as citizens, not as magistrates."—*Hist. de la Liberté Ital.* ch. x.

* The citizens of Florence were first classed into 12 *arti* or trades in 1266; there were seven higher arts, 1st, lawyers and attorneys, 2d, dealers in foreign cloth and other stuffs, called also *calimala*, 3d, bankers and money changers, 4th, woollen manufacturers and drapers, 5th physicians and apothecaries, 6th, silk manufacturers and mercers, 7th, furriers. The lower arts were five, retailers of cloth, smiths, shoemakers, butchers, and carpenters and masons. In progress of time the number of the minor arts was increased to fourteen.

This is a problem which yet remains to be solved. In his great work, however, the author had said, that the "merchant aristocracy of Florence soon became odious to all the other classes of the nation. Prejudices in favour of birth may appear unreasonable, but prejudices against birth are still more so." And yet this merchant government "was neither exclusive, nor careless of the welfare of the people. They did not neglect the country population, they were remarkably favourable to agriculture." But being exposed to the attacks of both the nobles and the lower trades, they defended themselves by the most arbitrary measures, the nobles were put out of the pale of the laws, justice was violated by summary courts, humanity was shocked by tortures and executions. Machiavel, in comparing the dissensions of his own country with those of early Rome, observes, that—

"In the latter, the disputes between the nobles and the plebeians led to the passing of some law which determined the rights of the two orders, while at Florence they ended always in the exile or death of a number of citizens. The contentions at Rome strengthened the military bravery, those of Florence have utterly annihilated it. And this diversity has been owing to the different object which each people had in view. The plebeians of Rome wished to share in the honours and offices of the state in common with the patricians, those of Florence fought in order to possess the government alone, to the total exclusion of the nobles. And as the wish of the Roman people was the most reasonable, the nobles felt less offended by it, and after some differences a law was passed which satisfied the just demands of the people, and yet left to the patricians their dignities. But the object of the Florentine people being unjust and mischievous, the nobility fought more desperately against it, and this led to slaughter, banishments and confiscations, and the laws which were passed after the struggle was over had not for their object the common good, but only the advantage of the triumphant party."—*Storie Fiorentine, proemio, lib. iii.*

Let us now turn to the modern historian.

"In all the quarrels of the wealthier citizens, first with the nobles and afterwards with the *people*, (here this chameleon-word means the lower trades and artizans,) civil liberty was frequently violated, personal rights and security were often overlooked, but while in the midst of all this disorder civil liberty was trampled upon, democratic liberty remained. Democratic liberty consists, not in security, but in power; *it does not ensure to nations either tranquillity or order, economy or prudence*, but it carries within itself its own reward. It affords the sweetest enjoyment to the citizen who has once tasted of it, in the gratification of influencing the fate of his country, of sharing in its sovereignty, not acknowledging any authorities but those he has himself created."*—*Repub. Ital. ch. xxv. p. 172.*

* The Florentines contrived most ingeniously to satisfy this universal craving after power: by the constitution of 1268, they had 12 *buonomini*, afterwards called *priori*,

That M. Sismondi's picture of democratic liberty is true to the life, is proved by all the historians who lived during its prevalence at Florence. We should recommend particularly the perusal of the Chronicle, third in our list, which has been lately re-edited with the greatest care. The writer, Dino Compagni, himself a popular citizen, and a member of the government, relates honestly and without partiality for any faction, the dreadful disorders that occurred from 1280 to 1312. It was during this period that Giano della Bella, a well-meaning man, in order to put a stop to the continual affrays of the Guelph nobles, who, after expelling the Ghibelines, had become insolent towards the citizens and quarrelsome among themselves, obtained the law that ostracized thirty-three families, and placed the nobles under a severe surveillance. This was followed by plots against Giano, in which some of the lower trades, headed by a great butcher called *Pecora*, or "the sheep," took a leading part.

"Pecora was a man of large stature, bold and of consummate impudence, a great talker, follower of evil, agitator of the lower orders, ever ready for plots and broils. He was elated with his mob popularity, and being supported by the Tosinghi and other wealthy burghers, he defied the Signoria and the officers of justice."

This man joined Corso Donati, a turbulent Guelph noble, a sort of Florentine Catiline, and after a tumult they drove Giano out of the city in 1294.

Then followed the fatal disputes between the Cerchi and the Donati, upon which was afterwards engrafted the feud between the Bianchi and the Neri, who came originally from Pistoja. After many disorders, the Neri asked Pope Boniface VIII. to interfere, and the latter sent them Charles of Valois, brother of Philip le Bel, and who was then trying his fortune in Italy. Charles came in November, 1301, violated all his promises, surrounded himself with the factious Neri, recalled Corso Donati and the other outlaws, who began to plunder and murder the Bianchi, setting fire to their houses, and carrying away their daughters by force. This lasted six days. The Priori receiving no assistance from the citizens, who were "either wicked or pu-

taken from the higher trades, who were changed every two months, and who constituted the executive; a council of credenza of 80 citizens, a council of the people composed of 180 members, not nobles. These two councils, whose members were changed every year, deliberated on all matters laid before them by the *signoria* or executive, after which the result of their deliberations was laid before another council of 120, composed of nobles and burghers, which gave its final opinion. Sismondi adds a fourth council, which he calls *general*, consisting of 300 citizens of all classes; but Machiavelli says that the credenza and the council of the people united constituted the general council. Sismondi observes, that with all this multiplicity of councils in one city, the general parliament of the people became unnecessary, and of rare occurrence.

sillanimous," left their office, and were succeeded by the worst of the triumphant party.

"The families of Donati, Rossi, Tornaquinci, Bostichi, committed great depredations and atrocities. The young men of the latter extorted money even from their intimate friends, under pretence of guarding their property while they stole it. They had torture-instruments in their houses, in the new market in the midst of the city, with which, in broad day-light, they tortured people in order to extort money from them."—*Dino, Cronaca*, lib. xi. p. 107.

Many horrors were committed against women, both married and single; many orphans and old men were robbed of their all, and then exiled from the city. Men were accused of having conspired and made to confess, and then fined a thousand florins each; and the stupid people cried out "death to the traitors." Charles of Valois filled his coffers by confiscations or forced contributions, which he extorted from many citizens by threats of sending them prisoners into Apulia. In April, 1302, he banished a number of families of the Bianchi, and among others the Cerchi, Petracco, Petrarch's father, and Dante Alighieri, who was then ambassador at Rome. More than six hundred persons were at that time exiled, and reduced to wander in poverty through the world.

At last Charles of Valois, the "peace-maker," went away, gorged with plunder, and left Florence in a state of dreadful confusion. Pope Benedict XI., a good and sensible man, sent his legate, Cardinal di Prato, in 1304, to endeavour to re-establish peace in that distressed city, but after some desultory negotiations with the leaders of the various parties, the legate was obliged to leave Florence, his life being threatened, and the reign of misrule became again ascendant. The heads of the Neri party contrived a plan to set fire to the houses of the Cavalcanti and other families obnoxious to them. The fire began on the 10th June, and spread through the most populous part of the city, destroying warehouses, palaces, and private dwellings, and no exertions could stop it. Nineteen hundred houses, says Dino, were reported to have been burnt. Thieves publicly took away the property before the eyes of the owners, who did not dare to prevent them.

Next followed the siege of Pistoja by the Florentines and those of Lucca, when the most savage cruelties were perpetrated upon the poor inhabitants, men and women, who had left the town through hunger. They had their noses and feet cut off, and thus were left to perish in sight of the walls. The women were abandoned to the brutality of the besiegers. And all these people were of one common country, Tuscans! Talk of Barba-

rossa's cruelties after this! The interference of the pope alone saved Pistoja from utter extermination.

Castruccio Castracani, the Ghibeline Lord of Lucca, threatened Florence in its turn. The moveable Signoria or executive of the latter city, which was changed every two months, was not a match for Castruccio, who, to great talents, united promptitude and secrecy and unity of design, the very qualities in which a democratic state like Florence, must, from the nature of its constitution, be most deficient. The Florentines took Cardona, a mercenary commander, into their service, but their troops were defeated at Alto Pascio in September, 1325. Completely terrified, they then applied to Charles, Duke of Calabria, son of King Robert of Naples, who made them pay in one year 400,000 florins for his protection. Luckily for them, both Castruccio and Charles died one after the other. Death, as Machiavelli observes, was the best ally the Florentines ever had.

Fresh dissensions and an unlucky campaign against Pisa made them again look out for a foreign protector. King Robert sent them Gualtieri, Duke of Athens. This man by his oppressions, exactions, and cruelty, reduced them to the last extremity. At last they drove him away in 1343. New dissensions now occurred within the city, a battle was fought in the streets, the result of which was that the remaining noble families were finally expelled. Florence now remained quiet for about ten years, when a feud between two popular families, the Ricci and the Albizzi, again divided the city into two factions as fierce as the former ones of the Buondelmonti and Uberti, or of the Cerchi and Donati. The Albizzi, however, had the advantage; they exiled numbers of the citizens, and formed a government composed of the *popolani grassi*. But the lower arts or trades, instigated by the Ricci, the Medici, and the Alberti, broke into insurrection in 1378, forced the palace, burnt the archives, and after three days anarchy, elected a woolcomber, Michele Lando, chief magistrate. Lando was a man of natural sense, and the first use he made of his power was to check the rioters, and re-establish some sort of order, in which he was successful.

Several years were passed in continual tumults and bloodshed, until at last the *popolani grassi*, with the Albizzi at their head, resumed the ascendancy in 1382, and administered the affairs of the republic till 1434, when they were superseded by the Medici, supported by the lower orders. Sismondi has passed a high eulogium on the administration of the Albizzi.

"No triumph of an aristocratic faction ever merited a more brilliant place in history. For the space of fifty-three years the Albizzi directed the republic with a success till then unexampled, maintaining themselves by the

ascendancy of their talents and virtues, without ever interfering with the rights of the other citizens, or abusing a preponderance which was founded on opinion."—*Hist. Libert.* ch. x.

One would suppose from this, that Florence enjoyed perfect internal tranquillity for this half century. But when we come to examine particulars, we find a different tale: frequent tumults, conspiracies, executions, banishments, until the year 1400. Machiavelli says, "the town remained internally quiet from the year 1400 to 1433." However, even this was to Florence a long and till then unexampled period of internal tranquillity, and of this the "merchant aristocracy" of the Albizzi ought to have the credit. The republic was all fortunate in her external politics; her two most formidable enemies, Gian Galeazzo Visconti, and Ladislaus, King of Naples, being both carried off, one by the plague and the other by another contagion, just as she was threatened with destruction. She acquired the possession of Cortona, Arezzo, Montepulciano, Leghorn, and last, though not least, that of Pisa. Sismondi has given an account of the fall of that ancient republic, from one of the families of which he is himself descended. Machiavelli says nothing on this last transaction, except calling it "the glorious conquest of Pisa." But it was a conquest attended by flagrant injustice. The Pisans had bravely driven away, in July, 1405, the troops of the Duke Visconti, and of his French ally Boucicault. The latter, however, still kept the citadel, which he agreed to sell to the Florentines for 200,000 florins, which he was to share with Gabriel Visconti; but after receiving the money, Boucicault charged Gabriel with being party to a plot against the king of France, and had him beheaded! Notwithstanding these infamous transactions, the Pisans retook the citadel from the Florentines in September of that year. They then sued for peace, offering to reimburse the Florentines the money they had paid Boucicault, and to recall their citizen Gambacorta, who had been banished for his attachment to the Florentines. But under "the virtuous administration of the Albizzi," all these offers were rejected. The Pisans defended themselves desperately for more than a year; they were closely besieged in 1406, and suffered from famine and disease. In the end, the wretched Gambacorta, whom the confiding Pisans had made Captain of the people, sold his country to its enemies for 50,000 florins, and secretly opened to them one of the gates in the night of the 8th of September, 1406.

"The Florentines did all in their power to reconcile the Pisans to the yoke; their army was preceded into the famished city by waggons-loads of bread. Gino Capponi, the Florentine commissioner, promised not only the strictest regard to justice, but privileges and favours to the con-

quered people. All in vain! The most ancient and opulent families of Pisa emigrated to Lucca, Sardinia, and Italy; the young men almost all engaged 'in the companies of adventure;' and Pisa, in losing its independence, lost its commerce, its population, and every remnant of prosperity."—*Hist. de Liberté Ital.* ch. ix.

Such was the treatment one republic received at the hands of another.

The Albizzi, after banishing Cosmo di Medici, were in their turn exiled by him. Cosmo, the most popular man in Florence, governed the republic from 1434 till his death in 1464. The Medici rose to power like the La Torre at Milan: first, by courting popularity with the lower orders, and then by depressing the wealthier families, the merchant aristocracy, by which they humoured the passions of the people. The constitution was not apparently changed; the republican forms continued, but Cosmo moved his puppets under the board as he liked. Yet Cosmo's administration was one of tranquillity within and prosperity without. He bore his faculties with moderation, he was generous to profusion, he was a patron of the arts and letters, and we can hardly find fault with the title of *Pater Patriæ* which was bestowed on him after his death.

After a short protectorate of the weak Piero, Lorenzo, Cosmo's grandson, succeeded to the authority. We think Sismondi has not been just towards that illustrious Italian. We do not subscribe to the whole praise bestowed on Lorenzo by his eloquent panegyrist Roscoe, but we approve still less of the attempts which have been made of late to lower his character. It would have been a fortunate thing for Italy had she had a few more Lorenzos in her times of need. Lorenzo, in fact, had not usurped any authority; he succeeded in 1469 with his brother Giuliano, not yet of age, to that influence which their father and grandfather had exercised for half a century before, and at the pressing invitation of the authorities and of the principal citizens, and by the universal acclamations of the people, who were all for the Medici. The only real encroachment Lorenzo made upon the constitution was years after, in 1480, when the conspiracy of the Pazzi, the hatred of Pope Sixtus IV. and Lorenzo's hazardous journey to Naples made it necessary for his own preservation, and for the peace of the state, that the government should be established on a firmer basis. He then assembled a parliament, which elected, according to a precedent sanctioned by the Albizzi, a *balìa* or convention, which *balìa* transferred its own extraordinary powers to a permanent council of seventy, a sort of senate, who were to choose the citizens qualified for the magistracy.

Sismondi says that Lorenzo was not only a bad citizen of

Florence, but also a bad Italian, having allied himself with Ferdinand of Naples, with Sforza, and with the pope. He did so because he saw the necessity of an Italian league against foreign interference, an evil which he, with a sort of prophetic foresight, considered impending over his country. In averting this he succeeded while he lived, but hardly had he closed his eyes, when the storm gathered over the Alps, and the French invasion, under Charles VIII., let loose upon unfortunate Italy a long train of calamities, which desolated it for the next half century, utterly destroyed the independence of the Tuscan republics, and paved the way for the delegate tyranny of Spain, which weighed like an incubus upon the Peninsula for no less than two hundred years after.

To assimilate, as Sismondi has done, the wicked conspiracy of the Pazzi and their unprincipled associate Pope Sixtus IV., against Lorenzo and Giuliano de Medici, to that of Olgiati against Galeazzo Maria Sforza, is to confound principles and characters of the most opposite description. Galeazzo Maria was a monster of lust and cruelty, of whom Olgiati purged the earth, although his countrymen were too far gone in servitude to profit by his example, and assert their independence. The Pazzi were, on the contrary, a turbulent ambitious family, who had shared the government with the Medici, and abused their power under Piero, and felt disappointed because Lorenzo did not bestow on them the same confidence as his father. They intrigued with Sixtus IV., who had a spite against Lorenzo, because the latter had prevented him from usurping the possession of Città di Castello, which the pope intended to add to the dominions of one of his nephews. And the means resorted to were as wicked as the causes that impelled them. An archbishop and a cardinal were privy to the conspiracy for assassinating the two brothers, in which adventurers, bravoës, and profligate characters were joined. A holy day, while high mass was said in the cathedral, and while the officiating priest raised the consecrated host, which Catholics believe contains the body of our Saviour, this was the time chosen for the murder! Is this foul conspiracy to be compared to the sincere enthusiasm and singleness of purpose with which Olgiati, Visconti, and Lampugnani, after strengthening themselves by prayers, went to meet the tyrant as he entered St. Stephen's church, and struck him with their daggers in the midst of his guards? Let any one read the life of Galeazzo Sforza, and say whether any comparison can be made between such a monster and the lofty-minded Lorenzo de Medici.

But Lorenzo's memory has not to answer for the destruction

of Florentine independence. Thirty-eight years after his death the republic of Florence still existed; it fell by the arms of Charles V., at the instigation of Clement VII., the illegitimate son of the murdered Giuliano di Medici. She struggled hard at last, and her fall was not without dignity. Sienna soon after underwent the same fate.

Three Italian republics survived the calamities of the sixteenth century, and continued to exist till within our own recollection—Venice, Genoa, and Lucca. They were aristocracies, but they were at least national Italian governments, and their citizens enjoyed peace and security; they were thriving, wealthy, and, generally, contented communities. At the end of the eighteenth century these three states fell, in their turn, smothered in the embraces of republican France. The same overbearing perfidious policy devoted to destruction the democracies of Switzerland and the aristocracies of Venice and Genoa, and always in the name of liberty! Venice, with her fourteen hundred years of independence, and her lofty recollections, would require a separate article. We can only allude here to the partial view which Sismondi takes of her fall. Indeed, throughout his work, it is easy to see that Venice is no favourite with him, although in several passages, he acknowledges the protection and security which her citizens enjoyed. But whatever the abuses of her government might have been, they do not justify the double dealings of Bonaparte and of the French Directory—they do not justify their exciting her subjects to revolt—the devastation of the country—the plunder of the city—the dismemberment and the base barter of her territory. The whole transaction is one of the blackest character.

We have been lately perusing the two volumes of documents relative to the fall of poor Venice,* and our indignation at the base policy and the cold-blooded inhumanity of its destroyers is stronger than we can express by words. We think M. Sismondi would have acted more wisely had he abstained from making any comments on that catastrophe. It is a tale that does not bear extenuation of any sort. There were traitors in the Venetian senate, no doubt, and verily they have had their reward. But we feel for the citizens, and for the country population, who, by Sismondi's own acknowledgment, had lived so long happy under the banner of St. Mark. Who would not wish to see that banner still floating to the Adriatic breeze? Who would not rather behold the Doge and the senators, antiquated as they might appear to a fastidious leveller of the present day, gracing still their

* Published at Florence in the year 1800.

marble halls, instead of either foreign regenerators or guardians of social order listlessly watching the crumbling palaces of the sea-girt city? All lamentations are now vain—*Venezia è morta!*—but her memory, at least, ought not to be traduced, nor obloquy and insult added to irreparable injury.

By the fall of Venice, Italy lost its only maritime power, its only fleet, and its remaining possessions beyond the sea. These serious losses do not appear to us to have been sufficiently noticed by historical or political writers. By the Treaty of Campoformio, Dalmatia, the towns on the coast of Albania, and the Ionian Islands, which had been for ages annexed to an Italian power, were detached from Italy, and for ever. The Italians, who were foremost in the career of discovery both in the East and the West, have not now a single colony, not a foot of ground beyond the shores of the Peninsula; they who once covered the coasts of the Levant with their settlements, have not a single factory there. The Venetian arsenal and fleet, which but forty years ago ruled over the Adriatic and the Ionian seas, kept in respect the Ottomans and the Barbary regencies, and upheld the rank of Venice among the naval powers of the Mediterranean, are now no more. They were annihilated in 1797.

Genoa, the other maritime republic of Italy, fell by similar arts. Bonaparte first invaded its territory, disregarding its neutrality; he interfered between the nobles and the democrats, the last of whom he had secretly encouraged; and in 1797, after incorporating it in the new "*Ligurian Republic*," he enforced upon it one of his paper constitutions. This constitution he again modified in 1802, and at last abolished altogether in 1805. Genoa was then united to the French empire, to partake of the blessings of the conscription, the continental system, and the inquisitorial police. And, as if more effectually to debase his victims, Napoleon obliged the members of the government themselves, with the doge at their head, to dance attendance on him, and solicit the honour of being united to the Great Nation.

Lucca likewise received its new constitution in 1801, and in June, 1805, "it demanded of Napoleon (says Sismondi) a sovereign of his family." He gave it his sister Elisa, married to Baciocchi, whom he had before made Prince of Piombino.

Thus were the last of the Italian republics swept away; thus, in the name of liberty, were both national and personal independence destroyed. San Marino, with its 5000 inhabitants, perched upon a mountain, was spared, and still survives. Its insignificance saved it from the common fate.

We must conclude. The freedom of the Italian republics in the middle ages was not that which we understand in our days by

the name of liberty. It neither secured the lives, the properties, nor the honour of the citizens; nor did it promote their peace and happiness, nor guarantee to them even the freedom of debate. Their liberty could ally itself to the most cruel tyranny; it was nothing but absolute power taken from the hands of one, and placed in those of the many. Of passive or civil liberty they had no idea. Are these merely our own assertions? No! they are copied almost word for word from M. Sismondi's concluding chapter of his "*History of the Italian Republics.*" We recommend this chapter to the attentive perusal of the reader.

"The liberty of the ancients," he thus proceeds, "being the property of the citizens, it was not necessary to examine how far it contributed to the general happiness. . . . The liberty of the moderns being understood to be a means by which governments attain the object for which they are instituted, namely, the happiness of all, it has been thought fit to examine in what manner liberty constitutes happiness, or how far it contributes to it. The result of this investigation has been a conviction that the object of men united into society being that of securing to each other the protection of their persons, property and honour, and respect for their moral sentiments, any government which should wantonly sacrifice or expose the same, which should offend against justice, humanity or public decency, would be utterly deficient in its object, and ought to be considered as a tyranny, even if established by the will or caprice of the whole community."—c. cxxvi.

The exclusive admirers of the Italian republics appear to us to have fallen into the error of viewing that which was only a stage in the progress of society as its ultimate end, which ought to have been, like that of every other nation, the consolidation of the country either by an union, or by a permanent and well-poised confederacy. *Twice* has Italy seemed to approach this term; once in the fifteenth century, and again in the eighteenth. On both occasions foreign invasion has rushed in, and throwing the elements of society into confusion, has removed the prospect. *When* a third opportunity may offer itself, we cannot venture to predict; but it would be highly impolitic to hold up to the Italians of the present day a return to the democratic spirit of the middle ages as the best means of consolidating them into a nation, all experience having proved that it is in the very nature of democracy to produce a contrary effect.

ART. III.—*La Grande-Bretagne en Mil Huit Cent Trente-Trois.*

Par M. le Baron d'Haussez, Dernier Ministre de la Marine sous le Roi Charles X. 2 tom. 8vo. Paris. 1833.

THIS work forcibly reminds us of the well-known passage in Oxenstiern's letter to his son—"You know not by how little wisdom the world is governed." We have only to substitute "was" for "is," and "France" for "the world," and we shall find a similar intimation indirectly afforded by the work before us. M. d'Haussez was one of those colleagues of Prince Polignac who governed France under Charles X., and he has produced a work which we must regret should ever have been published. We regret it, not on account of his readers, for some among them may be amused; or of the publishers in France or in England, (for we doubt not the work will excite sufficient curiosity); or of either of those countries generally, or of any particular class which either of them contain; but simply on account of M. d'Haussez himself. His having been a member of the Polignac ministry was a circumstance calculated to have produced, not an impression favourable to him, but decidedly the reverse. Why should he have confirmed this unfavourable impression by sending forth a work like this? Was it not enough that his participation in the ill-starred "ordonnances" should have exhibited a fatal ignorance of the state of France? Must he also exhibit a written proof of consummate ignorance with respect to England? That a man is *untaught* may be the unhappy consequence of adverse circumstances; but if he values public opinion, he will, indeed, act very unwisely in allowing the world to believe that he is *unteachable*.

M. d'Haussez appears by his own account to have enjoyed peculiar advantages for the composition of his work. During a residence in this kingdom of more than two years, he tells us that—

"une alternative continuelle de fréquentation d'une société nombreuse et distinguée, et qui paraissait vouloir se livrer à mon observation, et d'un isolement complet, mettait à ma disposition des matériaux précieux, du temps et de la solitude pour les étudier et les classer. J'étais dans une situation nouvelle, stimulé par je ne sais quoi d'inaccoutumé, qui s'étendait à mon économie morale et physique.

"Tout cela agissait avec force sur mes sens, réveillait mes esprits, leur imprimait une direction et un élan qu'ils n'avaient jamais eus. Mes sensations portaient d'un coin de mon imagination où il me semblait que je n'avais pas encore fouillé. Il en sortait des pensées, des idées que je ne connaissais pas."*—vol. ii. p. 242.

We are, therefore, not required to grant the indulgence demanded

* As an English translation of the book has appeared simultaneously with the original, we have preferred making our extracts from the latter.

for works composed under circumstances of difficulty; neither need we make any allowance for the embarrassing novelty of an altered and a fallen position. This, the author says, is an advantage. Hitherto he has always been placed too high to take an accurate view of the details of life.

“Jusque-là, placé dans des situations élevées, je ne les avais considérées que comme des moyens de voir plus loin, d’embrasser de plus vastes perspectives.

“J’étais alors aux premières loges du grand spectacle du monde. Je voyais plus à l’aise: peut-être n’observais-je pas si bien. Descendu au parterre, confondu dans la foule, coudoyé, pressé à mon tour, regardant d’en bas la scène sur laquelle naguère je plongeais d’en haut, les objets m’apparaissaient sous un autre aspect, sans que le drame perdît de son intérêt.”—vol. ii. pp. 242, 243.

M. d’Haussez does not enter into any detailed account of the situations he has filled; and as the above passage contains such allusion to long continuance in high station as might almost suggest the idea of his having been *born* a minister of state, and as moreover such allusions may perchance have piqued the curiosity of our readers, we will therefore give what the author has failed to supply—a very brief abstract of such particulars as we have been able to collect respecting him. It appears that he was born at Neufchatel, in Normandy, in 1778: that in 1796, he, being then only eighteen years of age, commenced his political career as a secret agent of the exiled Bourbons. Becoming suspected, he was obliged to fly in 1799, but subsequently returned to France, where, in 1804, he was again suspected of being implicated in the conspiracy of Georges and Pichegru. Participation, however, was not proved, and his only punishment was being placed under *surveillance*. He afterwards attached himself to the service of Napoleon, and as a reward for this transfer of loyalty was created Baron and appointed Mayor of Neufchatel. On the first restoration of the Bourbons he returned to his former party, and remained faithful to Louis XVIII. during the Hundred Days. On the second restoration, in 1815, he was nominated President of the Electoral College of Lower Seine; was elected a Deputy to the famous *Chambre Introuvable*; and when the division took place between the Chamber and M. Decazes, he adhered to the latter. As a reward for this adhesion, he was appointed to the prefecture of the Gard, and was found so useful in that capacity, that during the various changes of ministry that took place between 1817 and 1829, he never ceased to be “Monsieur le Préfet” of that or one or other of three other departments—the Landes, the Isère, and the Gironde. In August, 1829, on the refusal of M. de Rigny, M. d’Haussez was appointed to his last and highest post, the office

of *Ministre de la Marine*, which he retained not quite a year. These are the “*situations élevées*” in which M. d'Haussez had been “*jusque-là placé*.” We fear our readers will be disappointed, and may consider that the situation of *préfet*, albeit respectable, is hardly entitled to the magnificent designation of a place “*aux premières loges du grand spectacle du monde*,” and is by no means to be regarded as a “*moyen d'embrasser de vastes perspectives*.” Besides, granting the position to be as elevated as he pleases, and admitting that in its unmetaphorical sense a high position naturally commands an extensive view, we fear the assertion is not transferable by any strict analogy to official life. The routine of office is commonly, and we apprehend is justly, held to have a tendency to narrow rather than to enlarge the mental vision. Official men do not *necessarily* see more of the circumstances of life because more is laid before them. That which they see for themselves *may* in amount and value be very little: that which they see through the eyes of others *may* be only error and delusion. It *may* instruct; but it *may* mislead them. They may ground their judgments upon the partial representations of official underlings; they may acquire a contracted mode of viewing affairs; may set up a self-constituted official rule of right, and insist upon approving or condemning, solely according to conformity with, or deviation from, a standard of their own. But though official habits may have tended to contract the mind of M. d'Haussez, we are bound to say that in his observations upon the administrative part of our system, he shows more good sense and liberality than in his remarks upon other matters—a difference which we are perhaps justified in attributing to the circumstance of his better understanding what he writes about. Though he is surprised at the unmeddling character of our government, and seems to wonder that even the breeding of horses is not made a state concern, yet he is willing to admit that some how or other matters go on as well as if the government pried into everything, and interfered at every step. After noticing the neglect of the government in the metropolis respecting “*une infinité d'objets qui dans les autres pays attirent à bon droit l'attention de l'administration*,” he adds—

“*En revanche, il y a peu de capitales où les vols soient moins nombreux, où les voleurs soient plus promptement découverts et punis, où les mouvemens populaires opérés, il est vrai, par une populace sans courage et sans habitude des armes, soient plus efficacement réprimés; où il y ait moins d'événemens fâcheux et moins de collisions entre les diverses classes de la société, et où tous ces résultats soient obtenus avec moins de gêne, de vexations et de bruit.*”

Here, we should have supposed, was a subject deserving the

inquiry of a philosophic traveller. He might have sought to learn under what singular and happy combination of circumstances apparent neglect could have produced results such as might have been expected only from unremitting and well-directed care. He might have sought to learn whether the neglect was real, or only apparent; and, if real, what resources were substituted, for the preservation of order, by the efforts of individuals, or the peculiarities of the national character. The problem was curious and important; but M. d'Haussez, who devotes eight pages to cock-fighting, and a separate chapter to each of the following subjects—"Steeple-Chase," "Le Dîner," "Un Salon," "Un Bal," "Un Concert de Société," and "Une Soirée au Vauxhall"—has not attempted to solve it. It may, however, be observed, that something which may serve as a clue is dexterously insinuated in the foregoing passage. Our people are easily kept in order because they have not the courage to resist! Though the results may appear favourable, they must not be allowed to redound to the honour of England. M. d'Haussez has here shown much ingenuity. He is compelled in the course of his work to adduce many circumstances which tend to exhibit in an honourable light the country which afforded him an asylum when ejected from his own. He must know, that whether he gives or withholds his sanction from the unwelcome truth, we are still generally acknowledged to be a great and powerful nation. That circumstance cannot be denied. All that can be done is to prove that it is not a circumstance of which we have any reason to be proud—that it is produced by no merits of ours; it is the result, not of our virtues, but of our vices. That we may not be supposed to misrepresent M. d'Haussez, we shall gladly allow him to speak for himself.

"Le caractère Anglais a cela de particulier, que les défauts des individus ou des classes, loin de tirer à conséquence contre l'intérêt général, tournent à son profit. Ainsi, de la lâcheté de la populace résulte le maintien de l'ordre; de l'orgueil des gens bien élevés, la fierté nationale; de la soif de l'or, la richesse publique; de la paresse d'imagination, la haine du changement et la stabilité des institutions; de la manie de se singulariser, de bizarres mais d'utiles établissemens; du rigorisme religieux, des mœurs sévères; du propagandisme, l'extension du commerce sur tous les points du globe; du malaise dans le pays natal, des colonies utiles à la métropole; de la vénalité des emplois, de celle même de la représentation nationale, plus d'aptitude, plus de garantie chez ceux qui y consacrent leur fortune; de la choquante inégalité dans la division de la propriété, une hiérarchie qui remonte de la famille à l'état.

"Cette disposition réagit de l'ensemble de l'ordre social sur ses spécificités, et fait que, malgré l'incohérence de ses institutions, et les vices très-réels et très-apparens de son organisation, l'Angleterre occupe un

rang très-distingué parmi les pays les mieux gouvernés et les plus heureux de l'époque actuelle, et que, si haut qu'ils remontent, les souvenirs historiques ne peuvent trouver de points de comparaison qui ne soient à son avantage."—vol. i. pp. 64, 65.

This may be thought ingenious, but it is not original. That "private vices are public benefits," was a paradox maintained with plausible cleverness long ago by Mandeville, in his "Fable of the Bees." We had believed, however, that the paradox was dead, and little expected its resurrection in the year 1833. There have been two Mandevilles noted in our literary annals—the essayist and the traveller. Perhaps M. d'Haussez had never heard of either, but his work happens to remind us of both.

M. d'Haussez's treatment of political subjects need not occupy much of our attention. What shall we think of the accuracy and profundity of a writer, who in a work entitled "*La Grande-Bretagne en 1833*," and in a chapter entitled "*Une Election*," states that the poll may be kept open *fourteen days*, and makes no allusion to the important changes in our electoral system which came into operation in 1832? Are we to regard this omission as a piece of that "complaisance dont je me suis fait une loi en ce qui touche les interets politiques de la Grande Bretagne?" What shall we think of the respect due to the authority of a *citoyen* statesman, who tells that in this country "les lois sanguinaires d'Elizabeth qui condamnent à mort le prêtre surpris célébrant la messe, à la perte de leurs biens les hôtes qui lui donnent asile, et au bannissement les fidèles qui prient avec lui, *ces lois, quoique tombées en desuetude, subsistent encore!*" What shall we say, but that such errors and omissions lessen our surprise on being afterwards seriously told that the prosperity of England is based upon corruption?

"Malheur à l'Angleterre," says M. d'Haussez, "le jour où ses électeurs seront trop honnêtes gens pour ne pas se vendre, et où les candidats seront trop sages pour ne pas les acheter; elle touchera à une révolution: les élémens qu'elle renferme, et qu'une faction désorganisatrice tient en réserve pour cette œuvre terrible, ne sont pas moins redoutables que ceux qui, depuis quarante années, bouleversent la France."

Among the prevailing characteristics of M. d'Haussez's work, none is more remarkable than the feeling of rancour which it indicates towards this country, and the entire absence, through the whole course of the work, of any proof of that gratitude which he professes in the concluding sentence of his postscript—"en échange de la généreuse et noble hospitalité qu'elle m'a accordée." He cannot even refrain from saying that he would have preferred to seek an asylum anywhere else if he could; he cannot even attribute to us amiable and disinterested motives for the attentions

which he confesses he received. No! even our hospitalities must be explained in a manner at once mortifying to our vanity, and flattering to his own.

“ La curiosité qui, en Angleterre, s'attache à tout ce qui sort de la règle commune, aux hommes ainsi qu'aux choses; la vanité qui y porte à rechercher ceux qui ont joué un rôle marquant, se sont emparées de tous les vides que, dans le commencement surtout, laissaient les divers élémens dont se composait mon existence. Elles les ont liés entr'eux de manière à me donner *une situation élevée dans la société*, et à refaire de moi, en dépit et peut-être à cause des événemens qui m'ont renversé, *un personnage que l'on est convenu de rechercher, d'interroger, de consulter, à qui la première place est partout réservée*, et dont, malgré ses habitudes, on a fait une espèce d'autorité politique.”—vol. ii. p. 241.

Many a traveller would have been pleased and obliged by a prompt willingness in the natives to point out whatever was most worthy of his attention. Not so M. d'Haussez; he seems to regard this obliging disposition as a mere national peculiarity—“une espèce de tic national”—and by no means a pleasing one.

“ Les Anglais sont *montreurs*. Lorsqu'ils ont à satisfaire la curiosité d'un étranger, ils la fatiguent, en ne lui faisant grâce d'aucun des détails les plus minutieux et les plus insignifiants. Dans une ville, il n'est pas de quartier si sale, d'édifice si mesquin, qui échappent à leur *cicéronerie*. Dans une maison, ils promènent de la cave au grenier, et appellent l'attention sur tout ce qu'elle renferme. C'est à n'en plus finir dans une bibliothèque, dans un musée, dans une collection d'objets d'art. Ils vous feront feuilleter jusqu'au dernier livre, voir jusqu'au plus mauvais tableau, admirer la pièce la moins digne d'attention. Il n'y a pas dans cette habitude le sujet d'une critique; si je la mentionne, c'est qu'elle peut-être considérée comme une espèce de tic national.”—vol. i. p. 66.

Even where a fault is not evident, he is charitably certain that it must exist. Even our love of travelling, for which he cannot satisfactorily account, and for which creditable motives might easily have been assigned, can, in his opinion, have no other than a discreditable source. “ Il faut qu'il y ait un vice quelconque dans le caractère, dans l'organisation domestique, dans les habitudes des Anglais; car ils ne se trouvent bien nulle part: ils paraissent tourmentés par un besoin de *locomotion*.”

Of what he calls the “populace” in England he gives the following picture:—

“ La population Anglaise a une recherche de grossièreté qui la ravale au-dessous de celle de quelque nation que ce soit. Ses mœurs sont à la fois *dépravées et féroces*. Son instinct la dispose à un état permanent d'agression contre le reste de la société. Quand elle n'a pas de moyens plus positifs de nuire, elle insulte les passans, les heurte, leur dispute le passage. Sa mise est d'une *saleté dégoûtante*; son langage est ignoble; sa démarche est lourde et maladroite. Ses mœurs de famille répandent

à ses habitudes des rues. Des coups, voilà pour le mari le moyen d'exercer sa supériorité; pour la femme, celui de faire l'éducation de ses enfans. On ne s'occupe pas de corriger par les principes ni même par les pratiques extérieures de la religion, les penchans vicieux de la populace. L'instruction qu'on lui donne se borne à des élémens de lecture et d'écriture. La seule modification qu'elle procure, c'est de faire des voleurs et des filous adroits, d'individus qui, sans elle, n'auraient été que des *êtres abrutis par la misère et la plus abjecte débauche*. Elle boit jusqu'à l'ivresse; elle mange jusqu'à la satiété, sans goût, sans ordre, sans mesure. Pour elle, *l'amour* n'est qu'un complément de *brutalité*. Prise collectivement, elle est *d'une remarquable lâcheté*. Sa disposition turbulente, toujours prête à se manifester, est toujours aisément comprimée par le bâton, souvent même par la seule présence de quelques agens de police."

Let not our readers waste their anger on this libel. The English people can afford to laugh at it. They have been libelled often ere now, though never yet, in our recollection, by one who owed them gratitude—by one who declares that his expressions "n'auront au moins rien qui démente les sentimens que j'ai voués à la nation Anglaise en échange de la généreuse et noble hospitalité qu'elle m'a accordée." Abuse more virulent and less discreet may be found in the writings of General Pillet. But Pillet was not a refugee—he was a prisoner of war, and wrote at a time when national animosities had been inflamed by the recent hostilities of many years. If we had thought it worth while—which we do not—to defend the English people against any of these charges, M. d'Haussez would, in one particular at least, have saved us the trouble. After saying that our populace "*prise collectivement est d'une remarquable lâcheté*," he proceeds as follows:—"Il faut l'étudier dans ses *individus* pour y trouver quelques indices de courage. Les combats que se livrent les gens des peuple prouvent une grande exaltation dans leur colère, une forte volonté de vengeance, *un grand mépris des conséquences* de la lutte qu'ils entreprennent, beaucoup de *générosité* dans les procédés du combat." After describing the combat, he proceeds to say—"Les combattans s'en vont chez eux, après avoir dépensé dans un ignoble pugilat *dix fois plus de courage qu'il n'en faut à des duellistes de bonne compagnie*." M. d'Haussez does not explain how it happens that individuals exhibiting such undeniable evidence of courage, should, when collected into masses, be remarkably cowardly. Let him be spared the needless trouble of explaining the imaginary paradox. The fact is not as he represents it. Our populace "*prise collectivement*" is *not* cowardly. But we believe we can understand the reason why M. d'Haussez has assumed the contrary. Driven from his country by a sanguinary tumult, which was followed by the introduction of a more popular system,

he fled hither, where he finds a more popular system also introduced—a change which he is told is equivalent to revolution; and he witnesses while among us the secure completion of a bloodless reform. In London he can find no parallel to the *émeutes* of Paris. With the utmost ingenuity, the most unpopular hyper-conservatives could scarcely contrive to have it believed, even by women, that their lives were in danger; and though high premiums were offered for a victim, no would-be hostage for expiring Toryism could hold forth to sympathy as an evidence of his sufferings any nobler document than a glazier's bill. Whence this moderation? Whence this remarkable difference between the conduct of the people in England and in France? To have attributed the difference to our respect for the laws—to our love of order—to our less excitable and more reasoning minds—to our confidence in the power of obtaining redress by safe, legal and constitutional means—to anything, in short, that would have implied a compliment to the national character or the institutions of the land, was foreign from M. d'Haussez's purpose. He looked around for some other reason, and "cowardice" rewarded his search. "Perhaps the people are quiet only from want of courage." Happy thought! That individually they are brave is too notorious for denial; but *collectively*, let them be cowards. It sounds paradoxical; but never mind that! Happy the arguer who, to suit his purpose, can always find a ready paradox even half as good as this!

Turning from M. d'Haussez's comments upon classes, let us next see how he treats professions. We know not by what studies this *ci-devant* Préfet, and Ex-ministre de la Marine, has qualified himself to pronounce with oracular confidence upon the state of medical science in England. That he has bestowed upon it a very successful attention we must be permitted to doubt, from the fact of his having confounded surgeons with apothecaries, and appearing to suppose that Sir Astley Cooper, or Mr. Brodie, are remunerated only as venders of drugs. We may estimate, by this circumstance, the respect due to the authority which boldly tells us that in England

"l'absence d'études suivies borne à des données très-vagues et très-superficielles les connaissances médicales. Des remèdes énergiques, pris à peu près *au hasard* dans une pharmacie, de l'empirisme, voilà les moyens. Une guinée que l'on dépose sans délicatesse dans la main de l'Esculape à la fin de chaque visite, et qu'il reçoit sans honte, voilà le résultat." . . . "Nulle part enfin, l'art n'est exercé avec *un mépris plus complet des règles les plus vulgaires*, avec une *abnégation plus absolue de toute espèce de raisonnement*." . . . "Les remèdes énergiques forment le fond des prescriptions des praticiens Anglais. *L'alcool entre dans la plu-*

part des préparations, et toujours de la manière la moins rationnelle." . . .
 "Je connais une femme qui, par le conseil de son médecin, boit *une pinte d'eau-de-vie par jour*; et, chose inexplicable, ce régime a déjà six années de durée."

"Chose inexplicable!" Yes, truly! But there is another "chose inexplicable" which he is not afraid to admit—"Cependant la longévité est à peu près la même qu'en France"—not merely "à peu près même," but much greater. It is but the other day that a French academician published a table of the rates of mortality in the different states of Europe, by which it appears that while in France the annual mortality is 1 in 39, in England it is only 1 in 58; in Scotland, 1 in 59, and in Ireland, 1 in 53.

This, one would have supposed, would have produced some diffidence in the justice of his sweeping accusations. Not at all—facts may be stubborn things, but they are not so stubborn as our Baron's confidence in his own correctness—"Qu'en conclure," he asks, "sinon que la science du médecin ne contribue à la conservation de la vie que dans une proportion bien faible, lorsque son ignorance ne l'abrège pas dans une proportion plus forte?" We admit the inference if the premises were correct; but it so happens that a comparison, not of this country with others, but of recent with distant periods, shows a marked correspondence between diminished mortality and improvements in the art of healing. We are therefore led, not to that which M. d'Haussez regards as the only possible conclusion, but to another much easier and more obvious—namely, that he is utterly and ridiculously mistaken, and has written a chapter, which, if it ever meets the eyes of the Dupuytren and Majendies of his own country, will in all probability be greeted only by a contemptuous smile.

M. d'Haussez next records his opinion of our clergy. With the confidence of one who has been accustomed, as he tells us, to take extensive views from an elevated position, he thus summarily proclaims their general character. In answer to the question "Qu'est-ce qu'un ecclésiastique en Angleterre?" he writes,

"C'est un homme d'une grande naissance, entouré d'une nombreuse famille, pourvu d'un riche bénéfice, vivant dans le luxe, participant à tous les plaisirs, à toutes les jouissances du monde; jouant, chassant, dansant, se montrant aux théâtres, ne se piquant pas de gravité lorsque son caractère personnel ne l'y porte pas; économisant sur ses revenus pour établir ses enfans; dépensant sa fortune en paris, en chevaux, en chiens, quelquefois même avec une maîtresse, lorsque cette prévoyance lui manque; dans l'un et l'autre cas, donnant peu aux pauvres, et laissant le soin de s'en occuper, comme celui de remplir des fonctions qu'il dédaigne, à quelque malheureux d'une classe inférieure, lequel, pour une

modique retribution, est obligé d'avoir des vertus, et d'accomplir des devoirs dont le titulaire se dispense."—vol. i. pp. 266, 267.

We do not deny that there have been, and still may be, clergymen of the Church of England to whom some of the traits here exhibited may be applicable. But the instances are very rare. In the course of a pretty extensive acquaintance with the clergy, it has *never* been our ill fortune to meet with *one* such instance; and it is highly improbable that during his two years' residence among us, any one such instance should have been discovered by M. d'Haussez. Yet he confidently brings forward this coarse tissue of exaggerations as an average of the whole English clergy, and oracularly tells us "Ce tableau est vrai!" I, ci-devant Minister, Prefect and Mayor, under Napoleon and the Bourbons, have said it! Let those who have not been equally elevated and consistent hear and believe! Believe too, on my assurance, that the English clergy never attend the sick. "On ne les voit pas quitter leurs demeures commodes pour aller s'établir au chevet d'un malade, et lui porter les consolations de la religion." We unhesitatingly declare this to be a *gross and infamous calumny*. We *know* an instance in the West of England, where, in the summer of 1832, during the most frightful ravages of the Cholera, an English clergyman, of the established church, exhibited a self-devotion, a courageous attention to the physical and mental wants of his dying parishioners (and in a parish where nearly one in ten fell victims to the pestilence), which, since the time of "Marseilles' good bishop," has probably never been exceeded. We *know* this instance—we have *heard* of *many* others. M. d'Haussez was in this kingdom, and if he had chosen to inquire he might have heard of them too. Such being the case, in what terms sufficiently strong can we reply to the slander which M. d'Haussez flings at the clergy of England "en échange de sa généreuse et noble hospitalité." "On ne les voit pas!" that is to say, M. d'Haussez never saw them—*ergo*, nobody ever saw them. How can we reply to such a reasoner! Perhaps quotation is the best exposure. As there are truisms almost too simple for proof, so there are falsehoods almost too vague and monstrous for refutation. M. d'Haussez seems to be aware of this, for he usually traduces on a grand scale. It seems a bolder and more magnificent style of libelling to aim at classes than at individuals; moreover, it is a *safer* mode, and less exposed to confutation. Sometimes, however, M. d'Haussez inadvertently furnishes the antidote as well as the bane. He introduces some specimens of ignorance which can be promptly exposed by a reference to recorded facts, and by which we can afterwards test the worthlessness of his other concomitant assertions. Such, for instance, is his statement respecting the *invariable* wealth of the English clergyman.

“ Sa carrière est marquée d'avance ; il en connaît le terme comme le début ; il sait si ses espérances doivent se renfermer dans la possession d'un bénéfice de mille ou douze cents livres sterling de revenu, ou si son ambition peut s'élever jusqu'à l'épiscopat ; mais il sait aussi que dans l'hypothèse la moins favorable, des études sur le résultat desquelles on se montre peu exigeant, suffiront pour lui assurer une position honorable. Sa famille ou ses amis tiennent en réserve pour lui une cure richement dotée, sur laquelle il résidera s'il a le désir et l'espoir de s'élever davantage, qu'il fera gérer par un suppléant à gages, s'il se décide à sacrifier son avenir aux douceurs de sa situation présente.”—vol. i. p. 269.

Is it possible that M. d'Haussez, pretending to write on the subject of our clergy, should have neglected to inform himself respecting the emoluments of the English church? or that having so informed himself he could have thus written? Either supposition is difficult, yet one of them must be true. M. d'Haussez might have known, and knowing might have stated, that the average value of English livings is less than 300*l.* a-year—that out of 10,421, which forms the total number of benefices in England and Wales, 4,361 are worth less than 150*l.* per annum; that in 2,274 the annual stipend is not more than 100*l.*; that in 736 it does not exceed 50*l.*; and that in 57 it is not more than 20*l.*, or less than the wages of a day-labourer:—that moreover, in 1831, the number of curates of non-resident incumbents was 4,202—that of each of these the average annual stipend was 80*l.*, but many had only 30*l.* or 40*l.*, and some as little as 20*l.*, and even as 10*l.* Such is the rich remuneration which falls to the lot of the majority of our clergy! Such are the brilliant prospects of those who enter the profession of the church! Such is the “*carrière marquée d'avance de l'ecclésiastique Anglais,*” who, according to M. d'Haussez, “*sait que dans l'hypothèse la moins favorable, des études, sur le résultat desquelles on se montre peu exigeant, suffiront pour lui assurer une position honorable.*”

Let us now turn to the more amusing characteristics of M. d'Haussez. It is so little worth while to be seriously angry, that we may as well smile at his blunders as frown at his libels. It is surely pleasanter, and quite as profitable; and a very vain writer must be dull indeed if he does not furnish some amusement. One of M. d'Haussez's most amusing qualities is his omniscience—he is absolutely the most intuitive and all-comprehending gentleman that it has ever been our good fortune to meet in print. The very sight of his table of contents shows the vast expansion of his mind. We find distinct essays on almost every subject that any traveller has ever discussed:—on “*Justice, Administration, Marine, Armée, Vie des Châteaux, Bains de Mer, Mariage, Les Femmes, Relations de Famille, Une Election, Une Séance du Parlement, Clubs, Journaux,*

Beaux-Arts, Médecins, Clergé, Instruction, Emigration, Pauvres, Hôpitaux, Prisons, Cimetières, Commerce et Industrie, Régime des Manufactures, Agriculture, Forêts, Manière de Voyager, Courses, Routes, Canaux, Ponts suspendus, Railways, Steeple-Chases, Combats de Coqs." On every one of these subjects, and others too, which it would be tedious to enumerate, he delivers his opinion with equal confidence and decision; and we are bound to admit that there is no appearance of his having bestowed his attention otherwise than impartially, and more on any one of these subjects than on any other. Indeed, we may say, that there is evidence of what might perhaps be considered an excess of impartiality, a leaning towards those subjects, which, from their relative slight importance, are most likely to be neglected, and of which a lengthened notice was least to be looked for at his hands.

Thus the Ex-ministre de la Marine, who devotes *eight* pages to cock-fighting, discusses the British navy in *three and a half*. The Ex-député, who gives *twenty-three* pages to the "Beaux-Arts," and *twelve* to the economy of the stable, gives to "une Séance du Parlement" only *six*. Thus, like some professional men, who are scrupulous in their avoidance of whatever might be considered to "smell of the shop," M. d'Haussez dilates most largely on those topics on which he would be presumed least competent to offer an opinion. The information which he gives on these manifold subjects is frequently novel and remarkable. In speaking of our horses, he says, that, "à l'exception de la course, de la chasse, et du transport de la bière et du charbon dans les villes, tous les genres de chevaux sont employés à tous les usages, sans égard pour leurs forces relatives et leurs formes." Really! nevertheless we never saw a lady's fine-limbed palfrey at the plough, nor a hairy-heeled cart-horse used as a roadster. In the chapter on Agriculture, we are told, that where the game is very abundant "on dépose le blé dans des trous faits à la main, et en le recouvre au moyen du râteau"—an expensive method of sowing, but found advantageous, "en raison du travail qu'elle procure à des bras qui, sans elle, resteraient sans emploi." How pleasant it is to see that prodigality of ratiocination which can supply good reasons even for circumstances which do not exist! We also learn that our clover and turnip fields are appropriated exclusively to our sheep, which are fed upon them all the year! We learn that "ce qui manque essentiellement à l'agriculture Anglaise, c'est l'habitude et l'intelligence des irrigations." It does not seem to have occurred to him that in our rainy climate irrigation is seldom much required, and that it is commonly more essential to practise draining.

We have a good many pages upon the "Manière de Voyager,"

in which he says, "On a remarqué que les chevaux qui, en Angleterre, traînent les diligences, vont plus vite que ceux affectés au même service en France, et que cependant nos voitures ne mettent pas plus de temps à parcourir une distance donnée." Are we then to understand that French diligences go at the rate of nine miles an hour including stoppages?—because it is notorious that English stage-coaches are every day doing that and more. It seems, however, according to M. d'Haussez, that our coaches ought to travel a great deal faster. Their want of superiority over the French in expedition is accounted for by their frequent delays!

"Cette anomalie," says M. d'Haussez, "s'explique par l'ordre apporté dans ce genre de service. En Angleterre, les stations sont plus répétées, soit afin de procurer aux voyageurs la facilité de satisfaire le goût tout national des repas fréquens, soit pour favoriser celui non moins prononcé des conducteurs pour la bière et les liqueurs fortes."

We adduce this familiar instance as a specimen of the sort of accuracy which M. d'Haussez displays in matters of higher moment, and we prefer a subject thus familiar, because the erroneous absurdity of the statement will be at once evident to every one of the many thousands who have travelled in stage-coaches. If M. d'Haussez ever condescended to employ such a vehicle, his must indeed have been a singular lot if he found reason to complain of the too great frequency of meals and the too ample time allotted to them. We doubt if it would be easy to find many public conveyances which systematically indulge "le goût tout national des repas fréquens" oftener than three times in the twenty-four hours. It is almost needless to say that the "anomalie," like many other "anomalies" in this book, is entirely of M. d'Haussez's own creation. Like the pseudo-philosophers, who, eschewing the vulgar test of weights and scales, sat down to inquire why a dead salmon is heavier than a live one—he first conjures up a difficulty which does not exist, and then racks his invention for facts and reasonings in order to account for it.

We have mentioned not only the universality of his knowledge, but the intuitive quickness of his perception. No where, perhaps, are both these qualities more amusingly displayed than in his visit to Sir W. Scott at Abbotsford. We must premise that M. d'Haussez, by his own account, does not speak English, and he has evidently so little knowledge of the language as to talk of *un* "roast beef," and not to know that "confortable" is an adjective.* This word is made the subject of a separate chapter, throughout

* There is scarcely an English word or proper name correctly spelt through the book. We have *catehs* and *catels* for *catches*; *Æolovich* for *Woolwich*; *greyhomid's* for *greyhound*; *heau*, *heau* for *hear*, *hear*; and fifty others quite as ridiculous.

which it plays the part of a noun substantive. Thus provided with the means of conversation, M. d'Haussez went to visit Sir Walter Scott, who, it seems, was not sufficiently conversant with French to talk it. All the conversation which passed between Sir Walter Scott and M. d'Haussez was therefore carried on in two languages, each speaking his own. Sir Walter, moreover, was at that time much broken in health and spirits. The visit too was of short duration. The guest appears to have come one day and returned the next, talked during the evening almost exclusively to the daughter of Sir Walter, and had little conversation with the great novelist himself till the following morning. Means less promising and opportunities more scanty, we should have thought, could scarcely have been imagined for appreciating the social qualities of the distinguished poet. But no—we must suspend our commiseration. The means and opportunities seem to have been amply sufficient for enabling such a mind as M. d'Haussez to fathom such a mind as Sir Walter Scott's. Sir Walter showed him his library in the morning before M. d'Haussez's departure, and then says the guest:—

“Ce fut dans cette conversation que je pus juger du genre de son esprit, et m'assurer que, pour briller, son imagination avait besoin de l'aide de sa plume. Avare des réflexions, il ne les exprimait que d'une manière succincte et peu relevée : les aperçus de quelque étendue semblaient lui manquer absolument. L'observateur, qui avait si habilement étudié et rendu les caractères de Louis XI., d'Elizabeth, de Marie-Stuart, de Jacques I., les usages et les mœurs des temps où vivaient les principaux personnages de ses romans, paraissait avoir dépensé ses souvenirs dans ses écrits, et en avoir tout-à-fait démeublé sa mémoire; en un mot, l'auteur de *Waverley*, de *Rob-Roy*, de *Quentin Darvald*, de *l'Antiquaire*, et de tant d'autres productions d'un mérite fort distingué, ne cherchait pas à soutenir dans la conversation l'idée que ses ouvrages avaient donnée de son esprit, non qu'il dédaignât de faire des frais d'esprit de d'érudition, mais parce qu'il ne paraissait pas en avoir la faculté, ou au moins l'habitude.”—vol. ii. pp. 120, 121.

M. d'Haussez complacently flatters himself that, in spite of all the difficulties of a bilingual dialogue, he had actually *drawn him out*! But though M. d'Haussez considers the conversation of Sir Walter Scott to have been thus vastly inferior to his writings, he does not think very highly even of them. He says the present generation, “avec plus d'engouement que de saine critique, est convenue de s'amuser de tout ce qu'il a écrit.” He thinks that his reputation “a peut-être été portée au-delà de celle qu'une justice, même très-favorable, eût dû lui assigner;” and solemnly counsels us to mingle with our enthusiasm for his name

“un peu de réflexion, tenir en réserve quelques formules d'admiration pour les célébrités d'un autre genre et d'une autre époque, et ne pas

donner à penser que le génie est chose si rare, que l'on puisse lui prodiguer, dès qu'il apparaît, des éloges que de bien long-temps on n'aura pas occasion de renouveler."

What M. d'Haussez cites as an objection happens to constitute one of our motives! It is partly *because* it may be so very long before we have an opportunity of renewing such eulogiums that we have a pleasure in lavishing them *now*. But what shall we say if, after all, this *tranchant* critic and intuitive inquirer is discovered to be lamentably ignorant respecting the distinguished man whom he went to visit, and concerning whom he has delivered such confident opinions! Here is the proof. He tells us that—

"Tout en affectant d'attacher beaucoup de prix à l'obscurité, Sir Walter-Scott est parvenu à s'assurer une grande célébrité et à l'exploiter de son vivant. Il a cru devoir stimuler la curiosité publique en cachant soigneusement son nom, et en laissant aux curieux la peine de le chercher. Ce nom s'est trouvé appartenir à un honorable Ecossais, d'un extérieur froid, et dont l'air simple était en effet très-convenable pour dérouter les physionomistes qui auraient voulu demander à une figure fine et expressive la révélation du mystère dont s'enveloppait l'auteur de tant de productions spirituelles. Aussi fut-il, assure-t-on, obligé d'aider leur pénétration en défaut, et, non moins fatigué de l'inutilité des recherches que ceux qui les faisaient, de trahir enfin son incognito."—vol. ii. p. 111, 112.

What is the information to be collected from this passage? That Sir Walter Scott, previous to his announcement as the author of *Waverley*, enjoyed no high reputation! That he was an obscure, unnoticed person, and was long willing to remain so; that nobody would have suspected him to be the author—that the curious were completely at fault—and that he threw aside his disguise piqued and wearied by the fruitlessness of their efforts to discover him! Does then M. d'Haussez, who has spent above two years in this kingdom and a considerable part of that time in Scotland, who goes to visit Sir W. Scott, and writes about him more than a dozen pages of a work that is published simultaneously in two languages, in Paris and in London, for the benefit of either country;—does he not know that long before *Waverley* appeared, Scott was the most popular poet of his day?—that when *Waverley* appeared it was almost immediately attributed to him—that not long afterwards a book was published to prove that *he* and none but he could have written it?—that long before he acknowledged himself to be the author of *Waverley*, he was created a baronet, for no other reason than as a tribute to his literary merit?—that instead of having been piqued into avowal by the world's neglect, and wearied by the fruitlessness of their efforts to discover him, he was, in fact, compelled to resign a secret which

was no longer tenable—which (after frequent endeavours to wring it from him) was at length so generally assumed to be known, that it seemed almost needless to reveal it, and the announcement of which was hailed not as a disclosure but merely a confirmation of what every one believed? Is M. d'Haussez ignorant of these facts? If so, he is ignorant of that which is known to almost every school-boy in the kingdom.

One of the characteristics of a superior mind is the power of generalization. M. d'Haussez generalizes much, and in cases where persons less aspiring would be repelled by the difficulty of the attempt. Take for example his general description of an English park. There are many who, knowing the diversity of scenery which our parks comprise, would feel perplexed in attempting to give a general idea of their characteristics. But no such difficulty occurs to M. d'Haussez. He thus succinctly describes an English park, and holds forth his specimen as a representative of all.

“Un espace immense, entouré de murs ou d'une palissade en planches, au milieu duquel se trouve une maison ordinairement située dans la partie la moins élevée du terrain, et de manière à ne pouvoir être aperçue du dehors, voilà ce qu'en Angleterre on appelle un parc. La clôture est masquée par une zone de mélèzes, de pins et d'autres arbres résineux, dans laquelle est pratiqué un chemin de promenade. La disposition de ces plantations est telle, que, soit de l'intérieur, soit de l'extérieur, elle intercepte la vue, et donne un aspect uniforme, triste et monotone, à tous les parcs.”—vol. ii., pp. 15—16.

Out of some hundreds we do not remember *one* to which the foregoing description is *strictly* applicable: all the most celebrated parks differ from it in many respects. Anybody who had travelled twenty miles in this country might laugh at the assertion that a house in a park is seldom visible from without, and that it is invariably surrounded by a belt of fir-trees. But simple facts, on which a plough-boy could have set him right, are pompously mis-stated by M. d'Haussez. In the present instance it suited his theory to denounce every thing in England as “triste et monotone;” and he has regulated his facts accordingly. We should not, however, have noticed his ignorance on this unimportant subject, if he had not actually written a chapter upon parks, in which he elaborately proposes a system of his own, which shall combine the best features of French and English landscape gardening. Meanwhile he apparently labours under a happy unconsciousness that the art has ever been studied in this country, and that Price, Gilpin and Repton, had ever written—and he speaks of “l'absence complète de calcul du planteur Anglais.” In a subsequent chapter he teaches us how to value his authority

on the subject of scenery. We scarcely expected that the hardness of partiality would have produced an unfavourable comparison in point of picturesque beauty between this country and his native land; but so it is. “*Le voyageur*” he says, “*ne doit pas s’attendre à rencontrer de ces vastes perspectives, de ces sites riants, de ces scènes romantiques, qui si fréquemment, dans certaines parties de la France, viennent jeter de la variété sur la route qu’il parcourt.*” We quote this passage for the amusement of those who have toiled over roads, which even M. d’Haussez finds indefensible, through some hundred miles of that dullest of all imaginable countries which is ironically termed “*la belle France.*” We know not what parts of England M. d’Haussez has seen. A veil of diplomatic reserve is thrown over his personal adventures. It is possible that he may have seen very little of this country and little more of his own; for the French are not habitually locomotive—but he has vouchsafed to give us no details. We gather from his book that he has been at London, Brighton, Windsor, Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh and Dublin. Hence may be drawn the probable inference that sleeping or waking, by night or by day, he has traversed the intermediate country, though we are by no means assured that his progress from one to the other of some of these places was not performed in a manner more appropriate for an *Ex-Ministre de la Marine*, namely, by sea. He tells us indeed, that he went from Edinburgh to Abbotsford, (his visit to which, however, is placed in “*Angleterre*”); and we have also a chapter on Melton, which one might presume would be the result of personal experience; but as it is included in the division of the work entitled “*Ecosse*,” is described as being “*dans un pays montueux, boisé, coupé de vallons, de rivières profondes,*” and the author never distinctly says he has been there, we will take the liberty of being sceptical on this point.

There is much on the subject of the “*Beaux-Arts*,” in the course of which M. d’Haussez praises our prints, but without seeming to know that the substitution of steel for copper has formed an epoch in the art of engraving, and that but for this our cheap and beautiful *Annuaire*s would never have existed. He tells us that the price of a picture “*n’est ordinairement déterminé que par une couleur bien noire, et qui ne laisse presque rien distinguer,*” an assertion which, if he had inquired of Messrs. Christie or Phillips, (very competent judges of what determines the price of a picture,) he might have learnt is diametrically contrary to the real truth, inasmuch as brightness and clearness are found to enhance the saleable value, and darkness tends to lower it. Having thus demonstrated the accuracy of his researches, he dismisses us with the comfortable assurance that “*l’Angleterre*

paraît condamnée à rester tributaire de l'Italie et de la France pour les beaux-arts," having ushered in his remarks with the assertion, that "quelque prévenu que l'on soit en faveur de l'Angleterre, on est forcé de reconnaître son infériorité en matière de beaux-arts, à l'égard des nations même les moins favorisées."

We might extract some amusement not only from M. d'Haussez's censures, but also from the originality of his commendations. If he finds faults to which we cannot plead guilty, it is but fair to say that he endeavours in some degree to balance the account by discovering advantages of which we are equally unconscious. Such for instance is his discovery that the faulty education of our young men (the defects of which he justly notices) is mainly corrected by—what does the reader suppose?—by conversations after dinner! Without encumbering our pages with the passage which conveys this opinion, we will merely refer such readers as may be curious to see it to the 230th page of the first volume; and if they will afterwards cast their eyes upon the opposite page, they will see a very minute, and apparently faithful description of some of the most remarkable mental peculiarities of M. d'Haussez himself—given, however, not avowedly as a picture of himself, but under the disguise of a professed delineation, severe, yet just, of the English character. We must close our comments; we have already devoted more space to this work than its intrinsic merits will seem to have warranted. Our lengthened notice must therefore be regarded as a tribute, less to the book, than to its important theme, and the "*situations élevées*" which the writer has filled. We have, however, a few words to say in conclusion. We care not how many works like this are fulminated by foreigners against England. To be told of our real faults is surely for our advantage; and false imputations rarely injure even an individual, much less can they hurt a nation. It gives us no pain to be thus attacked; but it would give us pain if any Englishman, after a residence of two years abroad, were to send forth a work written in a similar spirit respecting any foreign nation, and especially respecting that great nation whose friendship we chiefly value—France. We do not attribute to France a participation in those narrow and ungenerous sentiments which are professed by the man whom she has expelled from her bosom. On the contrary we have reason to hail with satisfaction the appearance of an increased desire on the part of France to cultivate the goodwill of this country, to facilitate communication, and to gain an accurate knowledge of our condition, and of whatever is most valuable in our institutions. Frenchmen of enlightened and inquiring minds have prosecuted investigations in this country with even more ability and success than our countrymen have done in France.

The more frequently and extensively such inquiries are made in each country, the better will it be for both. Let us hope too, that the civilizing influence of commercial freedom will tend to further the happy progress of union and assimilation. Commerce has ever been one of the chief cementing powers which binds together the nations of the earth. Though sordid and selfish in its details, it is elevating and humanizing in its general results. An unworthy jealousy has hitherto deprived this kingdom and France of such advantages, mutually derivable from this bond of union, as their high civilization and local position would, *a priori*, have led us to expect. But let us hope that augmented intercourse will tend to obliterate this injurious jealousy, and that, while we strengthen other ties of honourable friendship, this also will be added to the rest. Ignorance of each other will then, perhaps, become rare; and few will find it possible to hope that they will gain credit for sense or patriotism by erroneous dogmatisms and illiberal slanders such as have received our censure in the present work.

ART. IV.—1. *Lettres écrites d'Égypte et de Nubie, en 1828 et 1829.* Par Champollion le jeune. *Collection complète, accompagnée de trois Mémoires inédites et de Planches.* Paris. 1833. 8vo.

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8. *Notes on Hieroglyphics.* By Major Orlando Felix. *With Plates, lithographed at Cairo, &c.* 1828.
9. *Hieroglyphics collected by the Egyptian Society, and continued by the Royal Society of Literature.* Arranged by Thomas Young, M.D. F.R.S. and others. London. 1828—1830. In large Folio.

IF the results of a discovery which has restored to our age contemporary records more than a thousand years older than the reputed father of profane history, have been exaggerated by Champollion and the more enthusiastic of his followers, they have, on the other hand, been too much depreciated by criticism which takes its stand at so early a stage of the inquiry as not to afford to the general reader a fair view of its actual progress and positive results. It will be seen that we allude more particularly to the treatise of M. Klaproth, founded on the philological difficulties which embarrass the question, and on the inconsistencies discoverable in the writings of M. Champollion during its progress—inconsistencies which ought to form a very secondary consideration with the critic whose object is to elicit the truth from a series of discoveries, the grand outline of which must be investigated and well understood before we can be qualified to seek for those minuter harmonies which must eventually characterize every legitimate system. Objections, however, of this nature, coming from a philologist of such unquestioned powers and resources as the author of “*Asia Polyglotta*,” while the circumstances and progress which are independent of such objections are unaccountably kept in abeyance, are calculated to give impressions to the uninitiated, injurious to the cause of historical truth, and to the claims of those who have laboured so successfully in promoting it. To disabuse the minds of our readers of such impressions on the subject of hieroglyphic discovery, and on topics of a still higher interest which are connected with it, and to lay before them the actual state of an inquiry as interesting as it is important, is the object of the present article.

We have, therefore, placed at the head of it all the original materials which are necessary to direct us to rational conclusions; first, with regard to the origin and growth of the Egyptian nation, its arts and institutions, and the ages to which these phenomena

are referable;—themes which, taking our tone from the classic writers of antiquity, we are too apt to consider involved in impenetrable mystery, and, consequently, fit subjects for unbridled speculation; and, secondly, on the fragments of the annals of that country which have descended to our times, and the extent to which its mysterious literature, so wonderfully recovered, is available for illustrating these and the contemporary history of nations. To this order we shall adhere as closely as data so multifarious and interwoven, and a due regard to perspicuity, will admit.

At the head of all ought to be placed the book of GENESIS, that record which every writer of sound judgment agrees to be the most ancient in existence; and which professing, as it does, to unfold the origin of all nations, forms, apart from higher claims, the only rational starting point for investigations like the present. The work next in order, the *fourth* on our list, contains a body of analogous historical information, drawn from the most ancient *profane* sources, which, forming no part of our usual course of study, and scattered through the folios of extensive libraries, had, until Mr. Cory's publication, remained inaccessible to the general reader. Those who have been engaged in searching for the materials here brought together in a portable and well-digested form, including, with few exceptions, all the copies and various readings of the fragments, can best appreciate their obligations to the gentleman who has supplied this desideratum in European literature, at a crisis when the recovery of the contemporary hieroglyphic records has rendered facility of collation more than ever desirable. This is preceded by the published results of the French and Tuscan literary expedition to Egypt, to which the learned world has long been anxiously looking forward; together with M. Klaproth's hostile "Examen;" and followed by the researches and collections which are exclusively due to our countrymen resident in Egypt and at home, since hieroglyphic inquiry has assumed a consistent form. All these we shall endeavour to place before the public in the light to which their respective claims entitle them. But previously to entering upon this task, it will be necessary to trace the progress of mankind and of history until growing civilization gave existence to the gigantic efforts here illustrated, which have caused the country where they are found to be unanimously voted the parent of the arts and sciences of Greece, Italy and modern Europe. This forms the primary element of the inquiry, without a clear elucidation of which the inquiry itself is not worth pursuing; we shall thus ascertain what it is that we may expect to be illustrated by the discoveries before us—a previous question too much overlooked—without rushing headlong on a subject which it may require the sagacity and learning of ages fully to evolve.

I. The sun of Egypt had been long on the decline when her intercourse with the Grecian states commenced in the reign of Psammetichus; and had altogether descended below the horizon before the father of Grecian history visited that extraordinary region about the middle of the fifth century B. C. Her monuments, history and institutions were, at that early period, objects of nearly as much mysterious wonder and admiration as at the commencement of the nineteenth century. It is true that the twilight of her political and literary glories continued for some hundreds of years later, and that monuments were raised and adorned with sculptures, in the ancient hieroglyphic characters and language, under the Ptolemies and Cæsars, and until the time of the Septimian family of Roman Emperors. Several Greek and Roman writers of celebrity visited the shores of Egypt during this interval, and have left posterity all that anxious inquiry could glean from the priesthood, who appear to have retained in their exclusive possession the sacred Hermaic language and literature, and to have been sparing in their communications to foreigners until the final extinction of their order. The historical notices thus obtained, although in many instances extremely valuable, would, however, have left the antiquities of Egypt in impenetrable obscurity, had not a few native fragments of the day-light of her history remained to guide our researches.

Of these fragments preserved by native historians, and which we shall have occasion to investigate at some length, the Greek and Roman writers knew little, or, at all events, they but ill understood and made very small use of them. As, however, it is the results of the inquiries of the latter which at present form the chief ground-work for antiquarian speculation, we shall devote a few pages to an outline of what has thus descended to us, and of the prevailing systems founded thereon by modern theorists, previously to discussing what we deem the more legitimate sources for illustrating the great body of original information brought to light by the progressive discoveries of the last fifteen years. By this course we hope to divest the subject of much of its complexity, to prepare the mind of the uninitiated reader to accompany us through a most interesting field of research, and to prove to the learned that much light yet remains to be derived from seemingly exhausted materials.

Herodotus has thrown no light on the origin of the Egyptian nation, but he has handed down by far the most perfect outline of its history from the commencement of the intercourse with Greece, ascending two centuries above his own time, and including the age of the last independent dynasty of Pharaohs; together with some valuable, though disjointed, historical and

chronological notices of the earlier and more flourishing periods. In common with other writers he tells us that the Gods first reigned, and that Menes succeeded them and founded the monarchy, at an epoch when the arts of civilized life were already far advanced; for he attributes the building of the city of Memphis, the foundation of the great temple of Phtha or Hephæstus, and several other works, to that prince. On the time when Menes flourished he throws no direct light, nor on the history of his 330* immediate successors, including Queen Nitocris and eighteen Ethiopian kings, beyond acquainting us that an hereditary hierarchy was co-existent with the monarchy, and that the numbers of successive kings and high-priests were equal. With Mœris, the last of this portentous catalogue, the connected history of Herodotus commences. This prince made additions to the temple of Phtha, begun by Menes, and was one of the chief promoters of the Egyptian arts and sciences. This era is fixed with considerable exactness; "not quite 900 years had expired from the death of Mœris until the time at which the priests gave me this information."—(l. ii. c. 13.) Eusebius refers the recital of his history by Herodotus to the Athenians, to the fourth year of the eighty-third Olympiad, or B. C. 445. This was the twentieth of the reign of Artaxerxes Longimanus, being the date of Nehemiah's mission from the Persian court—a circumstance which we mention, because it brings to mind the remarkable fact that the writer who has been universally called the father of profane history, and the most recent historian of the sacred Jewish canon, were contemporaries. Ascending, therefore, 900 years from this date, we find that the death of Mœris occurred subsequently to the middle of the fourteenth century B. C., according to the priestly authorities of Herodotus—a date in remarkable coincidence with the era of King Menophres, which the astronomer Theon refers to the commencement of the canicular period, B. C. 1325—1321, 1605 years before the reign of Diocletian;† and the slightest acquaintance with the Coptic nomenclature of the kings of Egypt will make it evident that both accounts refer to the same prince. Me-ra, Me-phra and Me-no-phra alike mean "the beloved of Ra or Phra"—the sun, the genitive sign Ñ being indifferently used or omitted. We are aware that Menophres has been by Larcher identified with Sesostris, and by Champollion with the Menophis or Amenophis of Manetho's

* The five royal lines descending from Menes (Manetho apud Syncel. p. 40, ed. Par.), which were doubtless contemporary for several ages, will explain this number, which is not irreconcilable with the kings mentioned in the first seventeen dynasties.

† See the passage, first published complete, from the Royal Parisian MS. in Cory's *Ancient Fragments*, p. 329.

nineteenth dynasty; and that the chronological system of this savant is mainly founded on the assumed coincidence of name—a coincidence which raises Mœris four centuries above the age assigned by Herodotus, but so imperfect, that Dr. Young pronounced that “the name of Menophres” was not to be “identified with any kind of certainty among Manetho’s kings.”* Here, however, we find not only a complete identity of names, but of dates; and there is no reign to which the root of the canicular cycle, or period of Menophres, can with more congruity be referred than to that of so great an encourager of the arts and sciences as Mœris.

Next to Mœris appears the conqueror Sesostris, at the interval of eleven generations above the death of Sethon, who was followed by the twelve contemporary kings, the immediate predecessors of Psammetichus, who first admitted the Greeks into Egypt. Adding the fifteen years of the Dodecarchy, on the authority of Diodorus, and the twenty of Taracus, or Tirhakah, the Ethiopian, on the authority of Manetho, and we may add, of the hieroglyphic monuments—both these intervals being omitted by Herodotus—to that historian’s fixed era of Psammetichus, B.C. 672-1, we find the year B.C. 707-6 for the death of Sevechus or Sethon; and ascending from this date 366 $\frac{2}{3}$ years, being the interval of eleven generations according to the Egyptian calculation, we arrive at B.C. 1074-3 for the era of Sesostris, the last great Egyptian conqueror.

But this makes an interval of at least 250 years between Mœris and Sesostris, on the showing of Herodotus, who, however, does not mention them as father and son, or even as immediately succeeding each other. In conformity with this gap, we find “seven generations of kings” interposed between the Myris and Sesoösis of Diodorus—equal to 233 $\frac{1}{3}$ years according to the technical computation of the priests—which, added to B.C. 1074, will bring us to B.C. 1307 for the death of Mœris or Myris, scarcely differing from the former results. It is thus evident that Herodotus has supplied us with two radical epochs of great value, the reigns of Mœris and Sesostris, which form the boundaries of the most splendid age of Egyptian art and power, as will appear in the sequel, from the monuments of those princes. Of the princes who came between Sesostris and Sethon—Pheron, Proteus,

* Yet Dr. Young might have recognised the name of Menophres in that of Mesphres or Me-phres, the fifth king of Manetho’s eighteenth dynasty, whom all hierologists have admitted to be the Mœris of Herodotus. It is the same name with the omission of the genitive sign as before. In the Armenian version of Eusebius the same prince is called Me-m-phres. Here the genitive sign M replaces the N of Theon. Dr. Young, who refers the accession of Mephres to the year B. C. 1699, admits that it might have been “perhaps a century or two later.”

Rampsinitus, Cheops, Cephren, Mycerinus, Asychis, Anysis, and Sabbacon the Ethiopian—the list is obviously imperfect, the number being adapted to fill up the interval resulting from the system of generations; while the fourth, fifth and sixth of them, the founders of the pyramids, would appear to have been transferred from an age anterior to the hieroglyphic monuments, probably that of the Shepherd domination over the native rulers. Herodotus, who mentions a report that the erection of the pyramids was by some attributed to Philitis the shepherd, countenances such a supposition; and the particulars noted in Manetho's fourth dynasty seem to confirm it. Diodorus, who follows Herodotus on the subject of the founders of the pyramids, confesses similar uncertainty.

Next in order follows the native historian Manetho, the Sebenyte, the High-Priest of Heliopolis, who translated the sacred records of his country into Greek in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus. He likewise commences with the times of the gods, deducing the monarchy from Menes, who succeeded them. Of the dynasties of this historian, which are more immediately illustrated by hieroglyphic discovery than any other Egyptian record, we shall hereafter have occasion to speak very fully.

To Manetho succeeds Eratosthenes the Cyrenian, librarian to Ptolemy Euergetes I., who translated the royal Theban succession from the sacred writings, but of whose Chronicle the names and years of the first thirty-eight or thirty-nine* princes only are extant in the pages of Syncellus. This list likewise commences with Menes, the son of Jupiter Ammon (*Διοιονος*), and its authority has never been disputed. The reign of Phruron or Nilus, the thirty-seventh prince, which commences in the 1009th year of the Chronicle, is connected by a passage in Dicæarchus with the Trojan war; so that, by ascending 1008 years from the Trojan epoch of Eratosthenes, 407 years before the first Olympiad, or B.C. 1183, we are directed to about B.C. 2190 for the foundation of the mo-

* Thirty-eight reigns only are found in the copy of Syncellus. That one reign is omitted appears from the following:—1. The thirty-second prince is Stamenemes II., yet no former Stamenemes appears. 2. The sum of the reigns is 1050 years, yet Syncellus twice acquaints us, on the authority of Apollodorus, from whose Chronicle he took the list, that the period was 1076 years, and so reckons it in his Chronography, assigning forty-two years in the dates to the thirty-first king, Penteathyrus, whose reign is stated at sixteen. Thus we have double data for supposing the omission of Stamenemes I., reigning twenty-six years. 3. The twenty-second reign is Queen Nitocris, who stands the twenty-third in the corresponding list of Manetho. It follows that the omission precedes this reign. 4. The sum of the reigns to Nitocris is, in Eratosthenes, 676 years; in Manetho, 701. Here again we have twenty-five years for the omitted reign, which seems to answer to Methusaphis, the twentieth in Manetho's list; for although the correspondencies between the Theban and Memphite records of this time are quite sufficient to identify them, the variation in many names is considerable.

narchy. Of this record, which has been here described in consequence of its connection with what immediately follows, we shall have occasion to speak more at large, and will now advert to the particulars obtained by Diodorus the Sicilian from the priests of Thebes in the 180th Olympiad, about B. C. 60, which are extremely valuable, and have acquired more credit from the learned than most other fragments of primitive history.

Diodorus also refers the foundation of the monarchy to Menes, a civilized and luxurious prince, who was preceded by a line of divinities; and is more clear as to the origin of the nation than any writer we have yet named. The tradition preserved by him bears that the Egyptians were a colony drawn out of Ethiopia by Osiris or Jupiter Ammon,* who laid the foundations of Thebes, erected several temples, and instructed his people in the arts of civilized life.† The Ethiopians are by the same historian spoken of as the first created of men; and the religious veneration in which this nation was held from all antiquity is abundantly clear from Homer and other writers, who speak the sentiments of mankind.

Such is the ground-work of the interesting but dreamy speculations which refer the origin of the Egyptian people, their civilization and religious and political institutions, arts and sciences, to the upper regions of the Nile; and assume that the Troglodytes, to adopt the language of an elegant scholar, “but emerged from their caves to enlighten and civilize nations.” The ingenious speculations alluded to, which, from their very general reception, we almost fear it will appear to the reader, until he has advanced farther in our pages, heterodox to oppose, were advanced and advocated by several of the best and most accomplished writers—Jones, Pococke, Bruce, Zoëga, Hamilton, Heeren—up to the time when hieroglyphic discovery began to dissipate the clouds which had so long obscured Egyptian antiquity; and they continue to be adopted by many of the literati of the day, in apparent unconsciousness of the progress in the discoveries in question, and of the existence of written authorities 1000 and 1500 years older than Diodorus, which speak a very different language from that

* For the identity of the historical Osiris and Jupiter Ammon, we have the authority of Diodorus himself, confirmed by Plato, and Bachus, an ancient writer cited by Nonnus, &c. Thebes, the city of Osiris, is moreover known in Scripture as the city of Ammon; and the dominions of Osiris, as god of the infernal regions, were named Amunti.

† The tradition goes on to inform us, that thence it came to pass that the laws of Egypt and Ethiopia were the same, and that the Egyptians learned from the Ethiopians the custom of deifying their kings, together with hieroglyphic writing and sculpture, the practice of embalming the dead, and, in a word, their whole sacred ritual. Heliodorus affirms that the royal letters of the Ethiopians were the same with the hieratic of the Egyptians.

attributed to this historian, the true import of whose statements we hope to restore and vindicate. But we must first proceed to notice his outline of Egyptian history, which, although very generally adopted, we believe has never yet been appreciated as it deserves.

Diodorus acquaints us that Menes, the first monarch, was succeeded on the throne of Egypt by fifty-two of his descendants, who reigned more than 1400 years. The reign of Menes, which is not here stated, is fixed at from sixty to sixty-two years by the various copyists of Manetho and Eratosthenes; so that the least period that can be assigned to this line is 1460 years. All will admit that the line of Menes continued until the power of the Pharaohs sustained its first great overthrow by the Ethiopians under Sabbacon, who founded the twenty-fifth dynasty about the year B.C. 730, as fixed by the general consent of original authorities. From this date the throne of Egypt was filled either by foreigners or ambitious aspirants, and its political importance confined to the times of the Ethiopian and Saïte families. In the language of the prophets of the Ethiopian and Saïte ages, Pharaoh, "the son of ancient kings," (Isaiah, xix. 11,) had "passed the time appointed," (Jerem. xlv. 17.) Ascending, therefore, 1460 years from the Ethiopian epoch, B. C. 730, we arrive at about B.C. 2190 for the accession of Menes, on the authority of Diodorus; this being the actual epoch which had before resulted from the data supplied by Eratosthenes and Dicæarchus. Again; the interval between the foundation of Thebes by Osiris, and the foundation of Alexandria by the Macedonians, was reported to be nearly 23,000 years—an immense period, expounded by the priests to import lunar, and not solar revolutions. But 23,000 lunations amount to $1859\frac{1}{2}$ solar years: hence, ascending from the Alexandrian era, B. C. 331, this period again conducts us to the year B. C. 2190—an epoch which the most learned Varro, who lived in the first century B. C., appears also to have had in view, when he speaks of the Ogygian, or most ancient Thebes, as having been founded 2100 years before his own age; as well as the Byzantine writer Constantine Manasses, who, in his historical poem, acquaints us that the Egyptian monarchy had stood 1663 years when overthrown by Cambyzes, B.C. 525. This last-mentioned element, imperfect (as may be seen by reference to Manasses) except from its coincidence with the more ancient authorities, is that made use of, and the only one, by our biblical chronologists Ussher and Loyd, for fixing the Egyptian era. It is, however, important to our views to have the concurrence of such writers.

After some interval from Menes, as our historian acquaints

us, reigned Busiris I.; then eight of his descendants, seven of whom are nameless, but the last was Busiris II. To this prince is attributed the foundation of the city of Diospolis or Thebes, or more correctly its enlargement or adornment, for the foundation belongs to Osiris, or Jupiter Ammon, the father of Menes. Again; Busiris II. is succeeded by eight descendants, six of whom are nameless, and the seventh and eighth are both called Ouchoreus, to the latter of whom is attributed the building of Memphis, or more properly, the rebuilding or enlargement of that city, the foundation of which is clearly the property of Menes, as all authorities agree—the case here being analogous to that of Busiris II. and Osiris with reference to the building of Thebes. Such examples of the confusion of the original founders with the rebuilders of ancient cities are not uncommon in the writings of antiquity. The two in question are highly important, as will be seen when we come to consider the hieroglyphic registers. To Ouchoreus II. succeeded twelve princes whose names are omitted. Next comes Myris, who is again followed by seven anonymous generations of kings, to whom succeeds the great Sesoösis.

Let us compare this skeleton of the Theban succession with the more perfect list of Eratosthenes—the one resulting from the verbal communications of the priests, the other translated from their chronicles. According to Eratosthenes, the Theban branch of the line of Menes reigned during five descents, to whom succeeded the Memphite branch, commencing with Tœgar Amachus or Tœgaramus, the sixth king of Thebes, who appears under the name of Tosirtasis in the Memphite succession of Manetho, preceded by five princes of different names from his Theban predecessors. From this union of the families to Queen Nitocris, the twenty-second in the series, both successions are the same, with the exception of variations and transpositions of names, and numerical errors, which are easily detected. Now a comparison of the outline of Diodorus with the lists of Eratosthenes and Manetho will show that the accession of the first Busiris corresponds with the union of the Memphite and Theban branches in the sixth reign. 1. The name B'ousiris is agreed to differ from Osiris only in the article, or sign of the genitive case prefixed, while T'osirtasis is as clearly identical with a hieroglyphic name of frequent occurrence—we mean Osirtasen—the initial T being the sign of the genitive, which is found repeated in the middle of the name—importing “the son” or “brother of Osiris.”* We find a hie-

* Ⲑⲁ and Ⲑⲁ in the Coptic, and Ⲑⲁ and Ⲑⲁ in the Bashmuric, are genitive signs, in common with others.

roglphic example, analogous to T'osirtasis, in a Queen Ta-osira. 2. Busiris II., the eighth from Busiris I., will then stand the fourteenth in the list of Diodorus, and correspond with Biuris, the fourteenth in Eratosthenes. Bicheres, the corresponding name in Manetho, stands the fifteenth. 3. Ouchoreus, the eighth from Busiris II., will be the twenty-second in Diodorus, and agree with Ocaras, the twenty-second in Eratosthenes (the first Stamenemes being restored to that catalogue.) 4. Myris, the thirteenth from Ouchoreus, will stand the thirty-fifth in Diodorus, while Mœris is the thirty-fifth in Eratosthenes. Our means of collation here cease, because the list of Eratosthenes descends four reigns only below Mœris, or to the thirty-ninth; while in Diodorus seven nameless kings succeed Myris, followed by Sesoösis I., who thus becomes the forty-third in the catalogue.

The four points of connection adduced are, however, so precise, that, combined with the facts of both series originating from Menes, and of both having resulted from the same archives, no doubt can exist as to their identity, nor of the integrity of the communications of Diodorus, thus tested. Had we the remaining fifty-three reigns of Eratosthenes, which Syncellus confesses to having suppressed, it is evident that the problem of Egyptian chronology would be solved.

Next follows, in the record of Diodorus, Sesoösis II., the forty-fourth king; then an undefined number of reigns, and lastly, Amasis, who was conquered by Actisanes the Ethiopian, the two last being manifestly the Anysis and Sabbacon of Herodotus, as Marsham and Newton long ago concluded. Amasis, the last of the legitimate line, being the fifty-third, including Menes, as above, stands the eleventh, inclusively, from Sesoösis I., the forty-third in the list; a result which differs not much from the place of Anysis, who stands the ninth from Sesostris in Herodotus.* But, as before observed, the obscure reigns which follow Sesoösis or Sesostris are accommodated to the system of generations; and similar uncertainty prevails in Manetho, as well as in the monumental succession, with regard to this period, while all is clear before it, as will appear.

A very important consequence of the collation of these lists is,

* We have already seen that the interval of eleven generations from the accession of Sesostris to the death of Sethon, referred the era of the former to the year B.C. 1074, according to Herodotus. Here the like number of generations, equal to 366½ years, ending with the Ethiopian invasion, B. C. 730, directs us to B. C. 1097 for the accession of Sesoösis I., whose reign, 33 years, assigned by Diodorus, supposes the technical computation of three generations or reigns to a century. If to this date we add the seven generations, or 233½ years, from Myris to Sesoösis, we shall have the year B. C. 1330 for the death of Myris, according to Diodorus. The agreement of these results with the dates before obtained from Herodotus and Theon, is very striking.

that it determines the place of the great Sesoösis or Sesostris with reference to the catalogue of Eratosthenes—that is, at the interval of four reigns below the conclusion of this catalogue. For the number of reigns or generations which separates the kings mentioned by Diodorus, being demonstrably correct, so long as we have the parallel list of Eratosthenes to collate, this affords a strong presumption that the next interval of seven reigns or generations between Myris and Sesoösis, is also rightly stated. The importance of this result will be obvious to all who have attempted to reconcile the dynasties of Manetho with Eratosthenes; because the history of Sesoösis or Sesostris being that of Sethos, the first prince of the nineteenth dynasty, it becomes evident that the preceding eighteenth dynasty, which Sir John Marsham, and we should add, Mr. Wilkinson, have placed in immediate sequence to the catalogue of Eratosthenes, was contemporary with the latter part of that succession. Farther evidence in confirmation of this will be hereafter adduced.

The Sicilian annalist having disposed of the line from Menes to the Ethiopian conquest, reverts to a contemporary succession commencing with Mendes, the builder of the labyrinth at Abydos, and likewise terminating with the Ethiopian invasion. This Mendes he elsewhere names Osimandes or Osymandyas, in describing the Theban palace of that conqueror (the Memnonium) from Hecatæus. Strabo leaves us in no doubt as to the identity of Mendes and Osimandes; for he acquaints us that the palaces, labyrinths, or Memnonia at Abydos and Western Thebes, were the works of a prince who was known as Memnon, Mandes, Imandes or Ismandes. He again appears as Smendes, at the head of Manetho's twenty-first dynasty, and as Amendes in the catalogue of Syncellus; and the whole is fully confirmed and elucidated by monumental discovery, which assures us that the great palace of Western Thebes, the remains of which answer best to the description of Hecatæus, and the palace of Abydos, were the works of one and the same great prince, whose hieroglyphic name is Amon-me-Ramses, and in whom we suspect we have found the true Memnon of Homer and the more ancient writers. Hieroglyphic names, we should remark, fortunately stand unimpugned, even by the sharp-set critical sagacity of M. Klaproth.

It is here necessary to anticipate. It is well known that the reign of this monarch marks the culminating point of Egyptian splendour in the arts of both peace and war, and that hierologists have universally identified him with the Sesostris of Herodotus and the Sesoösis of Diodorus, and, Mr. Wilkinson excepted, with Ramesses Sethos, the leader of Manetho's nineteenth dynasty. The

original hieroglyphic catalogues published by Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. Burton, Major Felix, and the Royal Society of Literature, compared with the lists of Manetho, have long shown the last-mentioned point to be wholly untenable; and it affords us no little satisfaction to observe, from a note appended to his eighteenth letter from Egypt (see the collected Letters prefixed), that M. Champollion had relinquished it before the lamented close of his career, with a candour highly creditable to his memory; for the assumed identity of Amon-me-Ramses the Great with Ramesses Sethos formed the grand historical pivot of his original system. We also observe that this point forms no part of the system of Signor Rosellini. In the note alluded to, Champollion identifies Ramses III., the last great conqueror of the monuments, and the fourth successor of Amon-me-Ramses, with Manetho's Ramesses Sethos; and the naval exploits found sculptured in the palace of Ramses III. at Medinet Abou—the only known example of the sort in the hieroglyphic sculptures—identify the history of this prince with Manetho's record (Joseph. contr. Apion. l. 1, cited in *Anc. Frag.* p. 174), as well as with the conqueror Sesostris or Sesoösis, the only prince in the Greek annals of Egypt who carried on naval wars. In fact, the accounts of Sesostris, Sesoösis, and Sethos, are so much the same in almost every respect, that no writer has, we believe, questioned their complete identity, except hierologists, who, so far as we are acquainted with the details, continue unanimous in insisting that Sesostris or Sesoösis is represented by Amon-me-Ramses the Great. This, however, manifestly confuses the written history without assisting the monumental. But if we admit that Amon-me-Ramses represents the Osimandes or Mendes of Hecataeus and Diodorus, as his works at Thebes and Abydos above-mentioned render self-evident; then, Sesostris, Sesoösis, or Ramesses Sethos, will remain to be represented by Ramses III., and the agreement between the monumental and written history of these reigns will be complete. Here Mr. Wilkinson's reference of Amon-me-Ramses to Ramesses Meiamoun, the last prince but one of Manetho's eighteenth dynasty, comes in to our assistance, for these names are clearly the same. We shall find, first, the Amon-me-Ramses of the monuments, the Ramesses Meiamoun of Manetho, and the Osimandes or Mendes of Hecataeus and Diodorus, to represent one and the same king; and Ramses III. of the monuments, the Ramesses Sethos of Manetho, and the Sesostris or Sesoösis of Herodotus and Diodorus, to represent another, both of them in the right order of succession, although separated by one reign less in Manetho than in the hieroglyphic tablets, a

difference that amounts to nothing in reference to ages so remote.* These observations will prepare the reader for what remains to be developed. We now revert to the subject more immediately in hand.

Descending from Osimandes or Mendes, we find Cetes or Proteus, at an interval of five reigns or generations, and next to to him Remphis, in the record of Diodorus. But Proteus and Remphis, or Rampsinitus, immediately follow Pheron (or Sesoösis II. of Diod.) the son of Sesostris, in the account transmitted by Herodotus. This connection, therefore, raises Osimandes just three reigns above Sesoösis I. or Sesostris, which is precisely the monumental interval between Amon-me-Ramses and Ramses III. as before. So that here we find another coincidence of great historical importance, and perfect demonstration of the existence of two collateral lines in the record of Diodorus. Next to Remphis come seven insignificant princes, of whom the only name given is that of Nileus; and then follow Chembes or Chembres, Cephrenes, Mycerinus or Cherinus—the Cheops, Cephrenes, and Mycerinus of Herodotus. Lastly come Tnephachthus and Bocchoris, who correspond to the places of Asychis and Anysis in Herodotus; and Bocchoris, like Anysis, is conquered by Sabbacon the Ethiopian. We have already seen that the Anysis of Herodotus, who is replaced in the present list by Bocchoris, appears in the Amasis of the other line of Diodorus, who was subdued by the Ethiopian Actisanes. We solicit the attention of the learned world to these remarks on the skeleton of Egyptian history handed down by Diodorus; trusting it will be found that we have vindicated his integrity and accuracy by the collation with Eratosthenes, and cleared up his apparent difficulties with regard to the disputed place of Osimandes, &c., by our comparison with Manetho and the monumental succession.

There are one or two other important points which must not be omitted. We have seen that Sesoösis I., the forty-third in the outline of Diodorus, stands the fourth in order below the conclusion of the table of Eratosthenes, which ends with the thirty-ninth reign—the place of Mendes or Osimandes, in relation to Sesoösis, according to the foregoing determination. The thirty-ninth king of Eratosthenes is Amuthantæus, whom we are therefore disposed to identify with Mendes or Osimandes; and the reign of Amuthantæus, sixty-three years, agrees sufficiently with the sixty-six of Ramesses or Armesses Meiamoun, the Amon-me-Ramses of the monuments, whose works prove him to be the

* We ought not to omit noting, that in the monumental catalogues Phtha-Menoph succeeds his father Amon-me-Ramses, answering to Amenoph, the successor of Ramesses Meiamoun.

Mendes, Osimandes, or Ismandes of Hecataeus, Diodorus, and Strabo. The Theban Chronicle of Eratosthenes, as it now stands, would then appear to have the same termination with the celebrated record of Amon-me-Ramses, the monumental tablet of Abydos.

According to this reasoning, Amuthantæus will, in common with Mendes, Osimandes or Ismandes, and Ramesses Meiamoun, &c., be found in the Smendes or Amendes who stands at the head of Manetho's twenty-first dynasty. A point of connection is thus obtained for regulating and reconciling the systems of Eratosthenes and Manetho. The twenty-first and following dynasties will immediately succeed the present list of Eratosthenes, and the dates stand thus:—The periods of the twenty-first, twenty-second, twenty-third, and twenty-fourth dynasties, which are followed by the Ethiopians, sum up 383 years. Adding this period to the Ethiopian era, B.C. 730, we arrive at B.C. 1113 for that of Smendes, Ismandes or Osimandes, and of the twenty-first dynasty. To this date if we add the sum of the Theban catalogue, 1076 years, we arrive at B.C. 2189, for the accession of Menes, before determined from Eratosthenes and Diodorus, &c., to the year B.C. 2190. This result, we admit, makes the Amuthantæus of Eratosthenes, and the Smendes or Amendes of Manetho, to have been predecessor and successor, rather than the same person. It however brings them together, and we can scarcely hope for greater exactness in such remote epochs.

Again, if the identity of Armesses Meiamoun, the sixteenth prince of the eighteenth dynasty, with the monumental Amon-me-Ramses, and consequently with Osimandes, Mendes, Smendes or Amendes and Amuthantæus, be allowed—and we do not see how it can be disputed—it will follow that the dynasties of Manetho branch out into two successions from the death of this great prince, who appears in every list; and that the latter part of the eighteenth, together with the nineteenth and twentieth Diospolite dynasties, were contemporary with the twenty-first, twenty-second, twenty-third, and twenty-fourth dynasties of Tanites, Bubastites, and Saïtes,—both successions terminating at the Ethiopian conquest—agreeably to the former results from Diodorus. One line consists wholly of the house of Thebes; the other of families from lower Egypt, reigning probably at Heliopolis or Tanis, and occasionally extending their dominion into Thebais in the decline of the Diospolite line, (as was the case with the twenty-second or Bubastite family, whose sculptures, those of Shishonk, Osorkon, &c., appear on the walls of the temple of Karnak,) though generally confined to Lower Egypt.

Apparent confirmation of this view is to be found in the circumstance, that the Pharaohs who lie buried in the Necropolis of Thebes, are wholly confined to the Diospolite race, descending to the kings of the twentieth dynasty and no lower, as Champollion, Wilkinson and all authorities agree. Does not this fact exclude the Tanites and Bubastites from the place assigned them by Champollion and the majority of critics, as successors to the Diospolites on the Theban Throne? Does it not force their reign into some other part of Egypt, as a collateral succession? All this is in agreement with the double termination, determined by Herodotus and Diodorus, in the conquest of both Anysis and Bocchoris by Sabbacon, and with the *kings* of the Egyptians who reigned at the commencement of the ninth century B. C., as fixed by 2 Kings, vii. 6.

Finally, the periods of the nineteenth and twentieth dynasties of Diospolites sum up 344 years in the oldest copy, that of Africanus. Ascending therefore 344 years from the Ethiopian epoch, B. C. 730, we arrive at B. C. 1074 for that of the nineteenth dynasty, commencing with Ramesses Sethos, or Sesostris. Now, reference to the preceding observations will show that this is the identical epoch of Sesostris determined by the oldest authority on this subject, Herodotus. Again, if to this date we add the reign of Amenophis, the last king of the eighteenth dynasty, nineteen years and a half, we obtain B. C. 1094 for the death of Ramesses Meiamoun, whose accession, sixty-six years higher, will fall B. C. 1160. We have already seen that the Theban and Tanite catalogues unite in Amuthantæus and Smendes, in the year B. C. 1113, an intermediate date. Are not such results irresistible? We have thus a clear double line descending from Ramesses Meiamoun, or Amon-me-Ramses as we had formerly seen a double line resulting from Manetho's eighteenth dynasty, and the successions of Eratosthenes and Diodorus terminating and originating in the same great prince, who was probably the only monarch of the ages before the Ethiopian overthrow who ever held undivided sway over Egypt. We admit, however, that there was in every age a paramount king, having the title of Pharaoh or Pharaoh, "the Sun."*

* That the form of the Egyptian government was in the first ages Pentarchal, we think may be inferred, 1st, from the five families of which Manetho composed the history (Syncel. ubi supra). These appear from the dynasties to have consisted of Thinites, Memphites, Heracleots, Diospolites and Tanites, all of which may be proved to have been at first contemporary, and to have progressively merged into a monarchy. 2d, The geographical nomenclature of ancient Egypt proves that the several divisions of the country were separately planted by the sons of Mizraim, as Pathros, Caphtor, Noph, &c. 3d, The government of the Philistines, an Egyptian colony of an age anterior to Abraham, was pentarchal, one of the five lords holding the kingly office under

We have already seen that to B'ousiris II., the fourteenth of the most ancient Theban line, Diodorus attributes the rebuilding or enlargement of Thebes; and that this name is closely allied to the monumental Osirtasen—B'ousiris II. standing as Bicheres, the fifteenth of the corresponding list of Manetho. Now it is a most remarkable fact, that the hieroglyphic prænomen or signet of Osirtasen I. (a name of similar import) stands the fifteenth in the tablet of succession discovered by Messrs. Wilkinson and Burton in 1825, in a chamber of the Theban temple of Karnak. To his reign, moreover, belong the oldest monuments whose founders can be identified. He appears as the first restorer of the temple of Karnak, and his works abound in upper, middle and lower Egypt. Although we possess the signets of his predecessors, yet nothing more than obscure inscriptions can be traced to any of them. It follows that the reign of Osirtasen marks a decided epoch of art, in agreement with the notice of B'ousiris produced by Diodorus. The accession of Biuris, the fourteenth in the list of Eratosthenes, corresponding with B'ousiris II. in Diodorus, falls in the 395th year of the Theban Chronicle, a date synchronous with B. C. 1795; and accordingly, to this period, and no higher, can the hieroglyphic calendar, in which the inscriptions from Osirtasen I. to Caracalla are dated, be referred. This is, in fact, the epoch of the revival of the arts and restoration of the temples, after their desecration by the Shepherd spoilers, and agrees fully with the rebuilding of Thebes ascribed to B'ousiris. The absence of previous hieroglyphic monuments bespeaks the Shepherd period, and their sudden appearance at this time is itself indicative of some great political change—doubtless occasioned by the recovery of the liberties of Egypt. This change we cannot, with Champollion and his followers, consent to refer to the age of Amos, the seventh successor of Osirtasen, and founder of the eighteenth dynasty; because such a supposition places the Shepherd domination, under which the temples of Egypt were desecrated and overthrown, (as we learn from Manetho,) in a flourishing age of the arts. We therefore adopt the older system of Josephus* and Africanus, who refer the Shepherds

the title of Abimelech. We think it fair to derive this form of government from the parent state, the Egyptian Pharaoh being the prototype of the Philistine Abimelech. The Philistines borrowed much from the Egyptians. The mouse, as the symbol of destruction, was, for example, common to both. This view, we conceive, will explain the supremacy of Pharaoh in the age of Joseph, otherwise difficult to reconcile with the early collateral dynasties. It will lessen the difficulties which many learned men raise against the idea of contemporary successors in later ages. The rank of Abimelech was hereditary as well as that of Pharaoh, and remained with the most powerful family, as appears from many places in Scripture.

* The Jewish historian supposes the irruption of the Shepherds to have occurred

to the fifteenth dynasty, rather than the more popular theory of Eusebius and Syncellus, which places them in the seventeenth.

Again, the second Ouchoreus, the rebuilder of Memphis, stands the twenty-second in Diodorus' outline, corresponding with Ocaras, the twenty-second in Eratosthenes. Now Amos, the seventh from Osirtasen I., stands the twenty-second in the monumental series resulting from a collation of the tablets of Karnak and Abydos—these being irrefragably connected by the series of reigns from Beni Hassan produced by Major Felix. The immediate predecessor of Amos was Hakor, whose signet, found with his name attached, contains the symbolic characters expressive of the name of the goddess Sme or Tme, which is phonetically expressed in the signet preceding that of Amos in the tablet of Abydos—a mode of variation common on the monuments, and which has, in this instance, occasioned Hakor to be still referred to the lists of unplaced kings by all the hierologists. In accordance with this, the signet which we refer to Hakor has remained unappropriated—the only example in the series from Osirtasen I. to Ramesses III. Our view is confirmed by the corresponding name Ouchoreus, or Ocaras, in the lists of Diodorus and Eratosthenes, and Hakor's inscriptions are found in both the hieroglyphic and enchorial characters in the quarries of Massara close to the site of Memphis—no unimportant coincidence with the rebuilding of Memphis ascribed to Ouchoreus.* Diodorus moreover acquaints us that Ouchoreus *adopted the surname of his father*, (Cory, p. 151.), that is, hieroglyphically speaking, his prænomen or signet. Now it most remarkably happens, that the signet immediately before that of Hakor in the tablet of Abydos scarcely varies from Hakor's signet, both containing the same phonetic name, a circumstance of which we know no other example,—we mean in regard to signets in immediate succession. Can such proofs be resisted?

We likewise find Amos, who followed Hakor, to have been a worker of the quarries of Massara.†

511 years before the reign of Amosis, or Tethmosis, at whose era the Jews left Egypt; and the Shepherd tyranny to have lasted 260 years, under six princes. This arrangement supposes an interval of 251 years between the era of liberty and the Exodus; during 215 of which the family of Jacob dwelt in Egypt; and explains the detestation in which the Shepherds were held in the age of Joseph. (Gen. xlii. 32, xlv. 34.)

* In the Chronicle of Eusebius the rebuilding of Memphis is ascribed to Epaphus, (Chron. sub num. 525). The immediate predecessor of Ouchoreus or Ocaras was, according to Eratosthenes, Apappus. The Eusebian date corresponds to B.C. 1491. Apappus died, according to Eratosthenes, anno Menis 695, about the year B.C. 1493.

† We are not aware that his name has been discovered at Thebes, and should, provided our information is good on this point, hence infer that he reigned at Memphis, and that Myrtæus, who stands next to Ocaras in Eratosthenes, sat on the throne of Thebes. For the monumental lists decide the connection between the origin of the

With regard to the age of Ocaras and Amos, which should correspond with that of Moses, we have seen that 700 years of the Theban era had elapsed in the time of Ocaras. This brings us from B. C. 2190 to about B. C. 1490. The biblical epoch of the departure of the Jews is 1491. Again, Josephus acquaints us, in the seventh book of his *Antiquities*, that between the foundation of Memphis by Minæus or Menes, and the marriage of Solomon with the Egyptian princess, the period exceeded 1300 years. This marriage occurred 591 or 611—mean 600 years—after the exodus and the accession of Amos, as Josephus computed; and 600 deducted from the full period of 1300 years, will leave 700 for the interval between the accessions of Menes and Amos, as before. This calculation supposes an interval of about 416 years from the accession of Amos, the founder of the eighteenth dynasty, to that of Ramesses Sethos, the founder of the nineteenth, the date of the latter falling B. C. 1074—3, as fixed by Herodotus and Manetho. The period of the eighteenth dynasty stands 393 years in Josephus, but 416 in the list of Syncellus; and allowing the difference for the reign of the usurper Armais (Joseph. contr. Apion. ubi supra) the brother of Ramesses Sethos, which Josephus has not stated, the latter is perhaps nearest the truth. The difference, 23 years, would raise the end of the eighteenth dynasty and usurpation of Armais to B. C. 1097, the era of Sesoösis or Ramesses Sethos before obtained from Diodorus. The accession of Ramesses-Meiamon would likewise be raised from B. C. 1160 to B. C. 1183, the date of the taking of Troy, as fixed by Eratosthenes and Diodorus. This falls in with our supposition, that Ramesses-Meiamon, Amonme-Ramses, or Osimandes, the Memnon of Strabo, is also the Memnon of Homer. The names Mei-amon and Memnon are

eighteenth dynasty and the Theban catalogue, not only by the preceding parallel series of twenty-one or twenty-two reigns, but more conclusively, by giving us Hakor, Ocho-reus, or Ocaras, as the immediate predecessor of Amos. Now the tablets of Karnak and Abydos branch off into distinct successions from the reign of Hakor, again uniting in Thothmos III., or Mera—Amos appearing the next at Abydos, and a prince named Thantoph at Karnak in Thebes. The names Thantoph and Murtaios, the corresponding name in Eratosthenes, do not at first seem alike; we however find *Αμουθανταιος*, the thirty-ninth of the Chronicle of Eratosthenes, called *Αμουρθαιος* in the copy of Scaliger. Thantoph and *Μυρταιος* bear nearly the same affinity. What follows is however more to the purpose. In proof that Thebes was the seat of Thantoph's government, Mr. Wilkinson saw there a small pyramidion with his name; and there is now a similar one in the valuable and extensive Egyptian collection of Mr. Sams of Great Queen Street. We have ourselves very lately seen it, together with many other precious antiquities, including an alabaster vase of a reign which the tablet of Karnak proves to be at least six generations anterior to Osirtasen I.; and several Coptic papyri, which strike us as being particularly valuable, under the circumstance of the paucity of works in that language, and perhaps likely to exhibit a nearer approach to the old Egyptian tongue than any of the known books or MSS. This collection is particularly rich in gems and sarcophagi, and we hope to see it in our National Museum.

not far removed, and the Asiatic wars of the former, related by Hecataeus, and confirmed by the monuments, seem to complete the chain of evidence. One more chronological point.—We have seen that, according to Josephus, the Shepherd tyranny ended about 250 years before the reign of Amos. This interval added to B. C. 1490, will refer the recovery of Egyptian liberty to about the year B. C. 1740, a date but little, if at all removed from the age before obtained for B'ousiris II. or Osirtasen, the restorer of the arts. These accumulating coincidences cannot certainly go for nothing.

We must not, however, exhaust the patience of our readers, by dwelling too long on this branch of the subject: enough has, it is hoped, been said to satisfy the most sceptical, that the daylight of historical truth has more than begun to dawn.

II. It now remains to say a few words on the Ethiopian original of the Egyptians, their arts, literature and institutions, reported by Diodorus. 1. Assuming the hieroglyphic edifices and sculptures to have originated from the black Troglodytes of Southern Ethiopia—in other words, with the Negro race,—we might reasonably hope to find some indication of it in the sculptures, which have been now completely examined from above Meroé, the ancient capital of that race, to the mouths of the Nile. Yet in no instance do they appear as the predominant caste, although very frequently either as enemies or captives, in the triumphal sculptures of the kings of Egypt which are scattered over this whole region. 2. The predominant race is the same in every sculpture of times before the Ethiopian conquest; and this race is what has always been understood as representing the native Egyptian. Consequently, the Ethiopians who peopled Egypt and gave birth to her arts, if Ethiopians they were, must have been a race altogether different from the Troglodytes to whom modern theory refers those circumstances. These are difficulties which the advocates of the Troglodyte system have, so far as our opportunities of information extend, made no attempt to solve. 3. There is no monument of the ages in question of any importance, from Meroé to Alexandria, which cannot be referred to an Egyptian monarch whose place in order of time is determined from the hieroglyphic catalogues. It follows that this whole region was subject to the native kings of Egypt, from the remotest known ages of hieroglyphic sculpture. 4. All this is in perfect keeping with what the ancients have left us on the subject. “There was formerly a time (Iarchas, an Indian, addresses Apollonius of Tyanae, *Philostat.* lib. 3, cap. 6,) when the Ethiopians, an Indian nation, peopled those regions; for Ethiopia as yet had no existence, but Egypt extended above Meroé and Catadupa, and included the

fountains, as well as the mouths of the Nile." This eastern origin of the Ethiopians is assented to by Homer, Herodotus, Strabo, and the whole of profane antiquity. Xerxes had in his army Ethiopians of both Asia and Africa. Besides, the migration of the Ethiopians into Africa is referred to ages long posterior to the origin of the Pharaonic sculptures. Eusebius, in his extracts from Manetho, as well as Syncellus, under the reign or Amenophis II., the received Memnon, observe that "the Ethiopians, coming from the river Indus, settle themselves in the vicinity of Egypt." Mr. Wilkinson has proved from the monuments, that the brother of Amenophis, Memnon, married a black Ethiopian princess. (*Mat. Hier.* No. II. p. 87.) This agrees with the date of the migration assigned by the chronographers. But it appears that Amos, the founder of the dynasty, had also a black queen, since his daughter, who was queen to the first Amenophis, is uniformly represented of that complexion in the tombs of Thebes (*ibid.* p. 78). This fact raises the time of the Ethiopic migration, and seems to agree with the evidence of Scripture, which assigns a Cushite or Ethiopian wife to Moses, (*Numb.* xii. 1), the contemporary of Amos according to Josephus, Africanus, and all original writers: a war between the Egyptians and Ethiopians, in which Moses was engaged, is reported by Artapanus and Josephus. Herodotus speaks of eighteen Ethiopian rulers of Egypt in the times preceding Mœris, but this is confuted by the evidence of history. Diodorus, on the authority of the Theban priests, which we have seen is entitled to credit, limits the number to four, without assigning their age; and such is the number of the kings of the twenty-fifth or Ethiopic dynasty, agreeably to the Eusebian copy of Manetho. 5. It thus appears from the harmonizing evidence of monumental and written history, that the black Ethiopians were not a primitive African nation, and that their settlement southward of Egypt, or rather within the confines of that country, whenever it occurred, must in any case be dated subsequently to the peopling of Egypt and the setting up of that monarchy. From whence then did Osiris draw his Ethiopian colony? We answer without fear of confutation,—undoubtedly from the primitive Ethiopia, Cush, or Susiana, in the neighbourhood of the Euphrates and Tigris, the birth-place of nations, and where the race of Cush, the earliest umpires of supremacy, probably remained congregated long after the departure of the Egyptian and other races, as would appear from the fact of the Ethiopic tongue being allied (we quote Professor Lee,) "to the Hebrew, the Arabic, the Syriac, the Chaldaic, the Samaritan, and in a great degree to the Persic"—these being the languages of the people immediately surrounding the primi-

tive settlement; while, for any thing we know of the language of the ancient Egyptians, no such analogy existed,—a point elucidated by Genesis, xli., and Psalm lxxxi. 5.* Thus we see that there is nothing in the tradition of Diodorus at issue with the truth, as it is forced upon us from all quarters; so that this writer's evidence here stands unimpeached, as in all other cases.

Let us now briefly advert to authorities of another description, many centuries older than Diodorus, and see what language they speak on the origin of the people of Egypt, their civilization, arts and sciences. We mean the Mosaic and the Hermaic writings, in the translation of which from the respective sacred languages into Greek, the seventy Jewish interpreters were occupied on the one hand, and Manetho, of whom we have already spoken, on the other, at the same period. The latter, if we may judge from the fragments of his works that have descended to us, but slightly touched on the ages preceding the foundation of the monarchy, which he assigns to the dominion of the gods, the record of which was, however, contained in the Hermaic Genesis. Of the substance of this primitive record a very clear outline is to be found in the fragments of the Phœnician historian Sanchoniatho, which have reached us through Philo Byblius, Porphyry, and Eusebius. Sanchoniatho is reported to have dedicated his work to Abibalus, king of Tyre, who was the father of Hiram, the friend of David and Solomon; and the primitive simplicity of his style is quite in keeping with so high an age. As to the original author of this Genesis, whom Manetho calls the second Hermes, alleging that his writings were transcribed from the sculptured records and symbols of the first Hermes or Thoth, (Syncel. p. 40, in *Cory's Fragments*, p. 168,) he is by the ecclesiastical chroniclers referred to the age of the Jewish legislator. In both the records alluded to, the Sacred and the Hermaic Genesis, not only the growth and multiplication of mankind from the original stem, but, what is equally necessary to the purpose of the present inquiry, the growth of the arts of civilized life, is carefully had in view. Both are, in fact, records of the benefactors of mankind: the primary object of the first being the growth of religion, and of the second that of the arts and sciences. The main line of the Mosaic record consists of the generations through whom not only the whole race of man, but instruction in divine knowledge was propagated. It is equally clear, that it is to the

* Indeed we apprehend that less is known of the language of the Eucherian inscriptions than even M. Klaproth is disposed to admit,—a subject which is well touched upon in an excellent paper, in the 3d number of the *Dublin University Magazine*. The writer of this paper (Mr. Hincks, we believe) seems to be one of those few persons whose minds are calculated to disentangle this philological web.

second line, that of Cain, that the growth and cultivation of human knowledge, and probably of idolatry, is attributed; for we find this line brought down to the point at which the arts of civilized life had arrived at that pitch of advancement which was necessary to furnish agencies for the transactions that follow, and no lower. In the eighth generation, the sons of Lamech are introduced as the instructors of mankind in pasturage, music, and the working of metals, (Gen. iv. 20—22). The latter of these was an indispensable agency for the construction of the ark in the tenth generation of the priestly line, (vi. 14—16), as well as to the erection of Cain's city of Enoch, (iv. 17); for according to the contemporary lives of the line of Seth, as stated in the Hebrew and Samaritan texts, Cain was living in the eighth generation; and the building of a city implies a growth of population which could not have belonged to a much earlier period. These points will, perhaps, afford the most satisfactory explanation of the continuation of this line in sacred history.

The Hermaic record does not profess to give generations of descent, but only those who are most conspicuous in each following generation for promoting the arts of life; and these clearly belonged to the line of Cain. I. Protogonus (the first begotten) and Æon. Food from trees discovered—an evident allusion to the transactions mentioned in Genesis, iii. 1—6. II. Genus and Genea. Sun worship invented. This may have reference to what is stated in Genesis, iv. 26. III. Phos, Pur and Phlox. The art of producing fire by rubbing pieces of wood together discovered. IV. Casius, Libanus, Anti-libanus and Brathu. This was a race of giants, whose names were conferred upon the mountains where they resided. Immorality at a high pitch. V. Meinrumus, Hypsuranius and Usons, the incestuous offspring of the preceding generation. The construction of huts from reeds, rushes, and the papyrus, found out. Mankind begin to quarrel. Clothing from the skins of wild beasts introduced. Canoes made from the trunks of trees. Pillars consecrated to fire and wind —*πυρὶ καὶ πνεύματι*—and wild beasts sacrificed on them. The history of this and the preceding generation has an evident allusion to the events mentioned in Genesis, vi. 1—5. The clothing with skins was introduced in the lifetime of the first pair, (iii. 21,) who were still living. VI. The people of this generation, of whom no names are given, consecrated rods and pillars to the deceased of the preceding generation, and held anniversary feasts in honour of them. VII. Agreus and Halieus. These were of the race of Hypsuranius, and the inventors of the arts of hunting and fishing, VIII. Chrysor, or Hephæstus, who was deified after his death by the name of Diamichius, or the god of inventions, and his brother.

These discovered iron and the art of forging. Charms and divinations introduced. The hook, bait, fishing-line, and boats of light construction invented. The art of constructing walls with bricks. It is remarkable that the discovery and working of metals are thus referred to the same generation in both the sacred and the Hermaic writings. IX. Technites and Geinus Autochthon. The art of mingling stubble with the loam of bricks, and of baking them in the sun, discovered. Tiling invented. Cain, who erected the first city, was still alive, according to the Hebrew and Samaritan standards. X. Agrus and Agronerus or Agrotus. The latter was, after his death, worshipped as the greatest of the gods, and had a statue erected to him and a temple drawn by yokes of oxen. Courts, porticoes and crypts added to the houses. Husbandry and hunting with dogs invented. XI. Amun. The construction of villages and tending of flocks introduced. XII. Misor. The use of salt discovered. XIII. Taaut, Thoot, Thoth, or Hermes. He invents "the writing of the first elements or letters;*" he portrays Uranus, and typifies the countenances of the gods Cronus and Dagon, and the sacred characters of the other elements.† He invents the sacred symbols; and by his orders events begin to be recorded by the Cabiri. Taaut becomes king of Egypt.

In this simple account of the pristine growth of the arts of life there is nothing incongruous. Its coincidence in so many points with the Mosaic narrative entitles it to our respect; and shows, that if not derived immediately from Moses by Hermes himself, there were more ancient chronicles to which both the inspired and uninspired writer had access; in agreement with Sanchoniatho's, as well as Manetho's, allusions to the records of Taaut, the first Hermes.

The reason why the primitive Ethiopia was held in so much veneration by all antiquity as the parent region of population and civilization, has, we trust, by this time become fully apparent. It is the general assent of nations to the common origin, and to the self-evident fact that the Noachic colonies carried with them the

* Τάαυτος, ὃς εὗρε τὴν τῶν πρώτων στοιχείων γραφὴν, οἱ Αἰγυπτioὶ μὲν ἠθωῶθ.—(Anc. Frag. p. 9.) Thus paraphrased by Philo Byblius, the translator of Sanchoniatho, πρῶτος ἐστὶν Τάαυτος, ὃς τῶν γραμμάτων τὴν εὐρεσὶν ἐκινῶντας, καὶ τῆς τῶν ὑπομνημάτων, γραφῆς καταξῆας, οἱ Αἰγυπτioὶ ἠθωῶθ.—(Euseb. Pr. Evang. lib. i. c. 10.) These passages, which have been unaccountably overlooked by critics on the hieroglyphic question, form a clear commentary on the mysterious phrase of Clemens—*δια τῶν πρώτων στοιχείων κυριολογικῇ*—discussed in No. VIII. of this Review, p. 443, *et seq.*, and, in our apprehension, prove that it is neither so "obscure" nor "inexplicable," as the learned Dr. Young pronounced it to be. We shall again advert to the subject.

† Τάαυτος μίμησάμενος τὸν οὐρανόν, τῶν θεῶν ὀφείας Κρόνου τε καὶ Δαγώνος, καὶ τῶν λοιπῶν διευτύπων τοὺς ἱεροὺς τῶν στοιχείων χαρακτῆρας.—(Anc. Frag. p. 15.) This passage deserves attention in connection with those cited in the preceding note; and for its bearing on the *κυριολογικῇ* κατὰ μίμησιν of Clemens.

seeds of cultivation in the arts, sciences and religion, all of which were, in the progress of ages, subjected to local variations and corruptions, but which in few instances lost the characters which point out a unity of origin.

In a former part of these pages it was shown how the apparent difficulties in the history of the ages after the settlement of kingdoms, gave way before diligent comparison, and that the material discrepancies between ancient authors are much fewer than has been generally supposed; while the statements which we have been now collating, drawn from native sources, Jewish and Egyptian, of undoubted antiquity, and but little removed from the ages to which they relate, are sufficiently alike to establish beyond the possibility of mistake, the grand outline of events which preceded the origin of nations, yet sufficiently different both as to construction and detail, to render the supposition of collusion altogether inadmissible.

The conclusions thereby forced upon us are, that the arts of civilized life were progressive from the beginning, and suffered no reaction until the origin of those monuments of human industry, whose remains still strike us with wonder, and which, according to the Egyptian historian, were coeval with that of the monarchy; that the birth of cities and states, more particularly in reference to Egypt, was so little removed from the renewal of mankind as to render any such reaction inconceivable; and that, however the particular circumstances connected with these events are disposed of, the origin of kingdoms can only be referred to colonies branching off from a common centre situated in the south-west of Asia, whose courses are imperishably registered in the nomenclature of sacred and profane geography. This last remark is especially applicable to the case of Ham, whose colonies, detailed in the tenth chapter of Genesis, we have no difficulty in tracing from the region where the Tigris and Euphrates unite into a common stream, westward across northern Arabia to Phœnicia and Palestine, and thence into Egypt and Lybia, where we find the names of Ham and of his descendants—the Mizraim, the Naphthumim, the Pathrusim, the Capthorim, the Lehabim—perpetuated in the geography of these countries. It were waste of words to impress on the reader, that during the slow and fortuitous course of colonization whereby modern speculation has replaced historical testimony, races must necessarily have been commingled, and their patronymics lost in oblivion.

III. Let us now see how the recognised principles of time, which must be the ultimate test in inquiries of this nature, quadrate with the accelerated growth of population and civilization, which the foregoing results suppose. The tortuous courses imagined by many of the best modern writers, both in this country

and on the Continent, for explaining the origin of nations, in preference to taking their stand on the firm ground developed in the original record on the subject, have forced on them the adoption of the highest possible epochs for the renewal of the human race. This has been done in order to gain time for the progress of population and colonization, for the rise and fall of hierarchies unknown to primitive history, and for the gradual development of civilization, the arts and sciences, and of religious and political institutions. The more capacious Greek and Samaritan systems of time have therefore, in nine cases out of ten, been preferred to that of the Hebrew version of the Pentateuch. As instances of this we refer to Champollion's era of the Egyptian monarchy, B. C. 2782, and Rosellini's B. C. 2712, both of which are altogether inconsistent with the Hebrew era of the Deluge, B. C. 2348—7, but within the limits with the Greek and Samaritan, which ascend from six to eight centuries higher. There is, however, another element as necessary to be taken into account as the date of the Flood, by all who adopt the Mosaic record for their standard of calculation,—we mean the lifetime of Peleg, “in whose days the earth was divided” (Gen. x. 25) and colonized; an element which directly bears upon the foundation of kingdoms, the former being but the prelude, and which materially limits the advantages which inquirers have supposed they derive from an elevated diluvian era. In order to make this subject clear, we here insert a table of the dates of the Deluge and of the birth and death of Peleg, together with the mean date of his life according to the Hebrew, the Samaritan and the Greek authorities, adding the mean date of the Flood fixed on by Klaproth in his “Asia Polyglotta,” from a comparison of the Samaritan, the Chinese, and the Hindu elements. We also insert the Egyptian eras of Champollion and Rosellini in their proper places, adopting the received and demonstrable date of the birth of Abraham, B. C. 1996, as fixed by all the versions and subscribed to by Champollion, for the basis of the whole.

		Hebr.	Sam.	LXX Cod. Rom.	70 Alex.	Joseph.	Klapr.
The Deluge ceases	B. C.	2347	2997	2997 or 3097	3127	3047	3076
Egyptian era of	}	2782
Champollion							
Egyptian era of	}	2712
Rosellini							
Birth of Peleg	2247	2597	2597 or 2697	2597	2647	..
Mean date of	}	..	2477	2427 or 2527	2427
Peleg's life							
Death of Peleg	2008	2358	2258 or 2358	2258
Birth of Abraham	..	1996	1996	1996 1996	1996	1996	..

Referring to this table, the first point to which we would direct the attention of our readers, is the circumstance, that although the higher dates of the Deluge add seven centuries to the period to which the origin of nations belongs, this apparent advantage is reduced to four centuries when the second element, the lifetime of Peleg, is taken into account; because three of the centenary differences, by which the patriarchal generations have been either increased or diminished, belong to the interval preceding his birth, an event which, according to the highest scriptural limits, our readers will perceive falls considerably below the dates fixed on by the hierologists for the foundation of the Egyptian monarchy—a circumstance which of itself becomes fatal to those dates, or to the biblical system of time which their originators profess to recognise. Independently of this, the system of Champollion supposes an undefined interval from the first peopling of Egypt to the accession of Menes, during which the nation was progressively civilized under a theocratic form of government. Yet between the earliest date for the renewal of mankind—that of the Alexandrine version of the LXX. B. C. 3127—and the reign of Menes, B. C. 2782, as fixed by Champollion, the period is 345 years only. Rosellini, who, adopting the system of Syncellus, with some modification, rightly makes the age of the Egyptian gods to have preceded the Dispersion, partially escapes this dilemma.

That the origin of nations cannot even be dated from Peleg's birth, agreeably to the theory of the Fathers, followed by Sig. Rosellini, (who, to make out the synchronism, has unwarrantably lengthened the period between Abraham and the exodus, as already adverted to), appears first, from the fact that this patriarch was one of the seventy leaders of the colonies by whom the earth was re-peopled (Gen. x. 25), and secondly, because the thirteen of the sons of his brother Joktan were also leaders of colonies (ver. 26—29). This supposes that all these parties were of mature age at the date of the dispersion, which we shall probably not materially displace, if we refer to the middle year of Peleg's lifetime, his age being then 120 years according to the Hebrew and Samaritan, or 170 if we follow the Greek texts of Genesis. The limits resulting from the different versions for the settlement of nations will then be the four centuries between the years B. C. 2527 and 2127, as our table will show,—the latter date corresponding with the time of Terah's birth by the common consent of the texts. It is thus manifest, that the variations in the computation of these ages, presented by the different versions of Genesis, furnish but little latitude for the indulgence of speculation, and that the latitude so obtained is far too limited for any theory which assumes a slow progress in the multiplication and

civilization of mankind. If we adopt the only contemporary record of time for our standard at all, unless we at the same time adopt its general principles, we vitiate the authority on which we rest; admitting its claims to credibility on the one hand, and denying them on the other. That profane history presents no fact at issue with these principles will appear: and that science itself furnishes an important corroboration of them may be shown from the universal tradition of observations of the equinox when the colure intersected the little constellation Pleiades—a tradition common to the Chinese, the Hindus, the Chaldæans, the Hebrews, the Egyptians, the Greeks, and Romans. Hence, “the sweet influences of Pleiades,” as the harbingers of spring, in the book of Job (xxxviii. 31,) and hence the *Vergiliæ* of the Greek and Roman writers. Calculation shows that the passage of the equinoctial colure through Pleiades, occurred during the period limited by the several versions for the mean date of Peleg’s life. Dr. Brinkley refers the intersection of *Lucida Pleiadum* to the year B. C. 2338, and a French writer to 2136; both these dates falling within the assigned limits. Now it is evident, that the observations on which the universal tradition in question was founded, must have been effected when mankind formed but a single community. The universal notation of this particular phenomenon is otherwise unaccountable. It is also manifest that, however rude the observations in these early ages, they must have been made at a time not far removed from the actual occurrence of the phenomenon; and hence that the date of the general separation could have been but little, if at all, anterior to that astronomical event.*

The next point to which we wish to draw our reader’s attention, is the supposed advantages which the longer reckonings would allow to the progress of primitive population. Without assuming to be arbiters between these and the Hebrew numbers, we will merely remark that the book of Genesis, as we said before, consists of the history of the generations of a priestly line from Adam to Joseph, and that those who either enlarged or contracted the period to which this history belongs, effected their object, not by increasing or diminishing the number of generations, but by

* It is too singular a coincidence to pass unnoticed, that the intersection of Pleiades by the equinoctial colure, is in the Chinese annals referred to the 26th year of the patriarchal emperor Yao, in whose reign a partial deluge is likewise mentioned to have occurred, answering to B. C. 2338, the date to which Dr. Brinkley’s calculation ascends. This and the other calculation noticed were made with a view to determining the age of the patriarch Job. That Job lived when the observations were made, however, no more follows than that Aratus, Livy, Cicero, Censorinus, or any other writers who have recognised the Pleiades as the vernal harbingers of the year, were contemporaries of that patriarch or of each other.

adding or subtracting a century in the lives of the patriarchs, supposed by each of them. Seven of these alterations occur between the Deluge and the nativity of Abraham, or eight, if the second Cainan of the Alexandrine copy of the Seventy be admitted. Now the number of the natural generations being alike, whichever system we follow, we insist that whether these periods involve thirty years each, as the Hebrew has it, or 130, as the Samaritan and Greek, the progress of population in the ages to which they belong was the same; for one of the principal arguments advanced against the Hebrew numbers, is the alleged disproportion of the generations of the patriarchs to their long lives—an argument which supposes the longer generations of the Samaritan and Greek to be natural periods of procreation. So far it is plain that, as regards the question of population, the inquiry is neither advanced nor retarded by the adoption of any particular system: but descending a little lower, we shall find a material difference. All the versions agree in the interval from the birth of Terah to that of Abraham—70 or 130 years as the text is explained.* This period, therefore, involves either two or four natural generations of about 30 years each, according to the Hebrew standard, as fixed by the time of the preceding patriarchs; while it is within the limits of one such period according to the standard of the other texts. The consequence is obvious. At the date of Abraham's birth the population of the world gains, according to the Hebrew system, either one or three natural generations upon the progress supposed by the Samaritan and Greek—an important difference in the history of ten generations of men, and particularly so with the fact before our eyes of the American population doubling itself in a quarter of a century—considerably less than the space of a mean Hebrew generation.† Again, the next period, or that from the birth of Abraham to the

* The first supposes Abraham and his two brothers to have been born in the same year (Gen. xi. 26). The language is the same in the case of Noah and his sons (v. 32), yet the history explains that it only refers to the birth of the eldest. Besides, Terah died aged 205 (xi. 32), in or before the 75th of Abraham's life (xii. 4, Acts, vii. 4), which supposes the age of the former to have been 130 at the birth of the latter, and that Abraham was the youngest of the three brothers is evident from the history. The Samaritan text, it is true, replaces the 205 years of Terah by 145, making his age exactly 70 when Abraham was born. To this, however, the Hebrew, all the copies of the Greek, and Josephus, are opposed: while the inconsistency of the ante and post-diluvian chronology is conclusive for the corruption of its numbers. Hence most chronologists adopt the larger period.

† Eupolemus (Euseb. Pr. Ev. 9. Anc. Frag. p. 56) has a curious passage, purporting that Abraham lived in the *tenth* generation, *δεκάτῃ δὲ γενεᾷ*, yet was the *thirteenth* in descent, *ἐν τρισκαιδεκάτῃ γενεᾷ τοῦ Αβραάμ*. It is very remarkable, that the difference between the historical and the natural generations of the Hebrew text is here expressed. The mean time of the latter, about three to a century, as the Egyptians calculated, does not appear to have varied from the Deluge to the present time.

birth of Isaac, stands 100 years in all the copies, and according to all of them, the Hebrew excepted, this is within the limits of a natural generation of those ages. The Hebrew standard, however, supposes three such generations to a century, so that here again the population of the world gains two generations on the system supposed by the former. It is, from all this, unnecessary to insist that the shorter reckoning of Scripture is considerably more favourable to an accelerated progress of mankind than the more expanded. There is, however, another argument which must, we think, be conclusive in the minds of all who believe the Mosaic narrative. The birth of Isaac, when his father was a hundred and his mother ninety, is treated as a miracle out of the course of nature, in both the Old and New Testaments. Isaac's birth was, however, perfectly within the course of nature, if we follow the Greek and Samaritan numbers; whereas his father's age then involved three natural generations according to the Hebrew; so that the chronology and the history are there, and there alone, consistent.

But the time necessary to the establishment of powerful states, and the erection of magnificent cities, both of which it is evident existed in the days of Abraham, must also be taken into consideration. We may however be certain, that whatever interval is found adequate to the progress of population and civilization, will likewise be adequate to such results as these. Here again the example of the United States of America assists us. The mean date between the planting of Virginia, the first state colonized by the mother country, in 1616, and that of Carolina, the last, in 1713, is the year 1665; yet within 120 years these states were powerful enough to shake off the yoke of one of the first empires in the world. Yet this is but half the interval from the Deluge to the middle date of the life of Peleg supposed by the Hebrew text, and not one-third of that which preceded the birth of Abraham. This analogy supposes the colonists from Shinar to have been highly civilized, and, like those from Great Britain, to have carried with them the knowledge and materials necessary for the immediate erection of states and cities; and the Mosaic account, as we have seen, admits of no other construction. It furnishes us with the discovery of the metals and the useful arts in the days of the sons of Lamech, and with their application in the times of Noah and of Nimrod; while no system admits of time for these arts to have degenerated and revived, before we find the world planted with cities and kingdoms; because the difference of time in the several systems becomes a cypher in consequence of the principles on which they are constructed.*

* The only department of inquiry in which the differences in question could be in

As regards the actual progress of population in the primitive ages, the example of the United States furnishes a very important experimental parallel. The white population of those provinces amounted in 1790 to 3,200,000, and has been ascertained by the censuses of 1800, 1810, 1820, and 1830, to have doubled itself within a quarter of a century, and to be still proceeding at that rate; as appears by the American almanac for 1832. Mr. Malthus had arrived at a similar conclusion before the census of 1820. Should this progress continue unabated for 160 years longer, the number would be 820,000,000, which is nearly equal to the estimated population of the world; while reverting to the mean date of planting, A.D. 1665, the same principle of increase, which the last-mentioned writer (an undeniable authority for information and data, however we may be disposed to disagree with his general system) concludes to have been in force for a century and a half preceding the year 1800, would suppose a population of 100,000 only at that period: and ascending for the sake of the parallel, 325 years higher, we should arrive at the number twelve, being that of the sons of Noah with their wives, supposing their number to have been doubled in agreement with the principle we are speaking of, within two years after the Flood, the date of the birth of Arphaxad (Gen. xi. 10).

Thus it appears that, according to the American progress, twelve males and females might increase to 100,000 in 325 years, to 3,200,000 in 450 years, and to 820,000,000 in 650 years. But supposing the primitive population to have doubled itself in fifteen years, of which we are not without examples in modern states—such has been the progress in the back settlements of America according to Dr. Price—then mankind might have arrived at the number of 400,000 in 225 years, the interval which the Hebrew account supposes between the Deluge and the middle data of Peleg's life, and have increased to the maximum of 820,000,000 in 390 years, when Abraham was about forty years old.

Taking into account, however, the numbers of recorded births in the patriarchal ages, the acceleration of primitive population would appear to have been considerably greater; and according to Malthus, we are not without examples of this in modern times, instances of doubling having occurred in the short space of twelve years. Sir William Petty calculated that the same phenomenon might occur in ten years; and applying this principle to the first post-diluvian ages, we shall find that Noah's descendants would,

the least available, is regarding the deposition of maritime districts. Cuvier, for example, calculated "that 2000 years before Christ the whole of Lower Egypt had no existence." Its metropolis, Zoan or Tanis, was, however, at least as old as Abraham (Gen. xiii. 18; Num. xiii. 22).

in the space of 220 years, when half the life of Peleg had expired, according to the Hebrew, have amounted to 25,000,000, (a number perhaps far too great to be reconcileable with the history of the dispersion,) and that in half a century more the world might have been fully peopled.

With regard to the numbers at the time of the dispersion, in probably the seventh or eighth generation from the Deluge, they must have been very limited according to the sacred account of that event, which supposes the whole human race to have been assembled in one country and occupied in one great undertaking, and to have diverged in small colonies to their several allotments; an account which is vindicated by the universal voice of tradition and by the analogies of language, the religious and political institutions, the arts and sciences of all primitive nations, and even by the results of scientific calculation, as we have seen. And hence "it may be shown," as Mr. Cory well observes, (Preface, p. 7,) "independently of Scripture, that the primitive settlements of mankind were in such places, and attended with such circumstances, as the Scripture instructs us was the case." M. Klaproth subscribes to the same doctrine, admitting that "the community of words in languages separated by immense distances seems inexplicable except as remains of an original language." Yet this able writer, while he dates the history of mankind from the Mosaic diluvian era, referring it to the year B. C. 3076, contends, with Cuvier and others, "that at that time some men were saved in different countries; as in India, in Armenia, and in America;" and that "the original tribes, and with them the original languages descended, after the Flood, from the highest mountains," &c. This inconsistency we notice to show the danger of departing from our legitimate guide in the present field of inquiry.

Lastly, it is commonly urged that the times of the gods, heroes, priests, or by whatever other names they were called, which are found prefixed to the histories of all primitive nations, and to whom the foundation of cities and kingdoms is too commonly attributed, requires the utmost latitude which the biblical computation of time will allow. Such is the theory which assumes, without a shadow of authority from any ancient writer, that successive hierarchies, devoted to the worship of Hephæstus, Helius, Cronus and Osiris, laid the foundation of Thebes, and erected its most enormous edifices in ages long preceding Menes and the Egyptian dynasties. These views, originally the offspring of infidelity, but unaccountably sanctioned by too many enlightened inquirers, are, as we have shown, opposed by the concurrent evidence of the Jewish and Gentile writers of the first ages, and they are for ever annihilated by the important series of discoveries which

has distinguished our times. Not only the Jews and Egyptians, but the Chinese, the Hindus, the Persians, the Chaldæans, and other nations, have prefixed this priestly succession, under different names, to their annals—a community of system that at once resolves itself into the patriarchal stem from whence all nations radiated, and which recognises the monarchical as the common form of government adopted by mankind when separated into distinct societies. The last-mentioned fact, conspicuous in the Mosaic record, is rendered indisputable by the almost identical epochs of primitive monarchies so far as history or tradition has preserved them. All, however widely separated, have reference to a common epoch; and all are preceded by one or more eras belonging to the priestly or patriarchal ages, which identify themselves with the Mosaic accounts of the same series of events. This will clearly appear if the reader will take the trouble to compare the following table with the former one.

References to Text	I.	II.	III.	VII.	V.	VI.	IV.
	Chaldea.	Chinese.	Hindu.	Egypt.	Assyria.	Sicyon.	Hindu.
Gods, or Ante-diluvians. } B. C.	3673	2952	3389
Demi-gods, or Post-diluvians. }	3490	2357	3164	2405	2376	3102
Kingdoms	2233	2207	2204	2188	2185	2171	2102

The circumstance most worthy of notice in reference to these dates, and a most important one, is, that all the epochs of primitive kingdoms, from China to Peloponnesus, fall in with Peleg's life-time according to the Hebrew. It hence becomes self-evident that all have reference to the common stem and common era of kingdoms; and this furnishes another powerful argument that the Hebrew numbers, thus confirmed by widely separated witnesses, contain the original computation of sacred history.

It is necessary to state the independent authorities on which this remarkable and consistent series of dates is grounded. I. The epoch of the kingdom of Babylon, which we venture to call the Chaldæan era of the dispersion, results from the 1903 years' observations which Simplicius tells us were discovered on the taking of Babylon by Alexander, and transmitted by Callisthenes to his preceptor Aristotle, compared with the 720,000 days, or 1971 years of observations, inscribed on tiles, which, according to Epigenes cited by Pliny, were noted in the Chaldæan annals. These annals were dedicated by their author, Berossus, to Antiochus Theos, whose reign commenced B. C. 262; and ascending from

that date, the series of Epigenes point to the same commencement with that of Callisthenes reckoned upwards from B. C. 330. The earlier Chaldæan dates, which suppose an intercalary cycle of 1440 years to have preceded the astronomical era of Babylon, are given, on the authority of Alexander Polyhistor, a copyist of Berossus, cited by Syncellus, (p. 32 and 78, Ed. Par.) He estimated the ten ante-diluvian reigns at 1183 years, and an interval of 257 years between the Deluge and the renewal of the kingdom under Evechous, or the second Belus. II. The Chinese series are from the annals produced by the fathers Martinus and Couplet, which are invariably dated in the years of the sexagenary cycles, of which the series is complete. These annals mention a partial deluge in the reign of Yao, (the contemporary of Noah, Xisuthrus and Cronus, according to the Hebrew, the Chaldæan and the Egyptian systems,) from whom their authentic history is supposed by the Chinese literati to commence. III. The first series of Indian dates are those which are stated in the Graha Munjari quoted by Mr. Bentley, (*Asiatic Researches*, vol. viii.) The first supposes the renewal of the world at the expiration of a great cycle, and the second the foundation of the kingdom of Megadha, at the end of the historical Satya age of 960 years. IV. The second series represent the commencement of the Cali Yuga, the admitted Hindu era of the Deluge, and the epoch of the kingdom of Ayodhya or Oude, and of the appearance of the first Buddha when 1000 years of the Cali age had expired. This latter will be found to fall in with the time of Thoth or Athothes, the son of Misor, the first Hermes of the Egyptians, who may have been the same with the first Buddha—a synchronism in connection with the origin of the most ancient Egyptian and Indian temples, on which our present limits will not allow us to dilate. V. The Assyrian era is that of the ancients generally—1995 years before the conquest of Antiochus the Great by the Romans, B. C. 190, according to Æmilius Sura, cited by Paterculus; and 1342 years before the overthrow of the Assyrian empire by Arbaces the Mede, according to Castor Rhodius; the first year of Arbaces being fixed to B. C. 843, by Paterculus, Africanus and Cedrenus. Ctesias and Cephalion make the foundation of this empire to have preceded the taking of Troy 1000 years. All these reckonings point to B. C. 2185-3 for the accession of Belus Assyrius, the Assur of Gen. x. 11. VI. The Greek series results from the date of the Ogygian flood, as fixed by Varro, sixteen centuries before the first Olympiad, and the era of the little kingdom of Sicyon, with whose monarchs Varro commenced his chronology, as we learn from Augustin. The latter is referred by Castor, cited by Eusebius, to the fifteenth year of the Assyrian empire. This state

ended immediately before the Trojan war, as appears by comparing the notices of Homer and Pausanias; and its period, 962 years, according to Castor, exactly coincides with this account. We introduce the era of Sicyon in consequence of its consistency, and because it is the only Japhetic date which applies to the general origin of kingdoms. Ægialeus, to whom the foundation of Sicyon and the earliest name of the Morean peninsula are ascribed, may fairly be supposed to represent the Elishah of Gen. x. 4, &c. VII. The Egyptian dates of the gods, demigods and monarchy, result from the fragment of the old Egyptian chronicle preserved by Syncellus. The author of this work, probably the contemporary of Manetho, professes to have deduced it from the Hermaic books, the source of Manetho's history; and on that authority, refers the dynasties to the years of the canicular period, regarding the epochs of which Censorinus and Theon have left us in no doubt. The correspondence of the Egyptian era thus obtained, with our former results from Diodorus, Eratosthenes and other writers, leaves nothing to be desired on this head.

We have now accomplished the most arduous part of our undertaking, and we trust laid a solid foundation for elucidating the disintombed history of Egypt. We have shown that, instead of the assumed impenetrable obscurities and irreconcilable contradictions, on which speculations have been founded, alike hostile to inquiry and inconsistent with reverence for that record to the truth of which all antiquity bears witness, we possess the light of consistent history to guide us in our researches.

In the remaining portion of this inquiry, which must be reserved for a future Number, we propose to trace the progress of hieroglyphic discovery, from Dr. Young's detection of the names of Ptolemy and Berenice in the pillar of Rosetta, to its present advanced state; confining ourselves to the solid and useful results of the phonetic system, so far as those results are capable of proof, and passing lightly over the unimportant details and inconsistencies which are inseparable from the progressive development of such a subject, we shall endeavour to do justice to every claimant for the palm of original discovery, and to place those extraordinary tablets and records which have survived the ravages of time upon a footing of clear historical reference to every reader. We are thus not without hopes of serving the cause of the sacred and profane literature of antiquity, and of rendering popular a subject as useful as it is interesting, but which professed scholars and critics have hitherto in a great degree monopolised.

The select and methodical researches of our countrymen, Wilkinson, Burton and Felix, having enabled us to anticipate the

grand outline of the results obtained by the French and Tuscan expedition to Egypt, we shall be enabled to simplify the profuse details of Champollion, and to reduce the long hieroglyphic succession of Pharaohs, set forth in Sig. Rosellini's splendid work, within the limits of history, from the unimpeachable evidence of the monuments: while the demonstrable results of the inquiry are of so decided a nature, that we shall be little inclined to curtail the objections of M. Klaproth, grounded on philological difficulties, of an iota of their full force. The geographical tables of the conquests of the Pharaohs, and the hieroglyphic calendar—(which, while it extends the limits of authentic profane history, most effectually bridles the speculative spirit which would ascend into the clouds for origins which are clear and determinate)—will also form objects of discussion; and we hope to satisfy the learned world that the support which has hitherto been supposed to be wanting to the phonetic system, in consequence of the assumed absence of the direct testimony of ancient writers, is clearly and demonstrably in their possession.

ART. V.—*Mémoires de Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantes, ou Souvenirs Historiques sur Napoleon, la Revolution, le Directoire, le Consulat, l'Empire, et la Restauration.* Tom. VII.—XII. 8vo. Paris. 1833.

WHEN we dispatched the first six volumes of Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantes,* we proposed to ourselves the comprising the whole of the remainder in another article, but again we are foiled. The lady has put forth six more volumes, reaching only to some early period of the Peninsular war,—we suspect, for she still despises dates, the beginning of the year 1810,—but containing matter well entitled to notice; and, as the bookmaking propensity, of which the former volumes discovered few traces, appears to be rapidly gaining upon the fair and noble authoress, we are apprehensive that, should we await the completion of her task, this middle portion of her labours might be altogether forgotten, ere we could sit down to review it. We must therefore proceed with these memoirs, as we began, piecemeal.

Great as was the political importance of the period comprised in the six volumes now before us, their chief interest lies in the writer's personal reminiscences of Bonaparte, and to these we shall principally confine our extracts. Some few other matters are, however, too remarkable to be altogether passed over; and, amongst these, are the feelings, the regrets, of those who had

* Vol. x. p. 254.

once been that extraordinary man's comrades, upon the transformation of the republic into an empire; touching which she says—

“ I have seen my husband weep over this farewell to all the customs, to all that so thoroughly constitutes what the French have ever desired far more really than liberty—equality. * * * But these regrets had nothing hostile to the Emperor. How often have I heard men, *several of whom are still living*, acknowledge that Napoleon alone could govern us, and take charge of the vessel in those moments of tempest! yet they were republicans, and *pure republicans*.”

We have extracted this passage principally on account of the opinion it enounces, in which we fully concur, upon the relative value of liberty and equality in French eyes. But a few pages afterwards we find another opinion upon the same subject, corroborative of the Duchess's and ours, which the reader may probably esteem of more value than either, and which is further curious as showing the confusion of ideas of a great man upon a subject that he did not understand, because he hated it, *viz.* liberty. The advantages ascribed by Napoleon to equality were, it will be seen, only equal legal rights, and these liberty insures in England, which was traduced by him, and indeed still is by most of the liberal continental authors, as feudal, and therefore enslaved. Madame Junot tells us :

“ I have often heard the Emperor speak on this subject (equality,) and all his words are still present to me. Even his nobility, a creation which he looked upon as one of his grandest conceptions, his nobility had been instituted with a view to the establishment of this equality, the true main-spring, as he said, of all that the French have done, and asked for, during the last twenty years. ‘ Liberty,’ observed Napoleon, ‘ was undoubtedly the first cry of the people, when the Revolution projected the first rays of its light, but it was not the correct expression of their thought. Let Russia revolutionize herself, and liberty will be the first word to escape from those really enslaved mouths, that so frequently open to shriek under the lash of a barbarous master. Liberty is the real good which the Russian people will desire, so soon as they have a wish to express; they cannot yet understand equality. But amongst us it is a different affair, and the first flash of our revolution showed what abundance of talent existed, which the levelling principle restored to society for the good and the glory of the state. Accordingly, it is equality that the French people have always wanted.’ ”

How curious is the accurate relation of action and reaction! The French *noblesse* held a monopoly of office, civil and military, and the people therefore could not, and still cannot, conceive their fair share, in proportion to merit, attainable without the abolition of all distinction of ranks. And the same cause having existed, and in some places still existing, all over the continent, explains the difficulty experienced by modern liberals in comprehending

the amalgamation of an *unprivileged* order of nobility with real liberty in England. But to return to the Duchess and the Emperor. We must here, though it be somewhat anticipating, if not upon chronology, yet upon the sequence of the lady's volumes, subjoin Napoleon's further explanation of these very original views about his nobility, given or recorded upon a different occasion, and shall introduce it as introduced by Madame Junot, seeing that the prefatory matter is both characteristic and comic. We must premise that Madame Junot was *dame pour accompagner* (lady in waiting, we presume, to) *Madame Mère*, as Napoleon's mother was denominated.

"I was in attendance upon *Madame*, and accompanied her to the Tuileries, to the family dinner that took place every Sunday. On reaching the *salon de service* (the saloon allotted to the lady and gentleman attendants upon the imperial family) of the *Pavillon de Flore*, for *Madame* almost always went to the Emperor's apartments, I saw Savary coming towards me, exclaiming,

" 'Give me a kiss, I have good news for you.'

" 'Tell your news first, and the kiss shall follow, if your news be worth one.'

" 'Well, then, I am a duke !'

" 'That is astonishing enough, certainly, but what reason is it for my giving you a kiss ?'

" '—— And I am entitled the Duke of Rovigo.' He went on, walking about the room, so inflated with joy that he might have risen up in the air like a balloon.

" 'But what are your title and your ridiculous name to me?' said I, at length, for he put me out of all patience.

" 'If he had told you that you are a duchess,' said Rapp, coming up to me, and affectionately taking my two hands, 'I am sure you would have given him a kiss, as you are going to give me one.'

" 'And with all my heart,' I replied, offering my cheek to the excellent man, and quite delighted with his frank and cordial friendship.

" 'And another for Junot?' said he.

" 'And another for Junot, willingly. And I promise you to write him word that you were the first to tell me the grand news.'

" 'And, moreover,' said Rapp, 'that you have the prettiest name of the batch. You are Duchess of Abrantes.'

"I understood at once that the Emperor had sought to gratify Junot by naming him *Duke of Abrantes*, (Junot was then Imperial Lieutenant of Portugal,) and I was doubly happy in this new honour. Junot afterwards told me that on learning this spontaneous mark of the Emperor's favour he had been moved to tears.

"Our Sunday evenings were passed differently from the others at the Tuileries. We went up again to the Emperor's apartments to wait for our respective princesses, and sometimes, when the Emperor was in good humour, and the ladies in waiting were to his taste, he had them called in. This was the case on the day in question.

“ ‘ Well, *Madame la Duchesse-Gouverneuse* !’ he exclaimed, as soon as he saw me, (Junot, though in Portugal, was still Governor of Paris,) ‘ are you pleased with your name? *D’Abrantes* ! And then Junot must be pleased with it; he will see in it a proof of my satisfaction.* And what will they say of this in your *salons* of the *Faubourg St. Germain* ? They must be a little startled at the reinforcement I am giving them !’ Then, turning to the Arch-Chancellor,

“ ‘ Well, *Monsieur l’Archichancelier*, it is a positive fact that I have never yet done anything more truly in the spirit of the French Revolution than this re-establishment of high dignities. The French never fought but for one thing—equality before the law, and the power of attaining to the highest posts in the administration. What will be called *my nobility*,—but which is not a nobility, because none can exist without prerogatives, and without being hereditary; and this has no prerogative except a fortune given as the reward of services, civil or military; and is no further hereditary than as the sovereign may be pleased to confirm the succession to a son or a nephew;—well, what will be called *my nobility* is, do you see, one of my grandest creations.’ ”

We need scarcely pause to observe how admirable a creation, for the purposes of despotism, was indeed such a nobility, wholly dependent upon the pleasure of the crown for the transmission of the father’s honours to his children. It is self-evident. Besides, we still are as desirous, as we professed ourselves upon a former occasion, of avoiding political discussion with a lady, and that for many reasons. To say nothing of any private notions of our own respecting the unsuitableness of such topics to the softer sex, which notions, by the way, seem to be Madame Junot’s, inasmuch as she often disclaims the power of judging upon political questions, even when giving us her own opinions as incontrovertible, we may observe, that as a petticoated politician was Bonaparte’s *bête noire*, or antipathy, and as Junot, though always a kind, soon ceased to be a faithful and devoted husband, our *memoirist* could know nothing beyond the gossip of the court. We, therefore, cannot look in her pages for new facts of importance, and shall not dispute her positions as to Napoleon’s moderation, all his wars having been purely defensive, and others of the same character. Neither shall we enter into the history of Junot’s embassy to Portugal, but content ourselves with extracting part of Napoleon’s instructions to the newly appointed ambassador’s wife, as peculiarly illustrative of this extraordinary man’s frequent combination of the least means with the greatest ends.

“ ‘ An ambassadress,’ said he, ‘ is a more important member of an embassy than people fancy. This is so everywhere, but most especially

* “ ‘ I would have named him Duke of Nazareth,’ said the Emperor to me, (Nazareth was the scene of one of Junot’s Asiatic exploits,) ‘ but people would have called him Junot of Nazareth, as they used to say Jesus of Nazareth.’ ” We insert this note as characteristic, though with some reluctance.

with us, by reason of the existing prejudices against France. It will be your business to give the Portuguese ladies a just notion of the manners of the imperial court. Be not haughty, be not vain, still less irritable.

* * * Above all, beware of laughing at the usages of the country, when you do not understand them, or at the domestic affairs of the court. It is said that they are open to ridicule and to scandal. If you cannot refrain from both, abuse, but do not laugh at them. Recollect that sovereigns never forgive ridicule. * * * *

“ ‘ The queen of Spain will question you about the Empress, the Princess Louis, the Princess Caroline, the Princess Joseph. It is your part to know how to measure your words. My family circle may be laid open to all eyes; yet it would not be agreeable to me that my sisters should be pourtrayed by a bad painter. * * * The queen will ask many questions about the empress and the court. As long as they relate to the mode of wearing a gown, well and good. But so soon as the conversation shall take a more serious turn, which it will, because Maria Louisa is clever and sly, be upon your guard. As for me, you know that my name is to be pronounced only as it appears in the *Moniteur*.’ ”

“ Another time he said to me, ‘ One person at Madrid is reported to detest me; it is the Princess of the Asturias. Take care what you say before her. She speaks French as well as you do. But you speak Italian, do not you? That’s good.’ And he walked about smiling— ‘ That’s very good. Let us hear how you acquit yourself.’ ”

The youthful ambassadress declaimed Petrarch, Tasso, and Dante, and the Emperor approved. He then inquired, with some circumlocution, as to what terms she was upon with the friends of her girlhood, his sisters; the ticklish part of the family, according to Madame Junot, who more than hints that the princesses in general were less correct in their deportment than their imperial brother hoped, and gives a pretty explicit account of an intrigue of Princess Caroline with Junot, of which she speaks as eventually the cause of his death. But this occurred subsequently, and indeed never seems to have interrupted the friendship of the two ladies. Napoleon, being satisfied upon this material point, proceeded to direct the representative of French femininity in Portugal to make her house agreeable, and concluded as follows:—

“ Live in harmony with your diplomatic sisters, but form intimacies with none of them; little female rivalries ensue; the husbands interfere, and sometimes two states are on the point of destroying each other, because a couple of silly jades have squabbled, or the one has had a more elegant hat than the other.”

We were proceeding with these original diplomatic instructions, but find ourselves compelled to stop, or to follow the example of our lady author and her Emperor, by invading with an absurd sneer the privacy of a respectable Englishwoman, for no better

reason than that her husband was appointed to represent his country at the court of Lisbon. The allusion to this sneer, however, necessarily leads to the mention of that which we cannot leave quite unnoticed, though we propose not to invest it with a consequence that it does not deserve; we mean the extravagant detestation of every body and every thing English, happily rendered innoxious by an ignorance equal to the malevolence, (both evidently imbibed from Bonaparte,) that is betrayed at almost every opportunity throughout these memoirs.* Lady Robert Fitzgerald (whose lord is here called the *uncle* of his unfortunate brother, Lord Edward) cannot be much disturbed by the idle abuse thus engendered and thus attempered, that she shares with, amongst others, Lord Strangford, as the Duchess is pleased to improve Lord Strangford's name—with George IV.,—with Lord Beresford, whose manners have not the good fortune to meet her approbation—with the Duke of Wellington, whom she calls *le héros du hazard*, and whose success in his first Portuguese campaign against Junot, the only one yet mentioned, she very naturally depreciates and endeavours to disprove—and finally with Mr. Pitt. Of this last she says—

“ Mr. Pitt and General Bonaparte were personal enemies. * * * General Bonaparte, upon attaining to the Consulship, made some attempts to gain over Mr. Pitt to the French interest. The proposals were ill-managed, (the only cause of their failure, we presume, in our authoress's opinion,) although skilfully enough not to commit the First Consul, who however felt the annoyance of a rebuff. * * * Napoleon saw but one real obstacle to his schemes, and this was Mr. Pitt. * * * In vain Napoleon often said of him, ‘ William Pitt is a great minister as far as Dover : at Calais I do not fear him.’ ”

“ Fear him he did not, because Napoleon feared nothing, but he hated and dreaded him, as one hates and dreads an able man who is one's enemy. And yet Mr. Pitt was not a great man. * * * ‘ Plans of attack,’ Napoleon was wont to say, laughing, and the thing was true, ‘ are not the *forte* of the *fiscal financier*, the tactician of the wool-sack.’ ”

Apparently confounding the Chancellor of the Exchequer with the Lord Chancellor.

But we must not let ourselves be betrayed into the field of politics, and turn to that subject which will be naturally expected to occupy a considerable share of the attention and the pages of a female writer of Recollections concerning Napoleon, namely, his feelings and his conduct towards women. And here we must say, that the pet widow of the devoted and justly favourite aide-

* We are reluctant to suggest a personal cause of hostility to England, but we have heard that English ladies, who had frankly met the advances of our very agreeable authoress, have found it necessary to drop her acquaintance, from the character of the company they met at her house.

de-camp, who frankly professes her participation in her husband's worship of Bonaparte, cannot be accused of partiality, for she places her hero in a light to the full as offensive, to English eyes at least, as any of his detractors, certainly as Bourrienne, whose revengeful malice she so bitterly reprobates. We do not allude to the coarse language which she charges Napoleon with using before women, for that seems to have been the French fashion of the day, if we judge from the frequent blanks left by Mad. Junot in recording conversations held in her presence by her own and her husband's friends, when the words used were such as could not well be printed; and some of the effects of the revolution may fairly enough explain, though nothing can justify, such a relaxation in the decencies of polished society. If Bourrienne and others have shown that poor Josephine's jealousy, however unwise, was by no means groundless, none have, like our Duchess, exhibited Napoleon so completely as a sultan throwing the handkerchief amongst the *odalisques* of a seraglio, and vindictively resentful towards those who would not pick it up; and further, as a sultan unconscious almost of the existence of lasting conjugal affection. And what is not a little remarkable, though it may explain her frankness, Mad. Junot scarcely seems to feel her hero degraded by this conduct, or by the sentiments which inspired it. She introduces the discovery of an imperial amour with the following remarks:—

“ He fell in love, but really in love, and if I am to say what I think upon the subject, I believe he never was so but upon this occasion, and once before—(meaning with the authoress's mother, Mad. Permon)—but many years had elapsed between that era and this. * * * It sometimes indeed happened that he addressed himself to a woman, but, to speak truth, the thing was pretty much of an insult; at least I always considered it as such. And since the occasion in question, whenever he has paid attention to any one, it has always been the same. Upon this occasion only did he discover the attention, the delicacy, which are inseparable from a real passion. * * * This was *love*, not a liking rather insulting than honourable, and always producing two (rather one of two) vexatious results. The one, contempt for her who yielded; the other, a vindictive feeling towards her who resisted.”

Thus far the panegyrist's own opinion, according to which it should appear that an intrigue with the Emperor was honourable, at least not dishonourable, to the lady thus delicately wooed. We pass over Josephine's jealousy upon the occasion, and proceed to a conversation between Napoleon and Mad. Junot after her return from Lisbon. Junot was at Parma, and had written to his wife to ask the Emperor's leave to join him there, less from any desire for her company, than as a mode of ascertaining how long he was to stay in a dullish place.

"At the first word I dropped upon the subject, the Emperor asked me, with some ill humour, whether Junot had appointed me his ambassador to him, and whether my credentials were in due form. I took care not to say that Junot had bid me ask an audience for this purpose, and answered that of my own accord, and without playing the part of an ambassadress, though I still bore the title, I presumed to ask whether I might not rejoin my husband, and take him his children, whom he had not seen for six months."

Bonaparte, it seems, liked happy or at least well-behaved *menages*, for he answered with a smile—

"'Indeed! What, it is you who want to rejoin Junot? That's right. It would be better still, though, if the children you took him were boys; but you make nothing but girls, Madame Junot.'"

An illness of these despised girls excused the delay of a journey, never really contemplated; and one evening, when Mad. Junot had attended *Madame Mère* to a family party at Princess Pauline's, the Emperor renewed the conversation, and banteringly asked her why she was not gone. Hereupon *Madame Mère* complained of being thus for ever robbed of her ladies, to which Napoleon answered—

"'I do not send her, it is she who will go—only ask her;' and looking at me with a smile, he made a significant gesture, and added, 'Well then, why do you not say that you are absolutely bent upon going to Parma?'

"'But, sire, I cannot fib, and I have no inclination whatever to go thither.'

"He burst into a fit of laughter, which, though he often smiled, he rarely or never did.

"'And why will you not go, Madame Laurette?' and my poor nose was pinched to the quick. 'A good wife should always follow her husband—so says the Bible.'

"'Sire, your majesty will allow me to say that the Bible has nothing to do with the matter, and that on this occasion I have no mind to be a good wife. Besides—I might, perhaps, be in the way at Parma.'

"'Ah, ha! They have been tattling to you! What gossips women are! And why do you listen to idle stories? Besides, it's the hen's business to be silent before the cock. If Junot does amuse himself a little at Parma, what's that to you? Women must not tease their husbands, or they will make them ten times worse.'

"This was said, looking, not at me, but at the empress, who, being a sensible woman, did not appear to understand. Scenes of jealousy were beginning to be frequent, and, truth to say, not without reason.

"'Well! so you are quite stupified by a very small matter? People say it is but a trifle to us men when known, and nothing at all when unknown. Judge what you women should say to it. Come, what should you say? Will you learn?'

"'I am listening, sire.'

"'Nothing at all. And as you cannot hold your tongues, you women, if you must speak, it should be to approve.'

“ ‘Oh! approve!’ exclaimed *Madame Mère*. ‘Atrocious!’

“ ‘I should like,’ said Princess Borghese, draping her shawl as she lay upon her sofa; ‘I should like to see Prince Camillo try to make me approve!—Ah, ha!’

“The empress was silent, but her eyes were full, and a word would have made her tears flow, which the Emperor did not like.”

This imperial dislike to seeing ladies weep, Madame Junot admiringly ascribes to deep sensibility, and alleges in proof thereof the following substantial reasons: the sound of church bells in the evening affected Napoleon deeply; and so did the sight of an elegant woman, dressed in white, walking in a grove. Our fair eulogist does not, however, go so far as to hint that this deep sensibility led to any sacrifice for the prevention of the offensive tears, or indeed any other mode of drying them, than bidding the empress “have done crying;” and that, we believe, even when notice of her impending divorce had been given her. But we doubt not that Josephine’s jealousy was very disagreeable to the Emperor, especially, notwithstanding Princess Pauline’s menacing remark, as jealousy does not appear to have been the fashion of his court. We have already hinted that we cannot find in the Memoirs of our Duchess, the slightest symptom of any interruption of the friendship between herself and Madame Murat in consequence of that princess’s amour with Junot. And even that husbands should not be jealous, was, as we have just seen, Napoleon’s opinion, which is partly confirmed by the following fragment of a conversation between himself and Duroc, who lived, it is to be noted, on the footing of a brother with Junot.

“ ‘But, Duroc,’ said the Emperor, ‘you take a great interest in Madame Junot! Let us see—answer like an honest fellow;—have you ever been in love with her?’

“Duroc burst into a violent fit of laughing.

“ ‘That is no answer,’ said the Emperor, with a degree of impatience. ‘Were you ever in love with Madame Junot?’

“Duroc, recovering his gravity, answered, ‘Never, sire; and I may say that this is the first time the possibility of such a thing ever occurred to me.’ . . .

“The Emperor took several pinches of snuff faster than usual, for he did not like to be obliged to give up his opinion to that of another. He walked about the room, looked upon the bridge, looked into the garden, and then said: ‘Well! that is very singular!’

“He had notions on this subject which were themselves *very singular*, and I believe that *virtue*, when he met with it in a woman, always astonished him.”

But we find the most decisive proof of the imperial estimate of wives, and of connubial felicity, in a really affectionate letter of condolence to Junot upon the death of his mother. The widowed

father, sinking under the loss of the partner of his life, had asked permission to resign the office which he held, in favour of his son-in-law, whereupon Napoleon writes :

“ I do not see why your father wants to give up his place. From the few times I have seen him I had fancied he possessed strength and energy. What had his wife and his place to do with one another ? If he wants a wife *pour la représentation*, (*Anglicè*, to do the honours,) let him marry again.”

And this letter, which Madame Junot herself confesses to be unsentimental, Junot showed to Josephine, and wondered to see her deeply wounded !

If such sentiments concerning women appear inconsistent with the sort of affection that Napoleon was always believed, despite his innumerable infidelities, to entertain for Josephine, we are scarcely less surprised at the strange rudeness with which the Duchess represents him as treating such women as chanced not to be favourites. We knew, indeed, that he had sneeringly said to the beautiful Queen of Prussia, who was endeavouring to alleviate the fate of her husband and sons by a sort of political coquetry, which the admirers of her character cannot but regret,—“ What I have done for the King of Prussia, I cannot conceal it from you, madam, has been done solely for the sake of the Emperor Alexander.”

But there might be a political motive for this ungallant speech ; the victorious Emperor might feel it wise to check his fair assailant's attempts upon his feelings. There could be no such palliation for his behaviour to Madame Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, whom, Madame Junot tells us, he disliked, (had she repulsed his illicit addresses?) and met at a ball one evening that he chanced to be out of humour. The lady, then some twenty-eight years of age, and remarkably handsome, was all over roses.

“ The Emperor looked at her from head to foot, then smiled bitterly, and with that voice of which the usual volume was redoubled, whilst it acquired a clear and sonorous tone, said, in deep and solemn accents—‘ Do you know that you age terribly, Madame Regnault ? ’ ”

The rude speech of course drew all eyes upon the lady so addressed ; but she quickly recovered herself, and with the smile indispensable in replying to imperial or royal compliments, however disagreeable, spiritedly said—

“ What your majesty has done me the honour to observe would be very painful to bear, were I of an age to mind it.”

We must just pause to remark, that if Madame Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely afterwards really proved herself the ardent imperialist that she is represented in the *soi-disant* “ *Mémoires de Louis XVIII.*,” she is a rare pattern of female placability.

And now, having given instances of Bonaparte's occasional manners to women he did not like, we shall conclude the subject with a sample of his treatment of his mistresses. The scene is a masquerade at the Grand Duchess of Berg's, *apropos* to which we extract a few words that we confess surprised us, upon the ambitious conqueror's taste for such amusements; but the pleasing part of this picture is his good humour, his *bonhomie*, when nothing disturbed him. A whole quadrille of ladies, including the grand duchess and Madame Junot, were entering the ball-room from an inner chamber, where they had assembled.

"A little blue mask rushed against me to get to a cabinet, allotted to the changing of dresses, mysteriously. The little blue mask, who did not expect to meet with such a crowd, let slip a very energetic word, but was not stopped by our female ranks; for my part, I was driven aside, forcibly enough to put me out of patience too. But how could I tell the little blue mask so?—It was the Emperor.

"He had a mind to amuse himself, as he said, on the days of these *saturnalia* in good society; and for this purpose he disguised himself to the teeth; then dressed up some one in his own likeness, who went about the rooms playing the disguised Emperor. This evening it was the painter Isabey who was commissioned to act that part."

The amusements of the company were interrupted by the grand duchess's peremptory and very audible commands, that a young lady brought by Queen Hortense, and who had doubly offended Caroline, by intriguing both with Murat and with Junot, should instantly leave her house. The Duchess of Abrantes tells us:

"At this moment I was close to the Emperor, to the real Emperor, not Isabey. He was chatting with a woman whom I recognized at once by her walk. * * * And what was he saying to her? That his love for her was subordinate to a single action; and that action consisted in an act of power."

We do not quite understand this; but no great matter. Napoleon's words, which follow, are intelligible enough.

"'I do not choose to be called a little Louis XIV.,' said he. 'No woman shall ever make me incur the risk of appearing to the world a weak creature, without heart.'

"'The heart is just what ought to decide,' answered his companion cleverly. To my great delight, he replied:

"'Prrrr! The heart! That's the way with you all in your silly dreams. The heart! What the devil do you know of your heart? It is a bit of your body through which passes a great vein, wherein the blood flows faster when you run. Well! and what of that?'"

The tender couple then went to see what had caused the disturbance, and returned to their seats, when the Emperor thus renewed the conversation.

“ ‘ See now, what comes of your romantic arrangements. There’s a poor girl who has trusted to the sweet words of that handsome coxcomb Murat, and perhaps she is in the case to drown herself.—Hey ! What’s that you are saying ?’

“ He stooped, and I heard sobs. The Emperor probably heard them likewise, for he immediately rose, and said to the weeping mask—

“ ‘ My dear, I do not like to see Josephine weep—her whom I love beyond all other women ;—that may tell you that you are wasting your time. Fare you well.—I come to a masquerade to amuse myself.’ ”

This abrupt rupture is further explained by the information that the guilty damsel, whose presence had so heinously offended the Princess Caroline, immediately afterwards became the mistress of Napoleon.

There are other passages in these volumes that we had thought to extract, but the article has already run into greater length than we had meant to allot to the present six volumes; and we shall therefore take leave of the Duchess till her concluding volumes shall offer us an opportunity for such general remarks as might now be premature. And to this future opportunity we shall likewise refer whatever notice it may seem advisable to take of the wife’s account of her husband’s peninsular campaigns.

ART. VI.—1. *Opere inedite* di Silvio Pellico, da Saluzzo. Vols. I. II. 8vo. Torino. 1830.

2. *Tre Nuove Tragedie* di Silvio Pellico. 18mo. Torino. 1832.

3. *Torquato Tasso*, Tragedia, di G. Rosini. Firenze. 1832. 8vo.

WE are disposed to think that Pellico’s last production may have excited sufficient interest in its amiable author to justify our devoting a few pages to his later dramatic works, most of which formed the occupation and consolation of his imprisonment. The story of his own life is perhaps, after all, the truest and most touching tragedy ; yet in many of the best elements of dramatic excellence, these latest productions of his muse are by no means deficient. The same pure and elevated spirit pervades them ; the same touching but somewhat diffuse eloquence characterizes them ; and, if the impression they produce on the mind be less striking, the result is probably owing to the distinction which must always exist between the experience of reality and the creations of imagination, however vividly they may be conceived and embodied.

What Pellico chiefly wants is compression. Tenderness, rather than power, is the character of his mind : and his feelings, instead

of concentrating themselves in brief and winged words, expand into a copious stream of graceful but sometimes tedious diction. He cannot condense the expression of a passion into a line, nor reach the heart by a stroke. He amplifies, illustrates, returns again and again to the charge, and after all often fails in his object. With scarcely an exception indeed, this loquaciousness is characteristic of the Italian drama. A few bright gleams and flashes of vigorous thought might, indeed, be selected from Alfieri, but as a whole, he forms an exception to his brethren. "Many things in few words"—seems to be the last adage which the Italian theatre is likely to illustrate.

Another circumstance tends to increase the general coldness of effect, which, amidst many individual beauties, accompanies even the best of Pellico's tragedies. Nominally he is no adherent of the classical school;—he selects his subjects from the history of the middle ages; he does not acknowledge the despotic authority of the unities. But the spirit of the old classical Italian drama of the Maffeis and Speronis, though not the form, adheres to him. He does not transport himself back into the times which he portrays, nor imbue himself with their spirit. For the picturesque manners, the wild passions of the twelfth century, he unconsciously substitutes the habits and opinions of Greece and Rome; and whether the hero of the piece be a feudal chieftain of Milan, an adherent of Barbarossa, or a republican of Dertona, a Guelph or a Ghibelline, we know them at once to be derived from that source "by the Athenian garments they have on." Their talk is of liberty, the renown of Italy, the good of the state, "things in general;" in short, the very last themes which we have reason to believe constituted the actual interests or standing topics of conversation of those fierce periods of individual ambition and private selfishness. Sometimes nothing but the names of the characters indicate whether the place of action be Rome, Constantinople, or Judea, or the time the twelfth or the eighteenth century. We object the more to this sequestration of all characteristic detail, that it seems to be done on principle; the Italian dramatists seem to consider an attention to these minutiae as injurious to the simplicity and unity of the main effect. Compare, for instance, Alfieri's *Filippo* with the *Don Carlos* of Schiller. The scene of the former might be laid any where within the regions of space; not a national trait connects it with Spain: his Philip is no doubt an impressive and terrible impersonation of a tyrant, but he is not Philip the Second of Spain,—the cold, gloomy, impassive devotee, wrapt up in ceremony and parade, and surrounded by a court of bigots and iron-hearted grandees. It was left for Schiller to connect the portraiture of the tyrant in general with

that of the individual; and by a thousand minute and well-studied details to place the spectator in the court of Madrid as it existed in the sixteenth century. It is very true that by an over-attention to such particulars a drama may degenerate into a mere chronicle, which is the error into which Rosini has fallen in his *Torquato Tasso*; but a just selection of such details must always impart a spirit, freshness, and reality to the composition, which cannot otherwise be attained.

We have stated fairly what we think are the chief objections to Signor Pellico's dramas: a vagueness and generality of character, and a want of powerful and compressed dialogue. It must, however, be admitted that compositions produced under the pressure of despondency, and often of the greatest physical suffering, without the aid of books, the stimulus of conversation, the cheerful and inspiring effect of liberty and society, are entitled to the most indulgent reception, and we do not doubt that they will be so received. We may not indeed be disposed to welcome them with so much enthusiasm as his countrymen, to whom the character and fate of the author, and the allusions and scope of the dramas themselves, furnish additional grounds of interest and sympathy; but even to English readers some of them will appear no unworthy companions of Foscolo's *Ricciarda*, or Niccolini's *Foscarini* and *Giovanni di Procida*.

Instead of a formal analysis of each, however, we think we shall do more justice to Pellico by selecting his *Gismonda da Mendrisio*, as perhaps the most favourable representation of the rest, and enabling our readers to judge of its character by pretty liberal extracts. This play possesses an additional interest from the circumstances attending its representation and subsequent interdiction at Turin, in consequence of the interference of the Austrian ambassador, which were mentioned in a late number.

The time is the twelfth century;—the scene is Italy: the subject, a house divided against itself by political differences, and still farther alienated by private jealousies. The Count Mendrisio and his son Ermano are attached to the party of the Imperialists; his other son, Ariberto, has espoused the cause of the Milanese against Barbarossa. A remnant of parental affection still exists in the heart of the father towards Ariberto, but in that of Ermano the feelings of nature have been entirely overpowered by the fierce hostilities of party. He regards his brother only as a rebel and a traitor. Far different are the feelings of Ariberto. Towards his father and brother his heart yearns; all the stormy scenes of warfare have not erased from his mind the recollections and attachments of youth. To this separation, produced by political differences, is added a more secret source of discord. Ariberto had been originally betrothed to Gismonda, afterwards the wife of Ermano;—but

feeling that he could not regard her with attachment, he had broken off the engagement. In the first moments of indignation and wounded feeling she had accepted the hand of his brother; but without being able to give her heart in return. That still remains devoted to Ariberto, though in her impassioned temperament love and hatred are strangely blended, and continue to struggle for the mastery. The latter assumes the ascendancy, when she hears that Ariberto has since married Gabriella, the daughter of Jacopo della Torre, the most formidable opponent of the imperial power;—"all her fond love at once she blows to heaven;" and when she hears that Milan has been destroyed and razed to the ground, she revels in ferocious exultation at the thought that the man who had been false both to her and to his country has found his grave among its ruins.

But such is not the case. Ariberto, after manfully sustaining the contest to the last, has escaped from the blazing city, and in the commencement of the second act, makes his appearance in the neighbourhood of his father's castle as a fugitive, attended by his wife, disguised in male attire, and his infant child. He has determined to throw himself at his father's feet, and to solicit from him an asylum, if not for himself, at least for his family. Fatigue and mental conflict at the sight of a spot so dear to him, and the recollections it awakens, almost overpower his strength. He leans on his wife for assistance.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

ARIBERTO.

Support me, Gabriella; my soul sinks
Beneath the weight of its emotions; here
Thine Ariberto grew; these rugged trunks
Have shaded me in childhood; to their tops
A thousand times I've climbed, now eagerly
Seeking some airy nest, and now in play
Hid in their branches from my brother's sight,—
Who, anxiously, beneath their drooping boughs
Would leap, and call, and weep until I came.
O how we loved each other then! O how
Our parents' hearts would bound, when lovingly
Linked in each other's arms we wandered home.
When one was hurt, the other ever wept
Louder than he who suffered.—Happy days
Of infancy, of innocence!—Can Love
Like this have faded from a brother's breast?

GABRIELLA.

Calm thee, thy wounds are green,—thysself art weary
And travel-sick, and thou hast need of rest.
O how the sight of every place around
Disturbs thee!

ARIBERTO.

Yonder is the seat—O joy!—
The seat where oft at eve my mother sate;—

And while she waited for our sire's return
 From hunting, or with eager glances watched
 The messenger's arrival, who in war
 Brought tidings of his safety, she would gaze
 Upon our infant sports, now checking them
 With mild rebuke, now placing us beside her,
 (I, as the elder born, upon her right,
 And on the left Ermano,) and there tell us
 Strange tales of high and holy enterprise
 Of ancient knights—or woful accidents;—
 Oft have our boyish tears with hers been blended
 Over the sufferings of th' oppressed;—and then,
 Her arms around us clasping, she would say,
 'When I am gone, my dearest sons, remember
 These evenings—be ye generous, loving, brave,
 And I in heaven shall joy to be your mother.'—
 O plenteous may thy joys be in that heaven!
 But this at least thy children have denied thee;—
 Brave they have been—and generous enough,
 Generous to many—but to one another
 Foes—bitter foes!

GABRIELLA.

Her eye can read *thy* heart
 And see that it is guiltless. Her bright spirit
 Watched o'er thy fortunes, guarded thee in battle,
 And guides thee to thy sire and brother back.
 'Twill stir the sense of pity in their hearts.
 Come, comfort thee—we are almost arrived.
 Come forward boldly.

ARIBERTO.

But a moment—stay.
 My father loved me—but Ermano's arts
 Hardened his heart; when envy seized my brother's,
 My errors were proclaimed aloud; each virtue
 Turned to a crime;—another serpent too
 Added her venom to my brother's—ah!
 Thou dost not know Gismonda yet—thou know'st not
 That once . . . But I am wandering . . . Let us go.

GABRIELLA.

You tremble.

ARIBERTO.

Yes! In war I trembled not.
 But I *do* tremble on my father's threshold.
 O could I meet *him* only. I would fall
 Prostrate before his knees; to him I could
 Confess that I was guilty—yes, most guilty
 Of harsh ingratitude, when angrily
 I left his home, and dared to stigmatize,
 As weak and base submission, his adherence

To the imperial ensigns.—A son's mouth
Should never so have spoken of the banner
That seemed so sacred in his father's eyes.
I know his heart would melt, he would give ear
To my defence, and find me far less guilty
Than he had deemed. But should Ermano meet me
With him,—should he with daring tongue assail me,
How should I check my fury, how submit
To humble me before my sire—while he
Stands by to see and mock my miseries?
Hope brought me hither—now that I am here
It leaves me all at once—and I could fly.
Wer't not for thee and this dear child, for whom
Duty demands the sacrifice of pride—
I'd rather wander o'er the face of earth,
And beg at any door—than at my father's!

GABRIELLA.

Beloved but hapless husband, I will follow thee,
Go where thou wilt—but for a child 'tis sweet
To sacrifice our pride. Within that castle
He yet may sit as lord. Deprive him not
Of the chance to do so.

ARIBERTO.

Who comes here—a woman—
It is . . . Gismonda . . . Stay.

GABRIELLA.

Within her aspect
The trace of sorrow sits, and she who knows
What sorrow is, must sure know pity too.
Let us approach.

The appeal to Gismonda, to whom Gabriella introduces herself as a messenger bearing the news of Ariberto's death, proves vain, as might be expected; but the old count appears, and to him she addresses herself with more effect. By a feigned tale of the death of his son, and of his dying message to his father, she ascertains that in his mind the feelings of a parent had never been eradicated, even by all the alienation of warfare and political differences. He melts into tears. He promises an asylum to the widow and child of his son. And then Gabriella, no longer able to control her feelings, discloses her name, and reveals the joyful tidings that his son is yet alive; and on Ariberto advancing, he throws himself into his arms. While the father and son are mingling their embraces, Gismonda enters, and perceives with surprise and indignation the reconciliation. All the feelings of insulted pride and female jealousy revive in her bosom at the sight of her former lover and her rival, and she hurries out to brood over the vengeance which she anticipates on the return of Ermano.

Ermano arrives; his feelings of hatred towards his brother have been increased by the representations of his wife. His father vainly endea-

vours to effect a reconciliation; fierce and unyielding, he loads his brother with reproaches,—he even vents his rancour on his father. As he stops short, on seeing Ariberto, his father exclaims—

Stop not, *Ermanno*! strive not to escape
My grasp. Be reconciled. Embrace thy brother.

ARIBERTO.

Wilt thou repulse me? Is my brother's heart
So different from my father's? Scarce his eye
Beheld me, ere the fount of old affection
Stream'd forth anew. He laid not to my charge
The woes and sufferings of the days gone by.
No blame of ours, my brother—but the force,
The unalterable force of circumstance
Impell'd us on our paths in life. Each fought
Devoted to the cause he held as holy.
If mine was doom'd to fail, and I to seek
A fugitive's asylum in your arms,
I bring a name at least unstained by guilt.
Tell me—when tidings of my fortunes reached thee,
Did ever rumour brand me with a crime?

THE COUNT.

Never! thy father can attest:—thy father
Who, even while venting curses on thy head,
Felt his heart bound with joy to hear thee called
Brave in the field, and piteous to the vanquished.

ARIBERTO.

And I, too, heard with joy how, midst the noblest
Of *Barbarossa's* heroes in renown,
My father and my brother shone, and oft
Looked to a day of pity and of pardon,
When each to each the well-earned meed might render
Of love and praise. Couldst thou but know, *Ermanno*,
How, when my prisoners would repeat to me
Thy words, my heart hath swelled with pride to hear
That thou hadst called me foremost in the ranks
Of *Milan*! Couldst thou know, how oft disgusted
With democratic discord, I had entered
The field with sinking heart and nerveless arm,
But that the memory of my sire and brother
Revived and spurred me on to deeds of honour!

ERMANNO.

What arts have bound my father in thy spells
I know not, but in me thine insolence
Rouses no feeling save of wrath. The memory
Of sire and brother, say'st thou, spurred thee on
To deeds of honour—thee, who wert to both
A foe unwearied and implacable!
'Twas honourable, doubtless, to direct

Thy steel against their breasts : a noble cause,
Whose triumph could be purchased at the price
But of a father's or a brother's blood !

ARIBERTO.

Yes, it *was* honourable to lament
And not to share their error ; and constrained
By conscience to uplift mine arm against them,
To prove me worthy of their love by deeds
Of warlike virtue.

ERMANO.

The high deeds of war
Are virtuous only when the cause is so.
In him who is the champion of treason
I hate—I brand them with the name of crimes.

ARIBERTO.

Of treason, say'st thou ?—nay, provoke me not
To arguments, whose issue could not prove
To thine advantage, and which I avoid
Only through reverence to the best of fathers.
Who's traitor to the Emperor ?—the brave souls
Who ventured to oppose his wrath—or they
Who flattered him, who stirred his pride to madness,
And turned a noble mind into a monster ?
I blame ye not, I look to your intent,
And that I know was pure and honourable.
And yet that honourable zeal impelled you
To league with tiger-spirits, and to work
Woe to the hapless land that gave us birth ;
And victory, though 'tis yours, is dyed so deep
In blood, 'twere savage to rejoice at it.

ERMANO.

If ever victory be glorious
'Tis when the extinction of a nest of traitors
Has saved the empire.

ARIBERTO.

Ah ! for you the empire
Is German. It depends upon the nod
Of Barbarossa. In my eyes the empire
Is that of Justice. I have shed my blood
T' uphold and to restore it.

THE COUNT.

O my children !
What boots contention as to right. Each party
Shouts ' God is on our side ! ' Each boasts th' alliance
Of Roman pontiffs, and each brands the other
With every charge of perfidy and crime.
Posterity must judge their cause—perchance
The sentence must be to condemn them both.

ARIBERTO.

And pity both.

THE COUNT.

Aye, and in both confess
A mingled web of virtues and of crimes.

ERMANO.

But God *hath* judged : Milan is in the dust.

ARIBERTO.

And God can rear it from the dust again.

This angry dialogue is interrupted by the sudden blast of a trumpet, which announces the arrival of the Margrave of Augsburg at the head of a body of the Imperial troops. He has heard of the return of Ariberto, and demands of the Count that the Emperor's enemy shall be surrendered to him. The Count resolutely refuses ; the Margrave departs, in order to enforce his application by arms : and the Count and Ariberto to prepare for the defence of the castle. Gabriella and Gismonda are left alone.

GABRIELLA.

Gismonda, fly not,—lend an ear. I saw thee
Moved for an instant, when the father strove
To draw his children to each other's arms.

GISMONDA.

I moved !

GABRIELLA.

Even so. And when my Aribert
Asked if a crime had ever stained his name,
And the Count answered No,—No seemed to burst
From thy lips too,—and from thy flashing eyes.

GISMONDA.

Thou ravest.—Hate sparkled in Gismonda's eye.

GABRIELLA.

It was not hate—oh no—that in that moment
Thy glance betrayed. I fixed mine eye upon thee
When Aribert exclaimed, ' Knowest thou not, brother,
How, when my prisoners have repeated to me
Thy words, my heart has swelled to hear that thou
Hadst called me foremost in the ranks of Milan.'
Gismonda, 'twas no error. I beheld
Thy face grow pale with pity. Secretly
Thy bosom heaved, thy lips appeared to utter—
' Why does not my Ermano yield ? ' I saw it,
And in my heart a cheering hope arose,
Thou wouldst inspire him with a milder feeling.
Thou seest the danger—O bestow thine efforts
To meet and to avert it.

GISMONDA.

And what then ?

GABRIELLA.

Ermano may appease the German leader,
May obtain the Emperor's clemency, and peace,
Fraternal peace, reign in this happy home;—
And unto thee, shall father, brothers, I,
I and my children, owe a debt—

GISMONDA (*interrupting her.*)

Thy children!

Thy children—Ariberto's children!

GABRIELLA.

Heavens!

What means this sudden burst—what have I done?

GISMONDA.

What hast thou done? (*Hurries out.*)

GABRIELLA.

What can this mean?—Her breast

Heaves with loud sobs. I'll follow her.

Ermano, in the commencement of the fourth act, reveals to Gismonda a plan which he has arranged for secretly introducing the Germans under the Margrave into the castle, and seizing his brother ere he had time to prepare for defence. Though a prey to the most tumultuous and conflicting feelings towards Ariberto, her generous mind revolts against this treachery, and she in vain endeavours to dissuade her husband from his resolution. He retires to carry it into execution, and the child of Ariberto enters. Gismonda fixes her eyes upon him and exclaims,—

There is his son. How beautiful, how like
His father!—Hither child, whom dost thou seek?

CHILD.

My mother.

GISMONDA (*taking him in her arms.*)

I will be thy mother, child.

O enviable lot! O tender joy!

A mother to the sons of Aribert!

Oh! how I should have loved these sons. I shudder

To think another should have given them birth.

And yet the sight of him allays my pangs.

He is the son—of Aribert—of Aribert!

GABRIELLA *enters.*

My child encircled in thine arms! But why

So quickly lay him down? 'Tis sweet to see thee

Touched by his soft and innocent endearments.

I knew thou wert not of that savage nature

To cherish endless enmity. Thou start'st,

Thou weep'st—why weepest thou?

Ah! sure within

Thy breast resentment struggles with the thought

That this poor child is offspring of an outcast.

Unhappy son, born to receive the curse
Of an offended grandsire,—and that fate
Frowns fearful both on father and on child.

She proceeds in a strain of anxious eloquence to entreat her interference with her husband. Gismonda appears to be on the point of yielding, but another sudden revulsion of feeling comes over her, and in the passionate exclamations which she utters, Gabriella discovers some glimpses of the truth. Her suspicions are confirmed by Ariberto, who reveals to her his early engagement to Gismonda, and proposes that they should seek a refuge with the Veronese. As they go out, Gismonda enters unobserved, and watching them as they retire, exclaims—

I wander on from room to room. For what ?
To look upon him ! I have seen him now,
And what avails it. She is by his side.
His loving arm enfolds her and supports her.
O jealousy incurable ! My longing,
My only longing is for woes and crimes,
Fierce, fearful crimes. When lately to my bosom
I pressed that child, my very heart was melted
To tenderness—and now my hands could tear him
Piecemeal asunder. Yes—a step—an atom
Of dust divides me from a damning crime.
Me miserable ! I am lone upon the earth ;
Have none to speak me comfort, cannot weep
Within a mother's or a sister's arms !
All that were dear to me are in the grave
Long, long ago. And who hath sent them thither ?
O fearful thought, which every instant wakes
Within my mind ! Who slew them ? The vile bands
With whom the man who once his faith had plighted
To me hath leagued himself. In vain, in vain
I do remember this. I love him still,
And I will save him. Treacherous Ermano,
He shall not be thy victim. But the time
Presses. It must be done.

The Count and Ariberto enter. Gismonda confesses the plot to surprise the castle and seize on Ariberto, but, concealing the treachery of her husband, accuses herself as the sole person who had been guilty. At this instant the cry “ to arms ! ” announces that the Germans have made their way into the castle, and the fourth act closes as the conflict commences.

The fifth act is full of business and bustle. We can make room, however, only for the close, from which its general nature will be sufficiently understood. Gabriella, understanding that her husband is in danger, has resumed the warlike weapons, with the use of which she had been familiar in her youth, and hurries out, like another Britomart, to his assistance. The Count, Gismonda, and the child, remain looking out

from the tower upon the eddying current of the battle below, where brother is arrayed against brother.

THE COUNT (*looking out upon the battle.*)

Who conquers? Wretched that I am—for here
 Brother divided against brother fights.
 O brethren, are ye blind, insane? Unite,
 Unite, and drive these robbers from our hold.
 What did I say? Have I forgot how late
 I gave up all for these imperial banners,
 And thrust my son from his paternal home,
 For that he hated them,—and now, because
 I am the sufferer, have they changed their nature?
 Justice, what art thou? Oft we know not what.
 Why did I blame thee, Aribert, if that
 Seemed just to thee which was not so to me?
 These fierce fraternal discords, and the blood
 Which dyes our thresholds, are they not the fruit
 Of my intolerance?

GISMONDA.

Alas, the foe
 Gains ground—their lances press on Aribert.
 Defend him, Gabriella, and may'st thou
 Live long and happy by his side, encircled
 By sons the valiant image of their sire;
 While by my tomb the wandering traveller
 Shall pass with scorn, and even my very name
 Be never heard by Aribert or thee
 But with a shudder. O may heaven reward thee!
 See, father!—she hath saved him—she has scattered
 The bands that hemmed him in.

COUNT.

I bless her, and
 Fain could I bless Gismonda too, whose heart
 Pours forth this stream of warm and generous feeling.
 See there!—the Margrave's down—Ermano flies.
 Hold! hold! and slay him not; he is my son;
 He hurries hither. Could he only reach
 The staircase—could he find a shelter here!—
 Slay him not, cruel men, he is my son. (*Hurries out.*)

GISMONDA AND THE CHILD.

O should he fall!—my husband—should I be
 His murderer! I shudder at the thought.
 And yet 'twas duty dictated the step
 That led me to reveal thy treacherous plan,
 And save thy brother and thy father. Hark!
 What sounds were those I heard? what groans?—Who comes?
 Ermano! (ERMANO, wounded, supported by the COUNT, RICCI-
 ARDO, and others.)

COUNT.

O my son, my hapless son,
What fatal madness drove thee to this end ?

ERMANO.

Hide me, I pray. Let me not look upon
The victor's face. Ah ! he is here.

(ARIBERTO, GABRIELLA, and the others.)

ARIBERTO.

O sight

Of horror !

THE COUNT (to ARIBERTO).

Aye ! look there, barbarian !

This is thy work.

ARIBERTO.

No, by yon sacred heaven !

I call Ermano's self to witness. Thrice
He called me coward, when I turned away
To shun the fearful chance of fratricide,
And thrice I bore the insult.

ERMANO.

'Tis the truth !

I did provoke him, and he shunned the contest.
God punished me by other swords. O father !
O brother ! pardon all my envious rage.

COUNT.

God pardon thee, my son, as I do.

ARIBERTO.

Brother,

Thou wert my foe, but I was never thine.

Ermano dies, revealing to his father the secret that it was by his means that the Germans had been introduced into the castle, and that Gismonda was innocent of this treacherous scheme.

We can hardly conceive that a tragedy such as this would excite any very lively interest on the British stage. It is by far too descriptive and too rhetorical; the characters are too much the representations of mere abstractions of jealousy, envious pride, generosity, and parental affection; the dialogue far too destitute of those lyrical beauties, metaphors, and images which Shakspeare has shown to be compatible with the strongest play of the passions, nay, to be the appropriate language of strong emotion. It pleases, but it does not rouse the feelings. No striking sentiment, no burst of passion, no touching expression of emotion lingers in our memory after reading it; but we merely feel at its close that we have been perusing a carefully-studied performance, with nothing to offend, and many pleasing and eloquent descrip-

tions, with some well-sketched characters, and of which unquestionably the tendency is in the highest degree moral and soothing.

We already mentioned that we have no intention of analyzing the other plays contained in these volumes. The truth is, they have all a close resemblance to each other; nor can any one of them be said to rise much above, or to sink far beneath, the level of the rest. Next to the *Gismonda* we should be inclined to place the *Leoniero da Dertona*, another feudal picture of the twelfth century, of which the interest, like Alfieri's *Bruto Primo*, lies in the sacrifice by a father of his son's life to the liberties of his country. Such subjects, even in classical times, and under the artificial state of moral opinion produced by the existing state of society, are never pleasing. The heart revolts at them, however they may be gilded or overlaid with patriotic sentiment. But under the influence of a more humane religion, and in periods when we know that these bloody sacrifices of the natural affections of the heart to mere notions of political expediency were utterly unknown, it is altogether impossible fully to reconcile us to such a catastrophe. As much, however, has been done by Pellico to get over the difficulty as could well be effected. We cannot sympathise with the stoicism of Leoniero, but there is a stern grandeur and inflexible integrity about him, which inspires us with respect and interest in his fate.

The *Herodiade* is a tragedy founded on the martyrdom of John the Baptist—a subject which our readers would naturally imagine to be but indifferently adapted to such a purpose; nor is the perusal of Pellico's likely to alter their opinion.

Esther of Engaddi is a tragedy formed of the very simplest materials. Esther is the wife of Azarias, a celebrated Jewish chief. Her father, who had become a convert to the Christian religion, visits his daughter occasionally by stealth in the Jewish camp. The high-priest, Jephtha, who had long cherished a guilty passion for the wife of his friend, discovers his visits, and endeavours to bend her to his purposes by threatening the life of her father. She indignantly repulses him. He accuses her of infidelity to her husband—a man of noble nature, but jealous and scrupulous in the extreme. It is determined that she shall be subjected to the trial prescribed by the law, of drinking from the sacerdotal cup as a test of her innocence. Into this cup Jephtha has already infused poison. She takes it, and though knowing the deadly nature of its contents, drinks: at that moment Eleazar, the father, rushes in, discloses the truth, and the guilty high-priest is led out to punishment as Esther expires.

The catastrophe of the remaining play, *Iginia d'Asti*, is still more oppressive to the feelings. There the life of the heroine is

sacrificed to a bloody law, to which her father, from motives of ambition, had been induced to consent. His enemy, Giano, proposes that the punishment of any Ghibelline who should give shelter to a Guelph shall be death. He knows the attachment of Iginia, the daughter of the governor, for Giulio, an adherent of the Guelph party, and the secret visits of the lover to his mistress. By his artifices the youthful pair are surprised; and the interest of the piece then turns on the mental struggle in the mind of the unfortunate father, between his feelings as a parent, and the supposed obligation of the law, to which he had consented as a magistrate. There is a certain mechanical movement about such subjects which always reminds us too much of the line in the Critic—"The father softens, but the governor is fixed." We perceive too visibly the means by which the alternate scales are made to rise and descend, and foreseeing that the scaffold is to be the prospect that terminates the vista, we become impatient when the author tries to disguise it from us, by leading us now and then off the road, and attempting to delude us into hope by prospects of assistance.

We have added to the works of Pellico the name of another play by Professor Rosini, on the subject of Tasso. After Goethe's, the attempt to dramatize the subject must be admitted to be rather a rash one; but Rosini's is scarcely to be considered in that light. It is a literal version of a portion of Tasso's mysterious history, according to the theory which the author had formed on the subject, and on which he has published a separate historical essay. It is given in prose, without the addition of an incident or a character; the very dialogue has been mainly borrowed from passages in Tasso's letters, or the contemporary historians. Such a production is hardly entitled to the name of a drama: it is no doubt an agreeable way of embodying and putting into a popular form the result of the author's researches, but it would be a waste of time to apply to it the principles of criticism applicable to a tragedy. Rosini, however, is a man of research and ingenuity, and his essay on the madness and imprisonment of Tasso is so interesting, that we propose to examine the merits of his theory in a future number.

ART. VII.—1. *Rapport sur les Expériences magnétiques faites par la Commission de l'Académie Royale de Médecine.* 1831. (Unpublished.)

2. *Examen historique et raisonné des Expériences prétendues magnétiques faites par la Commission de l'Académie Royale de Médecine; pour servir à l'Histoire de la Philosophie médicale au 19^e Siècle.* Par E. F. Dubois (d'Amiens), Docteur en Médecine, &c. &c. 8vo. Paris. 1833.

ABSURDITIES and comets move in eccentric orbits. They have their apogees and their perigees; now lost in the obscurity of distance; now shining with a full face, frightening silly mortals from their propriety. Astronomy has taught us to foretel the appearances of the one; transcendentalism will enable us to calculate the returns of the other, when it shall have fathomed the abysses of the human mind, and discovered the springs of human action; for then history may be reduced to demonstration, or published a year in advance, like Moore's Almanac. An outline of the rise and progress of Animal Magnetism appears to us likely to furnish an important element in resolving this psychological problem; and we have the rather taken on ourselves to attempt this, that our continental friends have lately revived the matter with additions and improvements, while our own country is threatened with a new *avatar* of Perkins's metallic tractors—a little altered in theory, still the same in practice—under, it is said, the name and influence of a respectable practitioner. The French Royal Academy of Medicine had a committee employed from 1826 to 1831, inquiring into the existence of this supposed agent, and their Report has been lately translated into English, and published with a historical and critical introduction by Mr. Colquhoun, a gentleman at the Scotch bar, whose work exhibits proofs of considerable cleverness and ingenuity. We might also name a distinguished F. R. S., lately deceased, of great scientific and critical celebrity, who was a firm believer in the doctrines of animal magnetism, and made some attempts towards their introduction into this country; and, on the whole, public attention seems so much directed to the subject at present, that we feel it incumbent on us to do it due honour in our pages. Our article shall divide itself into three heads.

I. A historical sketch of Animal Magnetism.

II. An examination of its proofs.

III. An inquiry into its practical utility.

I. *Animal Magnetism*, so called because it is not magnetism, and has never been known to affect any animal but man, is the name given to an influence supposed to be exercised by one individual on another through means of a fluid or emanation, or

merely a strong volition, the effects of which are exhibited in certain phenomena, such as yawning, sleepiness, spasms, convulsions, and somnambulism; in which last state the patient acquires *clairvoyance* and *prévision*, two very remarkable faculties, by the former of which he sees clearly with his eyes shut; by the latter foretells future events, which, however, do not always come to pass. The disciples of any new and doubtful hypothesis are generally anxious to find as many traces as possible of it in universal belief: accordingly the magnetists have not been idle, but, collecting all those incidents formerly accounted for by sympathy, imagination, imitation, or credulity, they triumphantly bring them forward as undoubted evidences of the "influence" which they advocate, and commence their works with.—"In all times and in all ages has popular belief admitted the existence of an universal principle pervading all matter, and binding together all bodies. Plato speaks of the *anima mundi*, &c." Now, without venturing so far, let us commence our views with the magnetic and sympathetic cures of the seventeenth century, at which period researches into the qualities of the mineral magnet had excited much attention, and the opinion that they might be usefully applied to the relief of human maladies had become very general. Kircher was one of the first to take advantage of these qualities, and in a way both ingenious and amusing. A patient affected with hernia having applied to him for relief, was directed to swallow a small magnet reduced to powder, while Kircher applied on the external swelling a poultice made of filings of iron. When the magnet had got to the corresponding place inside, it drew in the iron, and with it the tumour, which was thus safely and expeditiously reduced.* Ambrose Paré assures us that he had seen several cures performed in this way. In other cases the application was reversed. A Prussian having swallowed a knife, a magnetical plaster was placed on the surface, which soon drew the blade out of his stomach, so that, by a slight incision, the surgeon was able to remove it. In these instances, however, recourse was only had to the physical properties of the agent. Paracelsus had endowed it with the more mysterious power of attracting out noxious influences that preyed on the vital spirits, but for this purpose certain combinations and astrological influences were necessary, together with a certain degree of faith in the patient.

The great object of magnetic treatment, in his hands, was, as

* *Magnes, Seu de Arte Magnetica*. Col. Ag. 1643. This statement is made after Thouret, as we have not this edition of Kircher's work. In ours, which is the third "longe emendatio," published at Rome, 1654, the discovery is given to Paracelsus and Becher, and the operation to Florian Mathis. After discussing the question, Kircher seems to think that the magnet, when reduced to powder, would not retain its power: the effects in the cases cited he rather refers to the *medicamentis balsamicis analyticisque*, which were employed at the same time.

Maxwell informs us, the transplantation of the disease. This might be accomplished in six ways, but one of them will probably be sufficient to gratify our readers' curiosity.

"The first mode is *inseminatio*. This is done when a magnet impregnated with mummy * is mixed with rich earth, and in that same earth are sown seeds that have a congruity with the disease. Let this earth, well sifted and mixed with mummy, be laid in an earthen vessel, and let the seeds committed to it be watered with a lotion in which the affected limb has been washed, or the whole body, if the disease be general: thus the languor is transplanted to the seeds dedicated to the disease. If necessary, let them be watered daily with the lotion, as above directed. Having done this, wait till you see the herbs begin to sprout. Finally, when it is time, transplant them into similar earth: as they increase the disease will decrease, and at length totally disappear."†

Maxwell, who was a canny Scotchman, though his works were published in Germany, saw that this mode of cure might be occasionally rather tedious. Accordingly, to amuse the patient's imagination, he ordered that, while waiting, they should use some of the vulgar remedies, such as bleeding, purgatives, sudorifics, &c., respecting which his directions are extremely judicious. With this precaution, magnetic cures were not unfrequently performed, and the grateful patients proclaimed the wonderful virtues of the new system, forgetting the trifling aid it had received from the old. This hint, we perceive, has not been by any means lost on modern magnetists; for in the case of Paul Villagrاند, related by M. Husson in the recent "*Experiments*," this very sensible young man, while he chose to be cured of his paralysis by *passes*, did not omit at the same time a tolerably efficient course of strychnine, with sinapisms, bleeding, Barèges' baths, setons and cauteries, continued to within a short distance of his entire and final recovery.

To return to our magnetists of the seventeenth century, whom we shall find getting more refined and philosophic at every step,

* Mummies were of several kinds, and were all of great use in magnetical medicine. Paracelsus enumerates six kinds of mummies: the four first, only differing in the composition used by different people for preserving their dead, are the Egyptian, Arabian, Pissaspaltos and Lybian: the fifth mummy, of particular power, was made from criminals that had been hanged; "for from such there is a gentle siccation that expungeth the watery humour, without destroying the oyle and spirituall, which is cherished by the heavenly luminaries, and strengthened continually by the affluence and appulses of the celestial spirits; whence it may properly be called by the name of constellated or celestiall mumie." The sixth kind of mummy was made of corpuscles or spiritual effluences radiated from the living body, though we cannot get very clear ideas on this head, or respecting the manner in which they were caught.—*Medicina Diastatica*, or *Sympatheticall Mumie*, abstracted from the Works of Theop. Paracelsus, and translated out of the Latin by Fernando Parkhurst, Gent. Lond. 1655, pp. 2—7.

† Guil. Maxwell, *Medicinæ Magneticæ*, lib. iii. p. 118. Ed. Georgio Franco. 1679.

it next appeared that applying medicaments to the body was altogether a useless proceeding, at least in cases of wounds, as the best mode here was to treat the instrument by which the wound had been inflicted. In consequence of this was prescribed the celebrated sympathetic ointment, the original invention of which was keenly contested. It would appear, however, from a comparison of testimonies, that the ointment, if not invented, was at least considerably improved by Paracelsus; and we translate the receipt in its most approved form for the benefit of our readers.

“Take of moss growing on the head of a thief who has been hanged and left in the air*—of real mummy—of human blood still warm—of each one ounce; of human suet, two ounces; of linseed oil—turpentine—Armenian bole—of each two drachms. Mix all well in a mortar, and keep them in an oblong narrow urn.”†

This would heal all wounds inflicted by a cutting weapon, unless those which penetrated the arteries, the heart, the brain, &c. The mode in which it was to be employed was the following:—Take the weapon with which the wound was made, or if it cannot be had, a sally rod dipped in the blood; anoint this carefully, and lay it by in a cool place. Nothing is necessary for the wound except to wash it with fair water; cover it with a clean, soft, linen rag, and open it once a day to cleanse off purulent or other matter. In this way the wound speedily healed, and thus the wonderful power of sympathy was exhibited. Of the success of the treatment we have not the least doubt, for surgeons at this moment follow exactly the same method, *except* anointing the weapon.

The celebrated sympathetic powder of Sir Kenelm Digby be-

* The reason for preferring this moss we find translated into an English anonymous pamphlet, published in 1743, in these words. “The vital spirits of a man to be strangled, by reason of the presence of his unhappy chance, do retire to the head and brains, and the violent construction hindreth their going back to their principles; they remain also there, and mingle and are confounded with the spirits and the balsam of the head and brains; and though all animal functions do cease, nevertheless there remains a certain heat or warmth in the bones, nerves, and the other similar parts, which is in stones and in pepper, that is to say, an elemental one. Now after this mixture, and through the help of this heat and the joint working of a heavenly influence, moss, like a vegetable, growing upon the skull of a man being hanged, must needs be of a greater force than such as grows upon the head of another, who dyed of some disease.”

† Goclenius, *Tractatus de Magnetica Vulnerum Curatione*. Francof., 1613, p. 95. The grave absurdity of quoting such men as authority was reserved for Mr. Colquhoun. In addition to those we have mentioned, he cites Van Helmont, Burgaavius, Pomponatius, Vaninius, Cornelius Agrippa, Papin, and Sebastian Wirdig, to whom, as they differed from the others chiefly in the greater extent of their credulity, we have not thought it necessary more particularly to refer. Any person who can waste time in reading their works will perceive that with them magnetism has a totally different signification from what Mr. Colquhoun understands by it. Of course all arguments founded on their commendations of it are ridiculous,

longed to the same period,* but we can merely allude to that, and pass on to means much more closely resembling those employed by animal magnetists of the present day, and which therefore they claim with much more justice than those we have already enumerated. Dr. Fludd, or, as he latinised his name, Robertus à Fluctibus,† had by his writings divulged the fame of the sympathetic ointment in England, where it acquired considerable popularity. To obviate this, “Master Foster, Parson of Hedgely, in Bucks,” wrote a work called “Hoplocrisma-Spongus; or, A Sponge to wipe away the Weapon-Salve;” in which he proved the unguent to be magical and unlawful, and duly deduced its genealogy from the original inventor—the devil.

“Now the divell gave it to Paracelsus, Paracelsus to the emperour, the emperour to the courtier, the courtier to Baptista Porta, and Baptista Porta to Dr. Fludd, a doctor of physick yet living and practicing in the famous city of London, who now stands toothe and nayle for it.”‡

Dr. à Fluctibus could not of course stand patiently by and see his favourite remedy thus scurvily treated, so he produced a reply, called “The Squeesing of Parson Foster’s Sponge, wherein the Sponge-bearer’s immodest Carriage and Behaviour towards his Brethren is detected; the bitter Flames of his Slandrous Reports are, by the sharp Vineger of Truth, corrected and quite extinguished; and lastly, the vertuous validity of his Sponge, in wiping away of the Weapon-Salve, is crushed out, and clean abolished.” We chiefly allude to this dispute because it was the means of preparing people’s minds for a far greater exertion of supernatural power, which was displayed soon after in the “marvellous cures performed by the stroaking of the hands of Mr. Valentine Greatrak’s.” Of these cures we have a true and faithful account drawn up by the hands of Mr. Greatrakes himself;§

* An instance of his mode of cure, related by Sir Kenelm himself, is given in one of the notes to Sir Walter Scott’s *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. See *Poetical Works*, vol. iv. new edition, pp. 262—265.

Perhaps the “sympathetic alphabet” was the most singular application of the principle. From the arms of two persons a bit of flesh was dissected out, and mutually transplanted. It soon took root on the new arm, but still retained so close a relation with its old possessor, that he was immediately sensible of any injury done to it. On corresponding situations in these transplanted pieces were tattooed the letters of the alphabet; and when a communication was to be made, it was only necessary that one of the persons should run a pin into any letter on his own arm, the pain of which was immediately felt in the same letter on the arm of the other. The facilities thus afforded for defrauding the revenue have caused us to hesitate before making the fact public: however we are willing to trust to the honour and discretion of our readers.

† *Medicina Catholica*. Francof., 1631.

‡ *Hoplocrisma-Spongus*. By William Foster, Master of Arts, and Parson of Hedgely. London, 1631, pp. 34, 35.

§ A Brief Account of Mr. Valentine Greatrak’s, and divers of the Strange Cures by him lately performed. Written by himself, in a Letter addressed to the Honourable Robert Boyle, Esq. London, 1666.

and as they were chiefly performed with no other aid than the patient's imagination, and as he produced almost all the results since attributed to animal magnetism, not even excepting that abstraction from external impressions observable in somnambulism, we shall speak a little more particularly of his exploits.

He was a hypochondriacal Irishman, who, after some years of active service under Cromwell, having given himself up to indolence and gloomy meditations, began to have visions, and was at last impressed with what he calls "an impulse or strange persuasion," that there was bestowed on him the gift of curing the kingsevil. He mentioned this to his wife, who told him he was a fool; but, not being content with this explanation, he determined on a trial of his skill, which accordingly he made a few days after "on one William Maher, of Salterbridge, in the parish of Lissmore," who had the kingsevil very grievously in his eyes, cheek and throat. On him Mr. Greatrakes laid hands and prayed, and with such happy effect, that in three days "the eye was almost quite whole, and the node, which was almost as big as a pullet's egg, was suppurated, and the throat strangely amended, and, to be brief, (to God's glory I speak it,) *within a month* discharged itself quite, and was perfectly healed; and so continues, God be praised."*

This signal success was of course a great comfort and encouragement, and was followed by a number of other "impulses," informing him in succession that he could cure ulcers, ague, fever, falling sickness, aches and lameness; and finally, that he could cast out the devil, which last exploit he performed on a hysterical woman, hunting the foul spirit up and down her throat with great perseverance, until "at length, with great violence of belching, (which did almost choak her, and force her eyes to start out of her head,) it went forth, and so the woman went away well."†

These supernatural cures attracted the notice of the clergy of the diocese, and Mr. Greatrakes found himself cited to appear in the Dean's Court at Lismore, where, after some debate, he was prohibited from laying on his hands for the future—a clear precedent for the celebrated ordonnance forbidding any more wonders to be wrought at the tomb of the Abbé Paris. Mr. Greatrakes, however, like the little monk mentioned by Voltaire, had got such a *trick* of working miracles, that he could not long restrain himself: but two days after, seeing two epileptic patients, who fell down in a fit at his approach, he laid his hands on them,

* Greatrakes' Account of Himself, p. 23.

† Ibid. p. 34.

and stroked and "pursued their pains from place to place till they went out of them."

His fame had now become so great that Lord Conway sent to beg he would come over to England to cure a grievous headach, which his amiable lady had suffered under for many years; neither could any of the physicians heal her. Greatrakes accordingly came over, but totally failed in giving relief to Lady Conway, whose headach was in all probability attended with organic disease. He however, during his stay at Lord Conway's mansion, laid hands upon several people in the neighbourhood, "some of whom," says an eye-witness,* "I observed to have received no help by him at all; some I observed to have found a momentary benefit from his touch; and some as yet continue so well, that I think I may say they are cured." From this Greatrakes removed to Lincoln's-Inn Fields, and he has published numerous certificates of the beneficial effects of his system, which he continued to practise. From these we select the following, as absolutely identical with the powers claimed by later animal magnetists. He cured dead palsy (p. 43†), violent headach (46), rheumatism (51), epilepsy (56), convulsions, aches and pains (58); in addition to which his treatment caused some to scream out (82), and produced in others convulsions (56), in others insensibility to pain (52—73)! We may truly say, "un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire." This poor deluded fanatic, who fancied himself in direct communication with the Deity, by communicating that impression to others was enabled to perform as great, and certainly as well-attested, wonders as all the *philosophers* who have since studied magnetism as a science, or claimed for it distinct and substantive powers. There is but one other observation as connected with his cures. We observe on the list four children, three of whom were healed, not by stroking, but by *incision* (pp. 60. 76. 92); and the fourth is an obscure and not very intelligible case of a flux of rheum from the eye, which, by the frequent application of Mr. Greatrakes' hand and spittle "had been perfectly stayed for the space of three weeks last past; and her eye is at present very well, and it is hoped will so continue" (p. 54.) Belief in his supernatural powers was in these instances less confirmed, and therefore less efficacious than in his adult patients. We shall see that the same observation will hold good to the present day.

We have now as it were got through the dark ages of animal magnetism, and seen its source mixed up with the remains of alchemy, judicial astrology and fanatical credulity. The subsequent part of its history is better known, and may therefore be

* Henry Stubbe, physician. See his *Miraculous Conformist*, p. 4, Oxford, 1656.

† Greatrakes' Account of Himself.

touched on more lightly. Early in the eighteenth century the "Convulsionnaires de St. Médard" assembled round the tomb of their favourite saint, the Jansenist priest Paris. The scenes that occurred were a strange mixture of the superstitious, the obscene, the absurd, the ludicrous and the revolting. Here was a group, with bended knees and streaming eyes, devoutly approaching the holy sepulchre, supplicating God and St. Paris to take pity on their infirmities and heal their sicknesses; there was another composed of hysterical women, partly in strong convulsions, shrieking like so many Pythian prophetesses, partly yielding themselves up to the most unrestrained indecencies: on one side lay a delicate female, whose body was trampled over by half-a-dozen stout men; on the other, one equally delicate, whom a fellow of Herculean strength was beating with all his might with a heavy iron bar, while her pleasure seemed to increase with the violence of the blows, and she urged him to continue, exclaiming, "Ah! que cela est bon! ah! que cela me fait du bien! Courage! mon frère; redoublez encore des forces si vous pouvez.*" Carré de Montgeron was unable to satisfy one of these ladies with sixty blows given with all his might, though, using the same weapon and the same strength (for experiment), he succeeded in knocking a hole in a stone wall at the twenty-fifth stroke. Sister Sonnet earned for herself the name of Salamander by lying on a red-hot brazier, and Morand, the surgeon, informs us that he saw three crucifixions. The idea of connecting such extravagances with any thing pretending to the rank of a science would never have occurred to us, had not M. Deleuze, in his *Histoire Critique du Magnétisme Animal*, gravely claimed them as resulting from, and testifying to, the existence of a magnetic power. "There are certain arguments," M. Bertrand well observes, "which it is equally absurd to admit or seriously to refute;" this we think one of them.

Meantime magnetism continued to progress in Germany, but it was rather of that kind which investigates the effects of the loadstone on the human frame, than those of one animal body on another. Hell, a Jesuit, had rendered himself very celebrated by the number of his magnetic cures, and about the year 1774 communicated his experiments and success to Mesmer, under whom the theory was to assume a new form, and the practice to become so extended as to attract universal attention, exercise the ingenuity and research of physical inquirers, and obtain the honour of a special investigation from the French Royal Academy of Sciences and other learned bodies.

* Dict. des Sc. Médicales. Art. Convulsionnaire, par Montègre.

Mesmer had commenced his career by publishing, in 1766, a dissertation on "The Influence of the Planets on the Human Body," in which he maintained, that as the sun and moon cause and direct on our globe the flux and reflux of the sea, so these exercise on all the component parts of organized bodies, and particularly on the nervous system, a similar influence, producing in them two different states, which he termed *intension* and *remission*, and which seemed to him to account for the different periodical revolutions observable in several maladies, in different ages, sexes, &c. The property of the animal body, which rendered it susceptible of this influence, he termed ANIMAL MAGNETISM.* Hell's observation seemed to him to throw new light on his theory, and having caused the Jesuit to make him some magnets of a peculiar form, he determined on a set of experiments which should give some certainty to his ideas. Expect a miracle, and it will be sure to happen. Mesmer had the good fortune to meet with a young lady called Oesterline, suffering under a convulsive malady, the symptoms of which exactly coincided with his new theory. The attacks were periodical, and attended by a rush of blood to the head, causing severe pain, followed by delirium, vomiting and syncope. How far these attacks were connected with the state of the moon he does not mention, but he soon succeeded in reducing them under his system of planetary influence, so that he was enabled to foretel the periods of accession and remission. Having thus discovered the cause of the disease, it struck him that his discovery would be perfect and lead to a certain mode of cure, if he could ascertain "that there existed between the bodies which compose our globe, an action equally reciprocal and similar to that of the heavenly bodies, by means of which he could imitate artificially the periodical revolutions of the flux and reflux before mentioned."† Of course, as he only wanted this little matter to complete so great a theory, he could not fail to find it; and he soon announced that this material influence did exist, but in some way for which he does not clearly account, his own body had come to be the principal depôt in which it centred, and from which it could be communicated to all others. Thus, when M. Ingenhousz came with him to see Mademoiselle Oesterline in a fit, he found that he might touch any part of her body without appearing to produce in her sensation: but when Mesmer, taking him by the hands, communicated to him animal magnetism, and then sent him back to make fresh trials, he found that now the simple pointing of his finger was sufficient to cause convulsive motions.‡

* Mémoire sur la découverte du Magnétisme Animal, par M. Mesmer. Genève, 1779, pp. 6—8.

† Ib. p. 13.

‡ Ib. p. 23.

As this is one of the identical experiments with which M. Dupotet lately treated the French commissioners, it seems to justify M. Virey's sage reflection—"A voir l'éternelle ignorance qui pèse sur la grande majorité de notre espèce, il semble que nous recommencions toujours l'antiquité, et que nous repassions sur les mêmes erreurs dont le temps efface sans cesse les traces."

Henceforth animal magnetism was distinctly and definitively separated from mineral magnetism; and though Mesmer continued for some time to use magnets in his experiments, it was not on account of their own inherent power, but from the quality which he attributed to them of being conductors of the newly-discovered influence: in 1776 he discontinued their use altogether. Finding his discoveries rather undervalued at Vienna, where they had been ridiculed by Stoerck and Ingenhousz, whom in turn Mesmer denominated "petty experiment-maker to the ladies of the court," he set out on an experimental tour through Swabia and Switzerland, where he found a formidable rival in Father John Joseph Gassner, already celebrated for casting out devils, which he held to be the primary cause of most diseases. Mesmer, however, showed much of that tact which has distinguished his followers in similar difficulties, and in place of questioning the truth of Father Gassner's cures, at once adopted them as facts, and declared them to be the evident results of the great power he had so lately discovered.* He succeeded himself in healing an ophthalmia and a gutta serena, with due certificates of which achievements he returned to Vienna. Here he undertook to cure Mademoiselle Paradis of blindness and convulsions, and, after magnetising her for some time, declared her perfectly recovered. Barth, the oculist, went to see her, and declared her blind as ever,† and her family found on her return home that the convulsions continued as before! This was a sad mistake, but Mesmer, whose great talent was unblushing effrontery, pronounced it a false report got up to injure his fame, and asserted that the girl was quite well, but "that her family forced her to imitate convulsions and feign blindness."‡ The cool impudence of this was a little too much, and Mesmer in consequence found it convenient

* People conscious of their own weaknesses, sometimes overlook those of their neighbours. Mesmer and Lavater vouched for the truth of Gassner's miracles; Deleuze believed in those of Paris; the patients of Mesmer testified the efficacy of the incantations of Cagliostro; Spurzheim speaks in favour of Mesmerism; Hahneman declares that none but a madman can deny it; Mr. Gordon tells us that in 1823 guarantees were exchanged between the kingdom of Greece and the knights of Malta: the principle is common,—the bundle of sticks.

† Grimm, in his entertaining "Correspondance," mentions the subsequent arrival of this same demoiselle Paradis at Paris, "où elle étonna tout le monde par la réunion singulière d'un grand talent d'exécution sur le clavecin, joint à la cécité la plus absolue,"

‡ Mém. sur la découverte, &c. p. 64.

to leave Vienna, and after some consideration determined that his next appearance should be at Paris. Here, as M. Virey informs us, he commenced modestly; he addressed himself to the savans and physicians, and explained to them his system, without however making any converts; he then sought for patients and pretended to have made some cures, but as he did not attract much attention, he published his "Memoir on the Discovery of Animal Magnetism," the same work from which we have already quoted. In this he announces twenty-seven general propositions,* asserting not only the existence of a magnetic fluid as before described, but of an anti-magnetic, which was so powerful in the bodies of some persons that their very presence was sufficient to prevent the operation of the magnetic power even in others. The utility of this new power is quite obvious, as it afforded him a ready means of accounting for the failure of any of his experiments. He now addressed himself to M. le Roi, President of the Académie des Sciences, and various negociations were set on foot for a public inquiry into his system, which Mesmer always managed to break off when they were coming to any thing decisive. It was not, however, until Deslon, a French physician of some eminence, had announced himself a convert and joined Mesmer, in the practice of magnetism, that it acquired much renown. Their method of operating was as follows.

In the centre of the room was placed a vessel of an oval or circular shape, about four feet in diameter and one deep. In this were laid a number of bottles, disposed in radii, with their necks directed outwards, well corked and filled with magnetised water. Water was then poured into the vessel so as to cover the bottles, and occasionally pounded glass or filings of iron were added to the water. This vessel was termed the *baquet*. From its cover, which was pierced with many holes, issued long, thin, moveable rods of iron, which could be applied by the patients to the affected part. Besides, to the ring of the cover was attached a cord which, when the patients were seated in a circle, was carried round them all so as to form a chain of connection; a second chain was formed by the union of their hands, and it was recommended that they should sit so close as that those adjoining should touch by their knees and feet, which was supposed wonderfully to facilitate the passage of the magnetic fluid.† In addition to this the magnetists went round, placed themselves *en*

* Mém. sur la découverte, &c. pp. 74—83. Colquhoun's Introduction, pp. 55—57.

† Dict. des Sciences Médicales. Art. Magnétisme Animal, par Virey. This article contains almost every thing that could be said on the subject up to the period at which it was written (1818). It presents all the arguments adduced in favour of the new doctrine, stated with impartiality and refuted with reason. It has been much cavilled at, but never answered.

rapport with the patients, embraced them between their knees, and gently rubbed them down along the course of the nerves, using gentle pressure over different regions of the chest and abdomen. The effect of such treatment on delicate women might have been foretold, but it was not left to work alone.

The house which Mesmer inhabited was delightfully situated; his rooms spacious and sumptuously furnished; stained glass and coloured blinds shed a dim, religious light; mirrors gleamed at intervals along the walls; a mysterious silence was preserved, delicate perfumes floated in the air, and occasionally the melodious sounds of the harmonica or the voice came to lend their aid to his magnetic powers. His *salons* became the daily resort of all that was brilliant and *spirituel* in the Parisian fashionable world. Ladies of rank whom indolence, voluptuous indulgence, or satiety of pleasures, had filled with vapours or nervous affections; men of luxurious habits, enervated by enjoyment, who had drained sensuality of all that it could offer, and gained in return a shattered constitution and premature old age, came in crowds to seek after the delightful emotions and novel sensations which this mighty magician was said to dispense. They approached with imaginations heated by curiosity and desire; they believed because they were ignorant, and this belief was all that was required for the action of the magnetic charm. The women, always the most ardent in enthusiasm, first experienced yawnings, stretchings, then slight nervous spasms, and finally, crises of excitation, according as the assistant magnetisers (*jeunes hommes beaux et robustes comme des Hercules*) multiplied and prolonged the soft passes or *attouchemens* by which the magnetic influence was supposed to be communicated. The emotions once begun were soon transmitted to the rest, as we know one hysterical female if affected will induce an attack in all others similarly predisposed in the same apartment. In the midst of this strange scene, entered Mesmer, clothed in a long flowing robe of lilac-coloured silk, richly embroidered with golden flowers, and holding in his hand a long white wand. Advancing with an air of authority and magic gravity, he seemed to govern the life and movements of the individuals in crises. Women panting were threatened with suffocation—they must be unlaced; others tore the walls, or rolled themselves on the ground, with strong spasms in the throat, and occasionally uttering loud shrieks,—the violence of the crises must be moderated. He approached, traced over their bodies certain lines with his wand; they became instantly calm, acknowledged his power, and felt streams of cold or burning vapours through their entire frames according to the directions in which he waved his hand.*

* Ib. p. 478. Rapport des Commissaires chargés par le Roi de l'examen du Magnétisme Animal. Paris 1784, pp. 3—6.

Mesmer now was in a fair way ; he had obtained notoriety, he was the subject of general conversation ; money, which he eagerly coveted, was flowing in on him, and he was even offered a handsome pension and the order of St. Michel, if he had made any real discovery in medicine, and would communicate it to physicians nominated by the king. This scrutiny was exactly what Mesmer most dreaded ; accordingly, in place of accepting the offer, he suddenly affected wonderful magnanimity,—spoke of his disregard of money compared with his love of science, his philanthropy, and his anxiety to have his great discovery acknowledged and patronized by government ; then, breaking off the negotiation, set out abruptly for Spa, where he had the mortification to hear that Deslon had succeeded to his business, and all his emoluments at Paris. To console him for this misfortune, Bergasse, one of his patients, proposed opening a subscription for 100 shares at 100 louis each, the profits of which should be offered to him on condition that he would disclose his secret to the subscribers, who were to have it in their power to make what use they pleased of it. Mesmer readily embraced the proposal and returned to Paris, where the subscription was soon filled ; and, the generosity of the subscribers exceeding their promises, he received no less a sum than 340,000 livres.* Among his pupils were La Fayette, d'Epréménil and M. Bergasse, to whom he was indebted for the whole plan.

Numerous writings now appeared on each side. M. Court de Gébelin, author of the "*Monde Primitif*," professed himself cured by magnetism, became one of its most enthusiastic supporters, but unfortunately dying soon after, revealed to a post-mortem examination that his kidneys were in a complete state of disorganization of long standing, and that therefore the magnetic cure had no existence but in his imagination. The papers noticed the event in these terms : "*M. Court de Gébelin, auteur du Monde Primitif, vient de mourir, guéri par le magnétisme animal.*"† About the same time also, Berthollet, the celebrated chemist, who had gone so far as to become one of Mesmer's pupils, announced in a pithy little advertisement that the whole was a piece of quackery, and it is said even went so far as to threaten his master with a caning for having imposed on him. But it was at length determined that a serious examination should take place, the king directed the attention of the Académie des Sciences to the subject, and a committee of investigation

* Biographie Universelle, tom. xxviii. p. 413. Art. Mesmer

† Du Magnétisme Animal en France, par Bertrand. Paris, 1826.

was appointed,* of which Bailly, Franklin, Lavoisier, and others, were members. Mesmer at once perceived his danger, refused all communication with the commissioners, and absented himself from the inquiry. His presence, however, was not required. M. Deslon, who had long assisted in his practice, known his theory, and produced the same effects, was either more sincere or more silly than his master. He laid open to the commissioners all the proceedings, displayed all his varieties of convulsions, crises and cures, and enabled them to convince themselves and every rational person that Mesmer was a bold charlatan, and Deslon a clever dupe.† Their report, which presents one of the most beautiful examples of judicious experiment and clear logical deduction, has been so often reprinted, and so generally quoted, that it is unnecessary for us to do more than repeat its conclusions.

It shows that there is no proof of the existence of an universal fluid or magnetic power except from its effects on human bodies : that those effects can be produced without passes or other magnetic manipulations ; that those manipulations, alone, are insufficient to produce the effects, if employed without the patient's knowledge ; that therefore *imagination* will, and animal magnetism will not, account for the results produced.

The commissioners also notice the effect of the *attouchemens* in sensitive patients, and of *imitation* in inducing many crises to follow the appearance of the first. Their concluding observation is grave and judicious. “ Le magnétisme n'aura pas été tout-à-fait inutile à la philosophie qui la condamne ; c'est un fait de plus à consigner dans l'histoire des erreurs de l'esprit humain, et une grande expérience sur le pouvoir de l'imagination.”‡

We have now done with Mesmer : this report annihilated him. He retired to his own country to enjoy his ill-gotten booty, and his system took shelter at Busancy with M. de Puységur.

By him somnambulism was discovered and added to the system.

M. Pététin, of Lyons, found that cataleptic patients, whom he considered as in a state of natural somnambulism, could read a book, or taste bon-bons, if laid on their epigastrium. Of this fact, which he called the transport of the senses, he has made a present to the science. The faculty of inspecting the state of one's own inside, or of doing the same favour to another, together with that of foretelling future events, and describing the termina-

* Another committee was appointed at the same time by the Royal Society of Medicine ; as their report agreed with that of the committee appointed by the Académie, it is unnecessary we should further allude to it.

† It is a reflexion of Cabanis, “ qu'il est des erreurs dont les hommes d'esprit sont seuls susceptibles.”

‡ Mémoires de l'Académie des Sciences, &c. 1784, p. 15.

tion of the disease, must, we believe, rank amongst M. de Puységur's discoveries.

But the Revolution came, and men had no time to regard these puerile absurdities. Animal magnetism returned to its native soil, Germany, where it has since continued to thrive.* Some few exhibitions of the kind also occurred in England. De Louthembourg, the painter, fancied himself commissioned to cure diseases, which he did by the touch, much after the manner of Greatrakes. An account of his miracles was published in 1789, under this title, "A List of new Cures performed by Mr. and Mrs. de Louthembourg, of Hammersmith Terrace, without medicine. By a Lover of the Lamb of God. Dedicated to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury." This "lover of the lamb of God" was, we understand, an ill-favoured woman called Mary Pratt;—those who are anxious about her work will find it in the British Museum.

Perkins's metallic tractors made their appearance here about the year 1798.† They belong rather to mineral than animal magnetism. However, they received their coup-de-grace from Dr. Haygarth, who made himself some very neat wooden tractors, which, being painted to resemble the metallic, performed exactly the same cures, of which he published a full account in his work called "Of the Imagination, as a Cause and Cure of Disorders, exemplified by fictitious Tractors," Bath, 1800. Since that time, England has been free from any attempt to revive the subject up to the recent publication and translation of the French report. In France it maintained a dubious sort of existence under the auspices of M. de Puységur, who, being of a charitable disposition, and feeding as well as magnetising his patients, was always sure to have them in sufficient numbers. To operate on each individual would have been rather tedious and troublesome, so he ordered these matters better by magnetising an old elm-tree in the market-place, from the branches of which he hung a number

* Our limits prevent us from noticing more fully the progress of the science in Germany. Compelled to choose, we have preferred following the French school, as their experiments have been more recent, and the results are authenticated by the report of a committee expressly appointed to observe them. If these results fail in establishing facts or theories, it can neither be attributed to want of time, the committee having continued their investigations for nearly six years, nor to want of skill in the operators, who included the first magnetists in Paris.

† An account of their effects was published in 1799, containing "the Experiments of surgeons Herholdt and Rafn, of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Copenhagen," together with "Reports of 150 Additional Cases in England, by Benjamin Douglas Perkins of Leicester Square." The object of this work may be readily understood from the following little note, p. 32:—

"In obstinate cases the tractors should be employed at least three times a day, but this cannot be accomplished in an hospital unless it possesses many sets of the tractors."

Perkins had a patent for the tractors, and sold them at five guineas the pair.

of ropes to serve as conductors of the fluid. A gentleman who went down from Paris to witness this exhibition, found more than a hundred and fifty people assembled round the tree in different states of excitement; none of them, however, ventured to fall into a crisis, until one had gone up to the chateau to ask leave, and came back with a fresh charge of the fluid, which soon produced a general commotion. The population of the neighbourhood was found to be more improved by these assemblages than the health or morality of its inhabitants.*

The proceedings of magnetism had been much simplified; baquets and wands and strong pressure on different parts had been relinquished, and with those died away, in a great measure, the violent crises and strong convulsive attacks which were consequent on their use. A mode of operating more dreamy—more purely addressed to the imagination—had been adopted, and with the change in mode came a change in results—somnambulism was developed. As if to prove beyond doubt its direct dependance on the imagination, the Abbé Faria found a still simpler method of producing it. He placed the patient on a sofa, begging him to close his eyes and collect himself, then, all at once, he pronounced, in a strong commanding voice, the word “Dormez:” the effect was generally a slight convulsion through the body of the patient, heat, transpiration, and even sometimes somnambulism. If the first attempt did not succeed, he submitted the patient to a second, a third, and even a fourth; after which he declared him incapable of being acted on.†

Little more remains to be told of its history. In 1813 M. Deleuze published his *Histoire critique du Magnétisme Animal*, which, affecting a grave, philosophic tone, deprived the matter of the only merit it ever had—that of being amusing. Some periodicals devoted to the subject appeared, but their existence was almost ephemeral. There were in succession the *Annales du Magnatisme Animal*, the *Bibliothèque du Magnatisme Animal*, and last of all *L'Hermès, Journal du Magatisme Animal*, edited by two ladies (Mme. Lévi and Mme. Fouchard), which finally expired with the year 1829.

M. Dupotet, in 1826, published his *Expériences sur le Mag. An.*; in the same year appeared M. Bertrand's work, with this singular annunciation, “Je crois aux phénomènes du somnambulisme, et j'écris ce livre pour prouver que le magnétisme est une pure chimère.” M. Rostan wrote an article in its favour in the *Nouveau Dictionnaire de Médecine*, chiefly remarkable for the strength and the generality of its assertions. M. Georget in-

* “Lettre à l'Intendant de Soissons,” published by M. Montègre in his “Recueil des pièces importantes,” pp. 28—32. Paris, 1812.

† Bertrand, *Du Magnét. An.* p. 247.

sented a chapter on the subject in his *Physiologie du Système Nerveux*, evincing an equal dislike to detail. This young writer was possessed of a most brilliant imagination, but died before he attained any maturity of judgment. He was first a materialist, then a magnetist; he wrote a *Traité de la Folie*, which was much praised; yet perhaps the nature of the subject, compared with the author's career, may suggest to some of our readers Byron's unlucky lines—

“ That all who view the idiot in his glory,
Conceive the bard the hero of the story.”

The last act of the magnetic drama was the obtaining from the *Académie Royale de Médecine* a committee to inquire into new proofs, which it was asserted could be advanced. The nomination of the committee took place February 28, 1826, and its report was read June 21, 1831.

The members who originally composed it were MM. Bourdois, Double, Itard, Gueneau de Mussy, Guersent, Fouquier, Laennec, Leroux, Magendie, Marc, and Thillaye. Of these MM. Magendie and Double declined acting; Laennec resigned from ill health, and was succeeded by M. Husson, to whom we are indebted for drawing up the present Report.*

The proceedings of this committee, involving an experimental inquiry into the new proofs of animal magnetism, will more properly come under our second head, to which we now proceed.

II. Examination of proofs.

At our first step in this part of our subject, we are met by the fact, that a great number of persons, witnesses of magnetic experiments, have declared their belief in the existence of a magnetic power. We naturally inquire, then, by what means this belief has been arrived at, and how we may attain the same conviction? The answer shall be from the pen of M. Deleuze, “the Nestor of Animal Magnetism,” as we find him denominated in the *Hermès*.

“The only real and solid conviction is that which results from our own experience. The way, then, to be convinced of the existence of Animal Magnetism is to magnetise! †

“The exercise of magnetism requires,

“An active desire to do good.

“A firm belief in its power.

* Mr. Colquhoun, in the title-page of, and throughout his translation of this Report, has made a serious mistake in styling it that of “the Committee of the Medical Section of the French Royal Academy of Sciences.” The “*Académie Royale de Médecine*” is quite unconnected with the “*Académie des Sciences*”; it may be considered the successor of the old “*Société Royale de Médecine*,” the new designation only dates from 1820.

† Hist. Crit. du Mag. An., vol. i. p. 53.

"An entire confidence in employing it.

"The desire depends on yourself. The belief you have not yet, 'mais vous pouvez mettre votre âme dans l'état où elle serait si vous croyiez.' It is sufficient to repel all doubts, desire success, and act with simplicity and attention.*

"Forget for a time all your knowledge of physics and metaphysics; remove from your mind all objections that may occur.†

"Imagine that it is in your power to take the malady in your hand and throw it to one side.‡

"Allow your patients at the same time to use proper remedies.§

"Never magnetise before inquisitive persons."||

But we were near omitting the best of all.—

"Do not reason for six weeks after you have commenced the study."¶

Really M. Deleuze is very modest; he only asks a man to resign his reason, imagine an absurdity, forget his knowledge, commence with credulity, and then promises him that he shall end with belief.

M. Deleuze may be the "Nestor of Animal Magnetism," but he is undoubtedly the Thersites of common sense. And is it not an almost irresistible argument, *à priori*, against the whole system, that such preliminaries to its reception are declared necessary by one universally cried up as its sagest and most philosophic defender?

Perhaps there are some men who consider that the sacrifice of their reason would be repaid by a belief in Animal Magnetism; certainly there are others who will think with us, that "*le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*" For the former a royal road to faith lies open by following M. Deleuze's directions; for the latter, we proceed to inquire whether any hopes remain in the new experiments made to force conviction upon every mind.

And, let it be remarked, these experiments have been made under the most favourable circumstances.

The committee were patient, attentive, and so far from being prejudiced against the system, that we shall show them to have admitted some of its conclusions on most inadequate proofs.

Their sittings lasted upwards of five years, during which time it was publicly known that experiments were being made, and attention was paid by the committee to every proposal coming from the magnetists, even when involving the most ridiculous absurdities, as in the case of the woman under the care of M. Chapelain, mentioned at page 141 of the Report.**

* Hist. Crit. du Mag. An., vol. i. p. 58.

† Ib. p. 59.

‡ Ib. p. 59.

§ Ib. p. 60.

|| Ib. p. 60.

¶ Ib. p. 57.

** As the Académie declined publishing M. Husson's "Rapport," of which only a few copies for the use of the members were struck off, we make our references to Mr. Colquhoun's translation, which alone can be accessible to our readers.

The magnetic operations were conducted by MM. Foissac, Dupotet, Chapelain, and others, whose skill no one will think of disputing.

All effects, therefore, claimed for Animal Magnetism by its partisans, beyond those which they attempted to demonstrate on this occasion, we leave as unworthy of notice. If they exclaim against this, our reply is—why have you not shown them?

The committee was appointed at the instance of M. Foissac, a young physician and magnetist, who, tired of obscurity, had determined to attract attention to his proceedings. In order to this, he wrote to the Académie, reminding them that, since the formal condemnation of his art by the Report of 1784, a new fact had been discovered, somnambulism, of the extraordinary nature of which he declared himself able to afford them proof through means of a female patient, then under his care. His account of what she, in common with other somnambulists, could do, is so extraordinary, that we copy the part of his letter referring to this, which, strange to say, is neither given in the Report nor in Mr. Colquhoun's introductory matter.

"Somnambulists," he asserts, "by laying the hand successively on the head, the chest, and the abdomen of a stranger, immediately discover his maladies, with the pains and different alterations thereby occasioned; they indicate besides whether the cure is possible, easy or difficult, near or remote, and what means should be employed to attain this result by the readiest and surest way. In this examination they never depart from the avowed principles of sound medicine. I go farther, *leurs inspirations tiennent du génie qui animait Hippocrate*!"

He then invites the Académie to go into any hospital and choose persons affected with any disease, acute or chronic, simple or complex, and offers to guarantee that in all cases his somnambulists would discover the disease with certainty, and treat it with propriety. "*Les somnambules, j'en reponds, feront briller leur sagacité en raison des difficultés.*"

That the Académie should have taken any notice of such glaring absurdities is to us the source of much wonder; we should as soon have expected our College of Physicians to attend to the vapourings of St. John Long, or the paid-for certificates of some man with a cholera specific. The Académie, however, did appoint a committee to inquire into M. Foissac's assertions; before this committee M. Foissac produced his somnambulist; and by this committee we find it reported that the somnambulist failed in exhibiting *any one* of the phenomena which M. Foissac had pledged himself to produce!* We do not wish to impute bad faith to M.

* Report, p. 111.

Foissac, but shall admit the more courteous explanation that his judgment, if ever he had any, was completely overpowered by his enthusiasm and imagination: this, however, is a sufficient evidence with what caution we should receive even the most positive assertions of magnetic experiment-makers, unless supported by the testimony of impartial witnesses.

And here is the first proof that the committee were prejudiced rather in favour of, than against, magnetism. In place of calling on M. Foissac to fulfil his promise, or at once closing the session and reporting that he had failed in performing what he had undertaken, they set about framing excuses for his failure, saying that "*they* were inexperienced, distrustful, and perhaps impatient." What! we knew indeed that the magnetist should be experienced, and, according to M. Deleuze, credulous; but are those qualifications also necessary in a witness or observer? We must henceforth be careful what we receive from men who supposed that a miracle was not wrought, "because of their unbelief."

The committee next commenced hunting after proofs in hospitals, in the houses of the patients of magnetisers, *in the houses of the magnetisers themselves*. Thus, "M. de Geslin wrote to inform the committee that he had at his disposal a somnambulist, Mlle. Couturier, residing in the same house with himself," (p. 139); "M. Chapelain informed the committee that a woman of twenty-four years of age residing in his house," &c. (p. 141); "M. Dupotet presented to the committee M. Petit, an old patient," (p. 144); he also produced Mlle. Sanson, whom he had magnetised six years before, (p. 147). The evident facility of collusion thus afforded could not escape even the obtuse perceptions of the committee, and they hasten to assure us that they had taken measures to guard against all connivance, "*unless* it can be supposed that a man of honesty and integrity, as we have always found M. Foissac, could enter into a conspiracy with another, devoid of education and knowledge, to deceive us.* We confess that we could never entertain an idea so injurious to the one or the other; and we must render the same justice to MM. Dupotet and Chapelain, of whom we have repeatedly had occasion to speak in this Report."†

Was there ever a sentence so truly absurd? They guarded themselves against all collusion "*unless*" that which might take place between the magnetiser and his patient, the *only* collusion in short which could occur; *here* they trusted themselves to the

* Rapport, p. 58. We do not quote Mr. Colquhoun's translation here, because we do not think "*à moins que*" well rendered by "*even if*."

† Report, p. 176.

honour and faith of the magnetiser, of whom "they could entertain no unworthy suspicions." But to show that they had not only suspicions, but *certainty*, they state as their twelfth conclusion, "That somnambulism itself may be feigned and furnish to quackery the means of deception,"* and in support of this conclusion, they refer to three cases, which we find classed together, pp. 137—141, one operated on by M. de Geslin, one by M. Dupotet and one by M. Chapelain, between which gentlemen and their patients we therefore suppose the "quackery" and "deception" may be fairly divided. From such a committee what was not to be expected! They had truly a "*robuste foi*," as M. Dubois happily terms it, and their reasoning was as clumsy as their credulity was gross. The first instance we have of this is in their classification of cases, made, as they inform us, "according to the more or less conspicuous degree of the magnetic action recognised in each."

Only look at the classes *said* to be formed on this principle.

"I. Magnetism has no effect upon persons in a state of sound health, nor upon some diseased persons.

"II. In others, its effects are slight.

"III. These effects are sometimes produced by *ennui*, by monotony, by the imagination.

"IV. We have seen them developed independently of these last causes, most probably as the effect of magnetism alone."†

Now, with respect to the first class, we beg to ask, whether "magnetic action" is "more or less conspicuous" where "magnetism produces *no* effects?"

With respect to the second, is it not asserted, (Conclus. 7. p. 193,) that what are here termed "slight magnetic effects," cannot be attributed to magnetism alone, but may be explained *without the intervention of a particular agent*?"

The third speaks of magnetic effects *produced* by *ennui*, monotony or imagination! This sets all our ideas of causation at defiance. The fourth class includes magnetic effects produced by a magnetic power, and as this is at least intelligible and involves the existence of such a thing as a magnetic power—the very point at which we want to arrive—our future notice must be confined to this class.

The two first cases in which, as the committee declare, "it would have been difficult not to admit magnetism as the cause of the phenomena," are the following:—

"A child of twenty-eight months, subject, like its father, of whom we shall have occasion to speak in the sequel, to attacks of epilepsy, was

* Report, p. 194. † Ib. p. 120.

magnetised in the house of M. Bourdois, by M. Foissac, upon the 6th of October, 1827. Almost immediately after the commencement of the treatment, the child rubbed its eyes, bent its head to one side, supported it upon one of the cushions of the sofa where we had placed it, yawned, appeared agitated, scratched its head and its ears, seemed to contend against the approach of sleep, and soon rose, if we may be allowed the expression, grumbling. We magnetised it again; but as there appeared, this time, no symptom of drowsiness, we terminated the experiment.

"There occurred to us a similar case of a deaf and dumb lad, eighteen years of age, who had long been subject to very frequent attacks of epilepsy, and upon whom M. Itard wished to try the effects of magnetism. This young man was magnetised fifteen times by M. Foissac. We need scarcely say here that the epileptic attacks were entirely suspended during the sittings, and that they did not return until eight months afterwards; a circumstance unprecedented in the history of his disease; but we shall observe that the appreciable phenomena exhibited by this young man during the treatment were a heaviness of the eyelids, a general numbness, a desire to sleep, and sometimes *vertigo*."—pp. 130, 131.

On these cases the committee reason thus—

"These cases appeared to your committee to be altogether worthy of remark. The two individuals who formed the subject of them,—the one a child of twenty-eight months, the other a deaf and dumb lad,—were ignorant of what was done to them. The one, indeed, was not in a state capable of knowing it; and the other never had the slightest idea of magnetism. Both, however, were sensible of its influence; and most certainly it is impossible, in either case, to attribute this sensibility to the imagination."—p. 132.

Now that a child of twenty-eight months old had not much imagination we admit; but that he experienced any effects which evinced a magnetic power we distinctly deny, and wonder that any man in his senses can be found to assert. A poor little child is brought in, laid on the cushion of a sofa, surrounded by grave-looking men in black, one of whom waves his hands in a mysterious way before its face; and what does the poor little child? It rubs its eyes, yawns, scratches its head and ears, grumbles and runs away. And this is magnetism! No—we showed before that Greatrakes failed in curing children by his touch, the Report of 1784 noticed the same fact respecting M. Deslon's manipulations, and M. Foissac seems not to have been slow in appreciating this truth and discovering that children would do but little credit to his magnetic powers, as this is the only one we find operated on during the whole session of the committee.

But the assertion "that it is impossible to attribute any of the effects to imagination in the lad, *because* he was deaf and dumb," is to us a most startling absurdity. Is it meant to be asserted that because he was deaf and dumb, *therefore* he could not see M.

Foissac's manipulations; or that seeing them he had no imagination on which they could act? We really do not know which of the assertions would be most ridiculous, particularly when we remember that M. Itard, one of the committee, was physician to a deaf and dumb institution, where he could not fail to have hourly proofs that the "poetic sense" was by no means wanting in them. We have ourselves the pleasure of being acquainted with an engraver who, though deaf and dumb, has never been accused of any lack of imagination, and we doubt not that several of our readers in visiting Windsor Castle have had pointed out to them a picture painted by a deaf-and-dumb artist.

The observation "*we need scarcely say here* that the epileptic fits were entirely suspended during the sittings, and that they did not return until eight months afterwards," is to us equally unintelligible. The obvious insinuation is that such was an uniform result of magnetic power. To refute this we merely refer to their own report of the case of Pierre Cazot.

So much for the cases that were to prove the existence of a magnetic power. Now for those that are to present us with "the first appearance of somnambulism, and the first traces of the expression of a commencement of intelligence."*

They are five in number and fortunately will bear abbreviation. Mlle. Delaplane was magnetised by M. Foissac, and fell asleep at the end of eight minutes. At the second sitting she answered by affirmative and negative motions of the head. At the third she gave us to understand that in two days she would speak and point out the nature and seat of her complaint. She was magnetised four times after, and *never once spoke*.†

Baptiste Chamet was magnetised by M. Dupotet, and fell asleep at the end of eight minutes. As he seemed to suffer pain, he was asked what ailed him, when he pointed with his hand to his breast. He was again asked what part that was, and replied *his liver*.‡

Mlle. Martineau magnetised by M. Dupotet. In her sleep she said she did not see the persons present, but that she heard them. No one was speaking at the time. She said she would not recover until she was purged with manna and English pills;—she got no manna but had some pills of crumb of bread, which operated very well. She said she should awake after five or ten minutes sleep; and did not awake for sixteen or seventeen. She announced that on a certain day she would give us a detailed account of the nature of her complaint; and when the day arrived she told us nothing. *In short, she was at fault every time*.§

Mlle. Couturier, patient of M. de Geslin, was by him an-

* Report, p. 137.

† Ib. p. 136.

‡ Ib. p. 137.

§ Ib. p. 139.

nounced to be able to read his thoughts or execute his mental orders. To ascertain this, the committee went to M. Geslin's house, where Mlle. Couturier was set to sleep. One of the committee then wrote on a slip of paper the words, "Go and sit down upon the stool in front of the piano," and gave the paper to M. de Geslin. He, having conceived this mentally, *told* the somnambulist to do that which he required of her. She rose from her place, and going up to the clock, said *it was twenty minutes past nine!* She made nine other mistakes, and as the Report says, "to sum up all, did not fulfil any of the promises which had been made to us?"*

The fifth case is inimitably ludicrous,† but unfortunately contains some details which must exclude it from our pages. M. Dubois, however, has not been under such restraint, and will certainly exercise the risible faculties of his readers. Suffice it to say, that as in the other four cases a foolish woman made a foolish prophecy, which of course was never fulfilled.

And these five cases, the committee tell us, showed "the first traces of the expression of a commencement of intelligence"!

With some little inconsistency they next say that in these instances somnambulism was feigned, and proceed to inquire whether any sure test existed by which they could ascertain when the patient was really somnambulant. M. Dupotet, to whom they applied in this difficulty, answered that there was. "He undertook, and we have his promise to this effect under his own hand, to produce at pleasure, and out of sight of those individuals whom he had placed in a state of somnambulism, convulsive motions in any part of their bodies by merely directing his finger towards that part. These convulsions he looked on as an unequivocal sign of the existence of somnambulism."‡

If this be so, somnambulism was not reserved for Puységur to discover, as this was identically the very first experiment shown by Mesmer to Ingenhousz on Mlle. Oesterline. Let us see how far M. Dupotet redeemed his *written* promise, for we are beginning to learn the value of these things from a magnetist.

"Your committee took advantage of the presence of Baptiste Chamet, already mentioned (page 136), to make experiments upon him, for the purpose of elucidating this question. Accordingly, M. Dupotet having

* Report, p. 139.

† In translating this case, which however he does not give at length, Mr. Colquhoun makes the curious mistake of rendering "le lendemain 15, à onze heures du soir," by "the next day at fifteen minutes from eleven." Looking at first at the translation, we were inclined to suspect some mistake in the experiment, as the committee did not go until within five minutes of eleven; the text, however, shows at once that fifteen refers to the day of the month.

‡ Report, p. 142.

placed this person in a state of somnambulism, directed the point of his fingers towards those of Chamet, or approximated them with a metallic rod: *no convulsive effect* was produced. A finger of the magnetiser was again directed towards those of the patient, and there was perceived, in the fore and middle fingers of *both* hands, a slight motion similar to that produced by the galvanic pile. Six minutes afterwards, the finger of the magnetiser, directed towards the left wrist of the patient, impressed upon it a complete convulsive motion; and the magnetiser then informed us, that in five minutes *he should do all that he pleased with this man*. M. Marc, then, placing himself behind the patient, indicated that the magnetiser should endeavour to act upon the fore-finger of the *right* hand: he directed his own fore-finger towards this part, and the convulsions took place in the *left*, and in the thigh of the same side. At a later period, the fingers were directed towards the toes, but *no effect* was produced. Some anterior manipulations were performed. MM. Bourdois, Guersent and Gueneau de Mussy successively directed their fingers towards those of the patient, which became contracted at their approach. At a later period, motions were perceived in the left hand, towards which, however, no finger was directed. Finally, we suspended all our experiments, in order to ascertain whether the convulsive motions did not take place when the patient was not magnetised; *and these motions were renewed, but more feebly*."—pp. 142, 143.

Will any one say this is performing what was promised? Yet the committee seem to hold that the certainty of somnambulism is established,—that the existence of a magnetic power is established. We have gone through all the experiments, and it bewilders our poor understanding to find the proof of either.

The next point is to ascertain the faculty termed *clairvoyance*; for this also they had M. Dupotet's word. He asserted that the somnambulist would be able to choose, with his eyes shut, a certain coin out of twelve others. The experiment was made, and M. Petit (the somnambulist) chose the *wrong one*.^{*} He was then tried with the hands of a watch and "twice consecutively was mistaken." At a subsequent sitting he was able to make out a word here and there in a book,[†] and to tell the colour and figures of cards.[‡] All this time his eyelids appeared closed, but a bandage put over them at once interrupted his vision,[§] as did also a sheet of paper interposed between his eyes and the object to be perceived.^{||} The ball of his eye was observed to be constantly moving in the direction of the object.[¶]

From which it is clear that the *voluntary* muscles were in full action;—and that M. Petit saw with his eyes and not by means of any new sense, as supposed in the legends told by Messrs. Pététin and Rostan, of people reading through their epigastrium or

^{*} Report, p. 153.

[§] Ib. p. 154.

[†] Ib. p. 155.

^{||} Ib. p. 153.

[‡] Ib. p. 156.

[¶] Ib. p. 156.

telling the hour on a watch placed at their occiput. The committee neglect saying whether M. Petit brought the objects *under* his eyes,* so that by a slight and momentary opening in the midst of many efforts, which he generally made, he might catch a word in a book or the colour of a card. It is clear that he saw a large object more perfectly than a small. On the whole, we think we have seen a better trick at Bartholomew fair.† We suppose then we are to say “this faculty is established,” as Mr. Combe does when he has finished a dissertation on an organ.”‡

But we fear our readers are getting tired of these scenes of never-varying stolidity, and we hasten to announce that there are but three cases more, the first two of which we shall give as briefly as possible; on the last we must dwell a little longer, as it is the only example in which it is attempted to be shown that the somnambulist could see into the bodies of others.

Paul Villagrand had apoplexy followed by paralysis of the left side. He was admitted into hospital April 8, 1827, and treated by bleedings, purgatives, and blisters, with alcoholic extract of nux vomica. Under this treatment he was improving; he was able to walk with the aid of crutches, his head-aches were gone, his left arm had gained a little strength, when (August 29) he was magnetised for the first time by M. Foissac. He became a somnambulist, and thereupon took to prescribe for himself. He showed, however, much discretion in the use of his new faculty; for though he announced that he could not be cured but by means of magnetism, he did by no means neglect what he found was doing him good, but ordered a continuation of the nux vomica, with sinapisms and Barèges’ baths. Finding himself improved in strength, he thought this a good opportunity for showing off

* In one case it is distinctly mentioned that this was the fact: “A passport was placed *under* his eyes.”—p. 155.

† M. Dubois, who has often witnessed those pretended attempts at reading or distinguishing objects with the eyes shut, gives the following account of them. “Somnambulists never distinguish an object at once on its being presented to them. They take it in their hands, feel it, turn it about in different directions, approach it to their eyes, and at length, *after* many attempts often unsuccessful, they catch at a glance two words, sometimes three, rarely four or five, then declare they have need of rest, this exercise being, as the magnetisers gravely announce, extremely fatiguing.”—*Examen*, p. 72.

‡ An amusing circumstance has lately come to light, as connected with Mr. Combe’s work. It will be recollected by any one who has read it, and a more entertaining work on phrenology does not exist, how often he supports his views by drawings of Raphael’s skull compared with the skulls of people noted for deficiency in imaginative and pictorial talent. Mr. Scott also took up the subject, and, in an extremely ingenious and well-written paper, published in the *Phrenological Journal*, vol. ii. p. 327, traced the minutest shades of Raphael’s character and disposition in the protuberances of this same skull. It now appears the skull no more belonged to Raphael than it did to Judas Iscariot! Raphael’s tomb was opened the other day, and his skeleton found perfect, *skull and all*.

the new talent called *prévision*, and therefore prophesied that on a certain day he should walk without crutches, a prophecy which he took good care to accomplish, "to the great surprise of the other patients, who had hitherto constantly seen him confined to bed,"* says the Report; though, how a man who used to walk about on crutches† can be said to be constantly confined to bed, is another point which in no slight degree perplexes us. A short time after, seeing that all matters were going on well, Paul thought it very safe to declare that he would be quite well by the end of the year. He still continued his medicines, with occasional setons, cauteries, &c., until towards the close of the year, when he thought it would be proper to complete his cure by a strong dose of magnetism. Accordingly "he was magnetised upon the 25th December, and continued in a state of somnambulism until the 1st of January!"‡ What! slept eight whole days without eating! Oh, by no means, gentle reader,—he was regularly awoke to be fed, ate with a good appetite, digested well, walked about arm-in-arm with M. Foissac, ran, leaped, performed feats of strength, and recognized his old friends;§ in short, as M. Dubois pithily observes, "his sleep existed no where but in the brains of the commissioners."

The next case will detain us for a very short time. Cazot was an epileptic patient, and showed *prévision*, by foretelling the period at which his next fit would occur. Every one who knows the facility and accuracy with which this disease can be simulated, or who is aware of the effect of a strong impression or prepossession in bringing on a fit, will readily conceive how these prophecies may have been accomplished, without attributing them to any miraculous endowment. His last prophecy, delivered on the 22d April, was, that in nine weeks he should have a fit, in three weeks after go mad, abuse his wife, murder some one, and finally recover in the month of August, after which he was never to have an attack again.|| In two days after uttering this prophecy, he was run over by a cabriolet, from the effects of which accident he died; and our medical readers will judge what chance he had of a final recovery in a few months when they learn that "at the extremity of his plexus choroïdes was a substance, yellow within and white on the outside, containing small hydatids."¶

And now for the great miracle of looking into another person's body, as performed, in the presence of the committee, three several times, by Mlle. Celine Sauvage; and, by the way, the greatest miracles of faith are generally performed by female disciples.

* Report, p. 163.

§ Ib. p. 165, 6.

† Ib. p. 160.

|| Ib. p. 180.

‡ Ib. p. 165.

¶ Ib. p. 186.

Mlle. Celine, however, of whom the Report only informs us that "she had a sweet breath,"* omitting all notice of her age, temperament, previous state, habitude of being magnetised, by whom magnetised, and therefore how far collusion was probable, Mlle. Celine, we say, was thrown into a state of somnambulism before the committee, "and it was while sunk in this state that the committee recognized in her three times the faculty of discoursing upon the diseases of other persons whom she touched, and of pointing out the appropriate remedies."†

The first trial of skill was made on M. Marc, one of the committee.

"She applied her hand to his forehead, and to the region of the heart, and in the course of three minutes she said, that the blood had a tendency to the head; that, *at that moment*, M. Marc had pain on the left side of this *cavity*; that he often felt an oppression, especially after having eaten; that he must often have a slight cough; that the lower part of the breast was gorged with blood; that something impeded the alimentary passage; that this part (pointing to the region of the xiphoid cartilage) was contracted.

"We were anxious to learn from M. Marc whether he experienced all that this somnambulist had announced. He told us that, in reality, he felt an oppression *when he walked* upon leaving the table; that, as she announced, he frequently had a cough; and that, *before* this experiment, he *had* felt pain in the left side of the head, but that he was *not* sensible of any impediment in the alimentary passage."—p. 184.

"And," say the committee, "we were struck with this analogy between the feelings of M. Marc and the announcement of Mlle. Celine!" Analogy, truly! M. Marc, for whose *personnel* we are indebted to M. Dubois, is a fat, puffy little man, with a yellowish tint, and a short neck. What wonderful sagacity, then, in Mlle. Celine to say that he had occasionally "a little cough," and must feel an oppression after a heavy meal! But when she leaves these vague generalities, she is all in error. M. Marc, she announces, "has, *at this moment*, a pain in the left side of his *cavity*" (meaning thereby his head): M. Marc, called on to verify this statement, replies, "that *before* the experiment he *had* felt a pain." The lady adds, "something impedes your alimentary passage:" the sage replies, "I am not sensible of any impediment." Analogy, quotha!

The next case is that of a young lady who had been dropsical for two years. Her mesenteric glands were also much enlarged, so as to be easily felt externally. She had been punctured ten or twelve times by M. Dupuytren, and a considerable quantity of water drawn off each time. It is well known that M. Dupuytren

* Report, p. 183.

† Ibid.

is in the habit of mentioning at lecture such remarkable cases as occur to him in practice; he could scarcely fail to have spoken of this. Had Mlle. Celine ever heard of the case in this way through M. Foissac her patron? We cannot answer that question; but we can state, that she gave the identical diagnosis (with additions), and prescribed the identical treatment, which M. Dupuytren had done before.* Her additions were "pouches containing worms," and "at the bottom of the stomach, *in its interior*, a gland of the thickness of three of her fingers." We should be glad to know what gland this was. However, the diagnosis was never verified, for "the body was not opened."†

And this is offered us as proof.

The last case is equally weak and inconclusive. M. Husson's report of it is as follows.

"Upon an occasion of great delicacy, when very able physicians, several of whom are members of the academy, had prescribed a mercurial treatment for an obstruction (*engorgement*) of the glands of the neck, which they attributed to a syphilitic taint, the family of the patient under this treatment, alarmed at the appearance of some serious consequences, wished to have the advice of a somnambulist. The reporter was called in to assist at a consultation; and he did not neglect to take advantage of this new opportunity of adding to what the committee had already seen. He found a young married woman, Madame La C——, having the whole right side of the neck deeply obstructed by a great congeries of glands close upon each other. One of them was opened, and emitted a yellowish purulent matter.

"Mlle. Celine, whom M. Foissac magnetised in presence of the reporter, placed herself in connection with this patient, and affirmed that the stomach had been attacked by a substance *like poison*; that there was a slight inflammation of the intestines; that, in the upper part of the neck, on the right side, there was a scrofulous complaint, which ought to have been more considerable than it was at present; that, by following a soothing treatment, which she prescribed, the disease would be mitigated in the course of fifteen days or three weeks."—pp. 187, 188.

Now let us fill up the deficiencies in the above report. A lady had enlarged glands of the neck; she was placed on mercurial treatment, which was followed by "some serious consequences." What these consequences were we are left to guess. Suppose them to be the most common results of an ill-judged administration of mercury, viz. irritation or inflammation of the lining membrane of the stomach and bowels, attended with occasional vomiting, diarrhœa, and of course tenderness on pressure over the

* Neither was this an accidental coincidence in prescribing an ordinary remedy. The prescription, as originally given by M. Dupuytren, the prescription as repeated by Mlle. Celine, was "*the milk of a goat which had been rubbed with mercurial ointment*"!

† Report, p. 187.

affected parts. Well—the family, alarmed, wish to have the *advice of a somnambulist*. Whether this notable expedient was suggested by a magnetist or antimagnetist, we need scarcely stop to inquire. M. Husson, of the committee, *is sent for* in consultation, and meets M. Foissac and Mlle. Celine. This latter is magnetised, applies her hand over different parts of the patient, and announces three facts:

1st. “That the stomach had been attacked by a substance *like poison*” (mercury?)

2d. “That there was a slight inflammation of the intestines,” (diarrhœa?)

3d. “That in the upper part of the neck, on the right side, there was a *scrofulous complaint*.”

Now, is there any announcement here that M. Foissac could not have made, after a minute’s previous examination, or even from hearing the history of the case?

Did Mlle. Celine learn from M. Foissac that enlarged glands of the neck constituted a “*scrofulous complaint*,” or had she this *term* also by direct inspiration?

But, for the proof of her prophecy. The patient died, the body was examined, and three facts ascertained.*

1st. “The mucous lining of the great end of the stomach almost entirely destroyed;” a simple result of inflammation.

2d. “Scrofulous or enlarged glands in the neck;” this was as well known during lifetime, when one of them was opened.

3d. “Two small cavities full of pus, proceeding from *the tubercles at the top of each of the lungs*!” What! is it possible that the patient had tubercular phthisis, and that Mlle. Celine never saw or mentioned it, because M. Foissac’s attention was not drawn to this point by any thing in the history of the case?

From the whole narrative one of two conclusions is necessary: either Mlle. Celine derived her information in some such way as we have pointed out, which is at once simple, natural, and probable; or she obtained it by the new sense—by special revelation; and of these conclusions the committee adopt THE LATTER!

III. *An inquiry into its practical utility*, we had proposed as the third part of our article on Animal Magnetism.

“Le Magnétisme Animal peut bien exister sans être utile, mais il ne peut être utile s’il n’existe pas.” Under this plea we might have excused ourselves from saying any thing on this head; but though Animal Magnetism does not exist, there can be no doubt

* Report, p. 189. As our copy is imperfect, we are here obliged to rely on Mr. Colquhoun’s translation, which we hope is correct.

of the extraordinary effects which artifice and imposture may produce on enfeebled intellects and overheated imaginations.* We give four authentic proofs of the practical evils that may result from magnetism in this point of view, and they will be found to represent four distinct stages in its history.

1. The commission of 1784, in addition to their published Report, of which we have already spoken, addressed a private memoir† to the king, setting forth the serious injury to public morals consequent on the employment of Animal Magnetism as a remedial agent. They referred to M. Deslon himself, as admitting that a woman in a high state of magnetic excitement was not mistress of her own actions, and was incapable of resisting any attempts on her modesty.

As to its remedial power they state, and this statement is borne out by the Report‡ of the Société Royale de Médecine; “Il n’y a point de guérisons réelles, les traitemens sont fort longs et infructueux.”

2. The effects of M. Puysegur’s somnambulism we have already noticed.

3. M. Pététin states that he had verified his observations respecting the transposition of the senses on no less than eight cataleptic patients. Now that in a very few years he should have seen so many instances of a complaint which is so rare that few physicians see even a single case, will appear extraordinary, until we remember with what facility nervous diseases are propagated by imitation, and how readily a delicate person, predisposed to such an affection, would begin to exhibit any wonderful symptom often spoken of, and much dwelt on in her presence. “On peut donc dire que Pététin créa lui-même autour de lui une *épidémie de catalepsie*.”§

4. To show that magnetism has lost none of its dangerous qualities in the present day, we quote the following from Mr. Russell’s *Tour in Germany*, a book which we always read with renewed pleasure for the accuracy of its facts and the soundness of its observations.

* The results of magnetic treatment have undoubtedly furnished us with new views as to the extent of power possessed by the imagination over our organisation; but as this is not among the points on which its supporters rest its claims to *utility*, we may be excused entering upon it, particularly as it would lead us into the general consideration of the influence of mind on matter—a subject so extensive as to require a volume rather than the few lines we could introduce towards the end of an article which has already grown beyond its intended limits.

† Rapport Secret sur le Mesmérisme, rédigé par Bailly, 1784. To be found in Bertrand, Montègre, and other collections of papers relating to magnetism.

‡ Rapport des Commissaires de la Société Royale de Médecine. Paris, 1784.

§ Bertrand, du Mag. An.

"A melancholy instance of the pernicious results to which this may lead was still the subject of general conversation when I arrived at Berlin. The principal actor in the affair was Dr. W——, the great apostle of the doctrine in Prussia, and moreover a professor in the University. The unfortunate victim was a young lady of very respectable family. She had been led by curiosity to visit the apartments in which the doctor performs the magnetical process on a number of patients, in presence of each other; and it is at once a very decisive and intelligible fact, in that science, that females are found to be the most suitable subjects for its exercise."

Several experiments, which it is unnecessary to repeat, were gone through for her satisfaction.

"The lady departed, still in doubt; but these amusing scenes had so far shaken her original scepticism, that the magician easily prevailed upon her to arrive at certainty, by having the truth displayed in her own person. * * * *

"To the poor girl conviction and ruin came together: a miscreant could find little difficulty in abusing the mental imbecility which must always accompany such voluptuous fanaticism. I cannot enter into the details of the miserable and disgusting circumstances which followed. Excess of villainy brought the whole affair before a court of justice and the Prussian public. It was clear that what was to become the living witness of their guilt had met with foul play, and the enraged father preferred against the professor an accusation of a crime which is next to murder, or rather which threatened a double murder. The judges ordered the recipes of certain medicines which the doctor had administered to the lady to be submitted to three medical gentlemen for their opinion. The report of these gentlemen rendered it impossible to convict Dr. W—— of having used the drugs directly for his infamous purpose; but, as in certain circumstances, their indirect operation would lead to the same issue, the professional persons gave it as their opinion that the professor was bound to explain on what grounds he had administered medicines of a most suspicious class, in circumstances where no prudent medical man would have prescribed them. The man did not choose to do himself this justice; the court did not think there was sufficient evidence to convict him of the direct charges. Professor W—— has lost his character, but retains his chair."—vol. i. p. 102.

Were it not for the occurrence of such scenes as those, we would willingly subscribe to the justice of M. Hoffmann's *mot*: "Ceux qui s'acharnent contre le magnétisme ont bien tort; car, s'il n'est pas vrai, il est au moins bien plaisant."

And with this observation we leave it.

ART. VIII.—*Gallerie zu Shakspeare's Dramatischen Werken. In Umrissen, erfunden und gestochen von Moritz Retzsch. Zweite Lieferung.*—MACBETH. XIII Blätter. Mit C. A. Böttiger's *Andeutungen und den szenischen Stellen des Textes.* (Retzsch's Outlines to Shakspeare. Second Series.—Macbeth. 13 plates.) Leipzig, 1833. Folio.

OUTLINE is drawing without shadow or colour. It is the sculptor's sketch,—the natural language in which he expresses his ideas upon paper. It addresses the eye through the medium of form alone. Its power therefore is the lowest of any in the arts of design, excepting only Silhouette, which has no details, and represents objects, (as it were) in their profile section. Outline admits of the indication of form, substance, distance, and motion. In representing the bas-relief, and even the round figures of sculpture, its capability is almost perfect. All that can be effected by sculpture in addressing the understanding and imagination, may be accomplished by means of outline. The eye is not satisfied by the substantial relief and solidity of the sculptured marble, but it is fascinated by the elegance of contour, and the subtle inflexions of the flowing outline itself. In delineating the forms, composition, and expression of a fine painting too, its powers are wonderful, considering how much of the pictorial effect is lost by the absence of colour and chiaroscuro. A sense of the imperfect and limited power of outline, indeed, is one of the sources of the pleasure it excites. The surprise that so much should be accomplished by means apparently so simple, and the contrast between the scantiness of the labour with the abundance of the fancy displayed, greatly enhance our admiration of the artist's skill. As in the instance of the first slight sketch of the painter, our imagination fills up the imperfect outline with the colours and effects of nature, and embodies the faint indication with the animated realities of life. The trees wave in the breeze, the sun burns in the heavens, or the moon sheds her mild light; the costumes assume the splendours of colour and material; and a picture is formed by fancy in the mind's eye, which surpasses in beauty what the painter himself could realize on the canvas. All these, the artist who traces the delicate outline on the copper with the needle has a share in producing; although the means are not apparent, and scarcely the intention, except to the discriminating eye. Even these indications of pictures have an *ensemble*. The eye is at once struck with a certain effect of the relief of objects, and the gradation of distances, or keeping, as

it is technically termed,—as well as by the beauty of the forms and their arrangement.

Retzsch is the first artist of the present time, who has availed himself of outline to delineate complete pictures, but the practice of it is as old as the origin of drawing. It was the first, and for a time the only mode of delineation. The earliest and greatest of the old painters, Giotto and Cimabue, employed it with wonderful success. They modelled also; and hence their exact knowledge of form, and the power of their outline. Albert Durer's style, more perhaps than that of any other of the great masters, approached the character of outline in the definition of form, and the elaborate making out of details. He left behind him many works in outline. His pictures seem like finished outlines coloured and shadowed afterwards. The discovery of chiaroscuro in painting was an era in the art, from which the prominence of outline in painting dates its decline. Thereafter, the forms of objects were developed by means of light and shade; and the outline became as a mere skeleton or framework of the design, to be clothed by the more attractive beauties of colour and effect. Retzsch has taken the works of his great countryman Albert Durer, the German Raphael, for his model; while he may have derived the hint of the efficacy of pure and simple outline, and adopted the practice of it, from the beautiful designs of Flaxman in illustration of Homer, Hesiod, Dante, &c. Albert Durer is the source of his inspiration. Many of his figures may be traced to his master. From him he learnt to make a painter's use of the capabilities of outline. The painter has far greater and more numerous difficulties to overcome than the sculptor, who designs habitually with reference to the marble, and his outline is more complicated and charged with detail. But for Flaxman's outlines, however, we should not probably have had those of Retzsch. They are utterly dissimilar in their subjects, the mode of treatment, and style of the artist. They have only one quality in common, and that is the use of outline. Flaxman's style is essentially sculptural; Retzsch's pictorial. The compositions of the great English sculptor are severely classical, his manner occasionally pedantic in its simplicity, and his outline rigid. He seemed as if working a problem, to prove by demonstration of how few lines a draped figure might be composed: he resolved drawing into its first elements. The German artist has a fine feeling for ideal beauty in his naked figures, and a sculptural taste for the pure outline of classical forms; but his style is ornate; his outline delicate, free, flowing and various, with subtle inflexions, and revelling in the intricacies of detail. Flaxman's designs be-

long to the Tuscan, Retzsch's to the composite order, if the simile may be allowed. He is not the less original, because Flaxman preceded him, but because Albert Durer supplied him with material and originated his style. Flaxman's designs might be realized in bas-relief; Retzsch's would require alto relievo, and then would need to be translated into the phrase of sculpture.

The first work of Retzsch was his designs from the *Faust* of Goethe, which at once stamped his fame. His Mephistopheles was worthy the phantom creation of Goethe; it is *sui generis*. In face, manner, and costume it is consistent: it stands alone as the evidence of his originality and powers of invention. His Faust and Margaret are, as characters, insipid and characterless. Yet the simple grace of Margaret, the manly elegance of Faust, the innocent frankness of their looks, the refined, yet simple beauty of their attitudes, blending the romantic, the classical, and the natural, all combine to express the sentiment of their poetical creator. Margaret in her quiet bed-chamber, arranging her hair, or admiring the presents of her lover; or passively standing by, her youthful form contrasting with the figure of the old crone; is an emanation of beauty, fragile and graceful as a flower. In the scenes with her lover in the garden, plucking the flower; in the summer-house, meeting his ardent kiss and embrace with the confiding abandonment of a maiden's first love; we feel the want of nothing to realize the poet's description. Where she is seen sitting dejected at her spinning-wheel; or kneeling in an agony of remorse and repentance before the statue of the Virgin; or flung on her face in the prison in the deadly anguish of despair,—in each and all of these the sentiment of passion is expressed: but less by the face, than the form and attitude. If we had a doubt, her look in the last scene, where Faust is leading her out of the prison, would be a convincing proof. Retzsch's forte is the romantic and picturesque. His delineations are eminently graphic. His scenes are dramatic, but not his characters. As regards character, he deals in generalities only. His persons want individuality. His power of expression is limited to the delineation of a general class of emotions, in persons of different sex, age and condition. He can depict a single sentiment or feeling; as grief, joy, rage, love, &c.; but he cannot embody individual character.

In the romantic of Schiller, Retzsch is more at home than in the imaginative creations of Goethe. His illustrations of *Fridolin* are among the most perfect of his works. The modest and youthful air of the page; the commanding elegance of the lady; the gallant form and bearing of her knightly husband; and the picturesque figures of the labourers of the iron foundry, with

their wild, half-savage looks, are admirably depicted. The unity of the story, and the natural progression of the incidents, are well adapted to the purpose of illustration; and the artist has shown great skill and felicity in selecting the best points for delineation. In all his works, but in these especially, you read the story in the pictures. The scene where the villain, who has plotted the destruction of the page, and is ensnared in his own toil, is thrust into the furnace, is wonderful for the truth and vigour of the drawing. You see which muscles are in action, and which in repose. The group is perfect.

The *Fight of the Dragon* is equally picturesque, but the subject is less interesting, and our associations with St. George and the Dragon tend to vulgarize the story. The scene where the knight is in the smith's forge, directing the workmen, is admirable. The action of the workman, who is pointing out what has been done; the intentness of the two men engaged in fitting on the tail of the mock-dragon, and the two others who are looking up from their work, are true to the life. The old man describing his loss, and the startled shepherd, are equally good. In his delineations of age, Retzsch is very happy. His peasants and labourers too are grandly picturesque. Theirs is the wildness of unsophisticated nature. His power of drawing is strikingly shown in them. His knowledge of the human figure and its action seems to be perfect; whether the form is naked or clothed; aerial, as in his spirits and genii; savage and wild, as in his labourers; simple and homely, as in his peasants; elegant and courtly, as in his ladies; or gallant and soldierly, as in his knights. His figures are all firmly planted on their legs in repose, and well balanced in action. His choice of attitudes is felicitous, and they are mostly of the simplest kind. His costumes are picturesque in the highest degree. He flings his loose draperies with that freedom and variety observable in the old painters, and he arranges the folds of close dresses so as to show the play of the limbs beneath. In his accessories he is very inventive, and shows fine taste, especially where the scene is laid in Germany. In his groups you see a skilful adaptation of the sculptural style to pictorial purposes. This, which would be pedantic in a painting, is necessary in an outline. The two lovers in the alcove, in the illustrations of Schiller's *Song of the Bell*, resemble, in the upper part of their forms, the beautiful antique group of Cupid and Psyche. Retzsch does not scruple to avail himself of the creations of sculpture and painting. He adopts them wherever they are appropriate to his purpose. He does not confine himself to the works of Albert Durer. In the Circle of Hours and of Seasons in the *Song of the Bell*, we see some of the forms of Guido. Here again we admire the

action of the workmen carrying billets of wood and bars of metal, and flinging them on the fire, or testing the metal of the bell; and the effusion of joy in the recognition of the long absent son by his parents. In the use of all the "appliances and means" of art Retzsch is accomplished. The war horses and armour of the knight; the costume of the court and the village; dogs, sheep, and cattle, and implements of husbandry, &c.; the furniture of the cottage, and of the baronial castle, are all delineated with equal gusto. He makes his accessories aid in telling the story as well as in describing the locality. The repetition of the interior of Margaret's bed-chamber exactly as before, made her various feelings more strikingly apparent. An artist with less faith in the virtue of simplicity might not have ventured on this iteration. Again, we see the bell in motion, and almost hear its sound, all through the narrative of the events it commemorates. The *Song of the Bell* is the last work of Retzsch, with the exception of the illustrations of *Macbeth*; and it is the most various in its interest, though it has not the passion and intensity of *Faust*, nor the unity and simplicity of *Fridolin*.

We now turn to Retzsch's illustrations of our own great poet, in which he had much greater difficulties to overcome than in any of his preceding attempts. Shakspeare is the most trying touchstone of an artist's powers; for no poet or dramatist that ever wrote impresses so vividly upon the retina of the mind, (so to speak,) the individual character of his creations; and although we cannot define the impression ourselves, a glance satisfies us of the success or failure of the painter who attempts it. It is not the form, complexion, age, feature or costume, but the soul looking out at the eyes, the disposition influencing the bearing, that reveal to us the poet's creations. If the artist thoroughly understands and sympathizes with the ideal character, and has perfect skill in his art, he will be able to embody the heroes and heroines that Shakspeare drew, but not otherwise. That Retzsch has failed, is not extraordinary. Notwithstanding the aid of a literal translation of Shakspeare's Plays into German, and the enlightened criticism of Goethe, Schlegel, and Tieck, Shakspeare cannot be fully understood by him. It is a truism that no author can be thoroughly appreciated by one not intimately conversant with the language in which he writes. How few are there comparatively of our own countrymen who really and completely comprehend the powers and extent of Shakspeare's genius, or perfectly sympathize with his characters! It requires a poet's mind to understand a poet's works. Shakspeare's creations are universal; they belong to all humanity, and are for all time; but it requires a native familiarity with the mode in which their idio-

syncretisms are developed, the familiar illustrations he employs, and even the very accessories of the scene, for these all tend to throw out the character, and insensibly convey the association of ideas in the mind of the poet to that of the reader. The turn of a phrase, the exact meaning of a word, an allusion to national customs, bears upon the passion and feeling of the character. Even at this time, many passages are obscured by our ignorance of the habits and manners of his day. But this is not the only bar to the success of Retzsch as an illustrator of Shakspeare. It did not require the attempt to prove his incapacity to embody individual and mental character. It is not merely because the language in which Shakspeare wrote, and the customs and habits of his country, and the modes of mind of the people are different, that he has failed; but from want of sufficient power of imagination. He never sees deeper than the outside. The vividness of his perception so far is proved by every design he has made. He has a nice apprehension of physical and external character, beauty of form, grace of position, fitness in costume and accessories. His feeling for the picturesque is strong and lively, and he has a bias of taste in favour of the romantic. In these subjects and scenes he is at home. He should have chosen Spenser to illustrate, instead of Shakspeare. The gallant knights, the beauteous virgins, the malevolent beldames, the sprites, and impersonations of passions, would be delicious food for his fancy. He would revel in the beauties and wonders of the enchanted world of the poet. If there is a German translation of Spenser, we hope Retzsch will read it, and he will scarcely be able to help illustrating it. The pictorial beauties of Spenser, especially his rich combinations of colour, which he luxuriates in and paints with words as vividly as Titian or Rembrandt with colours and chiaroscuro, have been set forth in a kindred feeling by a poet of our own day and country, who has set the breathing, glowing pictures of the Fairy Queen in frames of silver for painters to copy from.

Retzsch has as yet illustrated only two of the plays of Shakspeare, *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*. Of the former, the beauties and defects were discussed at sufficient length in an early number of this journal;* the latter, after a long interval of five years, has just made its appearance, with the singularity of a dedication to a deceased royal patron by a deceased publisher, which we think might have been as well suppressed.† In this, as well as in the

* No. IV. p. 697.

† In 1828, Mr. Fleischer had the honour to present a copy of the *Illustrations of Hamlet*, printed on vellum, to King George IV. at Windsor; and in commemoration of that circumstance, his Majesty was pleased to express a wish that the artist should make

Hamlet, we find the same qualities exhibited which Retzsch had taught us to admire; but in this also the artist has proved himself unequal to his task. The supernatural influences in *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* probably led him to select these two plays as the first subjects of his Illustrations. He seems to revel in the visions of the Hartz mountains, with as much enjoyment as in the festivities of the village, and the gaities and gallantries of war and the chase. He has ample scope for his love of demonism and the mystic in *Macbeth*; and inasmuch as there is more of the pageantry of the supernatural world than in *Hamlet*, he had better chance of success. But it is evident that he has not thoroughly comprehended the principal characters; nay, that he has totally misunderstood them. Macbeth is a man naturally of an honest disposition, a brave soldier, and faithful subject, up to the time of the murder. But being imaginative and weak-minded, he is dazzled by his successes and unexpected honors. He indulges in those waking dreams of future greatness, which Shakspeare has shadowed forth in the spells and prophecies of the witches; and is tempted by the fiend Ambition, of which his wife may be said to be an impersonation; he at last commits the murder, almost out of shame at his fearing to do what he had meditated; and he pursues his course of crime out of sheer desperation, and lest he should lose what he had staked his happiness to gain. By the fulfilment of the prophecy, he hopes to justify himself. He is the slave of his weakness, and the tool of his wife's ambition. His remorse begins before he had done the deed; and for the rest of his life he is the prey of his guilty conscience, which hunts him into new crimes. Lady Macbeth, on the contrary, is one with whom ambition is a ruling principle. Her undaunted resolution and strength of purpose are equal to the power of her will and her firmness of nerve. Her physical nature is as hard and insensible, as his is yielding and sensitive. She is a great character, destitute of goodness—a sublime criminal. She merges all consideration of the means in the end to be attained. She is inaccessible to remorse. Her conscience only wakes when her will is impotent, and her senses sleep. The boldness and loftiness of her guilt towers above the reach of fear. She is raised above the little vanities and foibles not only of her sex, but of ordinary human nature. We associate with our ideas of Lady Macbeth, a woman of physical grandeur, with masculine features, and with a commanding air, arising from an instinctive consciousness of natural superiority, as well as from an habitual sense and exercise of power. Hers is a bad nobility of wickedness. Retzsch's

The Merry Wives of Windsor the next subject of his Illustrations. We think that it would have been matter of regret had the suggestion been complied with. The English monarch died in 1830, and the German publisher in 1832.

Lady Macbeth is not the same person throughout. He does not appear to have had any distinct conception of the character or person he intended to delineate. She is at best a subtle, malevolent housewife. His Macbeth too is merely a stalwart chieftain, brutal and ferocious in his aspect—a common-place physical villain: not one whose nature would be troubled with scruples of conscience; or who would pay much heed to the prophetic greeting of the witches. The witches are finely draped, “and look not like the inhabitants of earth;” but their beards and whiskers are too masculine even for these beldames. The artist introduces them finely. They literally “hover through the fog and filthy air” towards the battle. They half-tread the ground, and half-float in the cloud of vapour; and one can fancy the weeds rank and the grass withered beneath their feet. In the scene where they greet Macbeth, the effect would have been more impressive had they been all represented in the same action, “each at once her choppy finger laying upon her skinny lips.” The look of Macbeth is rather more that of defiance than of surprise. Banquo’s look of scrutiny is good, but it would be more appropriate to Macbeth. In the scene before Macbeth’s castle, the guest of summer, “the temple-haunting martlet,” is not forgotten. Like the sweet passage in the play, it makes one almost feel “Heaven’s breath smell wooingly.” Macbeth’s look and attitude in the dagger scene are too studied and theatrical. The “air-drawn dagger,” low to his grasp, and pointing to where Duncan sleeps, is a good idea. His action while stabbing the king, with one hand over the mouth of Duncan, and the other telling that he had that moment driven the dagger into his breast, and his look of terror, are finely portrayed. His hair on end and flaming mustachios, however, are rather excessive. Retzsch is apt to overdo these little aids to effect, out of an extreme love of the picturesque. He is too profuse also in the introduction of phantoms and demons. In this scene they are out of place. Such mystic accessories, however, are in German taste. Lady Macbeth, who is here seen through an open door, wants grandeur of character; but she has that mixture of self-possession, eagerness, and apprehension, which would be natural to her feelings. The grooms are stirring in their slumber; and one stretches out his hand with the powerlessness of sleep, as though to prevent the deed that is being perpetrated. The murder of Banquo is a vigorous piece of work. The murderers have an ultravillanous aspect. The appearance of the ghost of Banquo is the grandest idea of any. His shadowy figure, and that mute appeal to Macbeth, are awful, and in the true spirit of Shakspeare. Macbeth’s look, however, is one of surprise and terror, not of conscience-stricken fear. The guests, whispering and looking astor-

nished and alarmed, are very natural. In the scene in the witches' cave, the "gorgons, hydras and chimeras dire," are more in keeping. The procession of kings looks visionary and unearthly. Banquo, however, is not so effective here. His quiet look is impressive, but it is not the ghastly smile of exultation described by Shakspeare. The expression of Lady Macbeth in the sleep-walking scene is finely imagined; her straining eyes are rivetted on the damned spot, which she vainly essays to rub out; and she appears to walk with hurried strides. This is a new and more striking picture than the vacant gaze and the gliding step which we have been used to on the stage. Her hair is somewhat too profuse; and its hanging in loose untangled tresses is theatrical, and not characteristic of the disorder of her thoughts. We like the scrutinizing look of the physician, and the mournful aspect of the waiting-maid. But why should the very lamp she has brought be made to look like a demon? This *diabolization* of accessories is quite in keeping with German horrors, but not with the scenes of Shakspeare. The character and expression of the persons of the scene should render such trifles impertinent. Macbeth's action, in the scene where the messenger brings him word of the approach of the moving wood, is not expressive enough of contempt and sudden rage. He is not striking the man, but arguing with him, and looks as though he were disputing with an equal, instead of spurning an inferior. The last scene of the death of Macbeth is too like one of the "terrific combats" at Astley's; and the introduction of the visions in the midst of the battle gives an unreal character to the scene. Throughout, indeed, we are made sensible that these are studied, elaborate and ornate pictures, like stage *tableaux*, rather than stirring realities. The costumes and accessories overlay the spirit. This is an error which an artist of high intellectual powers would never fall into: he would instinctively shun it, or rather, his imagination would receive so vivid an impress from studying the play, that the frippery and gewgaws of the stage would sink into nothingness, or at least keep their places as subordinate and accessorial aids to the pictorial representation. The accessories in these designs of Retzsch are too prominent, and not always appropriate. We will not quarrel with the fanciful character given to the armour and dresses of Scotland, because they would be of minor importance were the dramatic character of the persons truly given; and as this is not the case, we fall back upon the picturesque, and allow a license of arrayment, as at a theatre. Retzsch has given a stage version of *Macbeth*, and as such we admire and applaud it. We wish, however, that it were otherwise. Retzsch's scenes are to Shakspeare's what melodrama and pantomime are to tragedy and

comedy. We have all the externals and the pageantry: the senses are addressed rather than the understanding.

Retzsch's scenes from narrative and descriptive poetry are dramatic: those from tragic and epic poems are merely theatrical. A hundred painters could depict the Celadon and Amelia of Thomson, where scarcely one would be found to delineate the Hamlet and Ophelia of Shakspeare. Retzsch is not the one. He realizes the pictures and tells the story of the poet, as far as that may be accomplished by means of the pantomime and masquerade of the scene, and the introduction of persons, and the expression of emotions of a particular class; but he can do no more. He cannot embody an individual character. His graphic power only deals with externals and generalities. So far his power is all-sufficient. His skill in drawing and grouping the figures; his taste in the combination and arrangement of costumes and accessories; his feeling for the graceful, and his eye for the picturesque; all combine to produce that vividness which is so characteristic of his scenes—homely, romantic, or visionary.

Retzsch must leave illustrating Shakspeare. He will only fail if he perseveres.

The wild and the wonderful is the field for his genius. It cannot soar to the heights or dive to the depths of Shakspeare's imaginings; nor penetrate to the heart of his mystery. If he wishes to extend his fame by illustrating the poets of our country, let him take up Spenser, or Ossian; or the old ballads, or the visionary tales of "Monk" Lewis. In these his fancy would find a wide range, and his genius have free scope.

Retzsch is now, we understand, employed upon the *second* part of Goethe's *Faust*, an account of which, with extracts, was given in our last number; and he has lately finished a set of Illustrations of Schiller's *Pegasus in Harness*. We eagerly look for their appearance in this country; where his genius, confined to its proper sphere, has numerous admirers.

ART. IX.—*Souvenirs de Mirabeau, et sur les deux premières Assemblées Législatives*, par Etienne Dumont, &c. &c. Paris, 1832. 8vo.

THOUGH we feel that we owe our readers some apology for having postponed our notice of this interesting work till more than a year after its publication, we cannot say that we greatly regret the occurrence of the delay. We rather consider it unfortunate that a work of this character should have been published and read at a time in which our countrymen were so little inclined to view any work of merely literary interest with attention: when the striking circumstances of our own political situation exclusively occupied the minds of men, or mingled with their speculations in every other matter. At such a period, any new work on the French Revolution was indeed pretty sure of attracting notice, of being much read and properly commented on. Reformers and Anti-Reformers were curious to find in every striking event of that period a prototype of some incident in the History of our Reform Bill: and, above all, to make out some such analogy between the designs and conduct of the different parties of each period, as should enable them to impute to their own opponents the worst designs or grossest follies of the factions of France. The relish for these instructive comparisons is now in some measure worn off: and we may hope that the time has come in which we can take up this work without being tempted to use it as a mere text for a party preachment, and in which our readers may find an interest in it when viewed merely as the personal narrative of an eye-witness of the Revolution, and intimate associate of its most illustrious orator.

The high reputation of M. Dumont as a philosophical politician, and the intimate connexion which he is known to have had with many of the most eminent characters of different periods and parties of the Revolution, led us at first to expect that his work would have contained some new information, or, at any rate, some comprehensive and luminous view of that interesting portion of history. In this we have been disappointed. The author enters into no narrative of the events of the Revolution; and gives us merely a few scattered and nowise novel or profound remarks on its origin or cause. The work indeed was left by M. Dumont in a very unfinished state. He composed it in 1799, at Bath, with the design of fixing in his mind the recollection of such remarkable persons and events as had been brought under his view during two or three visits to Paris. We are told by the editor that it was the intention of the author to employ these notes as the materials of a laboured historical work on the French Revolu-

lution. This design, unfortunately, was not executed : the work was never completed or even revised, and has very properly been given to the public in the unfinished state in which it was left by its author. It adds nothing to our historical information. In the few opinions expressed respecting the events of the Revolution, we find generally the clearness and fairness which characterized M. Dumont's mind : some prejudices and some carelessness in his judgments ; but on the whole, views so wise and candid, that we much regret the loss of that comprehensive and matured account of the Revolution for which this work was intended merely to supply materials.

The interest, and indeed the instruction, to be derived from the work in the shape which it now bears, is merely that of personal anecdotes of some of the leaders of the Revolution. Even this is of a limited nature. Anecdotes there are, scattered up and down the work, and characters of various persons of all parties : and one portion of the book is devoted to a description of the characters and conduct of the Girondist party. Some of these are curious. The reader will probably be interested in the character given of Brissot, with whom the author was in habits of intimacy ; and in the narrative of the intrigues respecting the appointment of a minister of war and an ambassador to England, respecting both of which he was consulted by the leaders of the Legislative Assembly. There is a striking character of Champfort, and a very beautifully drawn one of the excellent Bishop of Chartres, one of the earliest friends of the people, one of the first sufferers from its injustice. Of Sieyes he tells us that "he read little and thought much ;" that, wrapped in the mantle of his reputation for abstract thought, he liked little to hazard it in discussion : "*si on objectait il ne répondait point.*" "*La politique est une science que je crois avoir achevée,*" was his modest saying to Dumont in a moment of unusual familiarity ; one of the truths of which he had fully persuaded himself, and of which he had succeeded in forcing a belief on his countrymen, destined to serve him in good stead for more than ten years afterwards. There is an account, too, of the very ingenious and eloquent maiden speech of Robespierre : and his singular avowal of his excessive timidity and reluctance in addressing the Assembly, which it would have been well for mankind had he never got the better of. There are many anecdotes and many sayings recorded of M. Talleyrand, with whom Dumont lived in habits of great intimacy ; and of whose benevolence and integrity he appears to entertain the same high opinion as has always been expressed of them by all who have known him well, or scrutinized his conduct deeply. These, however, are all subjects of minor moment. The ab-

sorbing interest of the work consists in the anecdotes respecting MIRABEAU, of whom Dumont was the most intimate associate during the most active and conspicuous period of his life.

Among the various characters of the Revolution, the universal opinion of mankind has assigned the most distinguished position to Mirabeau. This pre-eminence has been acknowledged as well by those who detest his character and policy, as by those who most fervently admire his political conduct. Unqualified admirers he can hardly be said to have had: none can deny or even palliate the vices which he took no pains to conceal. By all, however, the superiority of his genius is acknowledged: its power has been owned alike by those who imagine him to have convulsed his country from motives of the most guilty revenge or ambition, and by those who look upon him as having been the wisest statesman as well as the most effective orator of his day. From the first moment of his appearance in the Revolution, he stood forth as the leader of the people: the power of his eloquence is attested by the irrefutable evidence of its effect in mastering the will of that fierce democracy which he wielded: and the taste of his cotemporaries has been sanctioned by the judgment of posterity. All other individual reputations seem dwarfed in the contrast with the colossal events amid which they are seen: the lofty form of Mirabeau stands forth as if alone, asserting the pre-eminence of human genius, and the influence of human character on circumstances. We look to others as exhibiting the influence of the Revolution on their actions and characters—to him alone as influencing the Revolution itself. Of others we ask, How did they act *in* the Revolution? of him alone, How he acted *on* it? In that fierce fray there were many leaders, who led for a while some portion of the battle; he alone was acknowledged Chief and Master by all: his presence alone was so felt that men missed him as a general cut off in the heat of action, and still doubt what influence his existence, had it been prolonged, might have exercised on the fortunes of the war which he had seemed to direct.

The mere curiosity which men commonly feel respecting the doings of men of genius, would give a peculiar interest to many details of the life and character of such a man as Mirabeau. The fortunes of his early youth—the habits of his later years—have been the subject of all the distorting exaggerations of vulgar wonder: we naturally desire to know the truth of all the marvellous tales of his various learning, his love of pleasure, and his wonderful appropriation of the labours of others—the lofty pride of his character, and the fervour of his democratic principles—the reported atrocity of his secret machinations with Orleans, the

venality by which he sold his talents and his popularity to the service of the court which he had humbled, and the arts by which he maintained to the last, against eager and powerful rivals, the firm dominion over the passions of the changeable and suspicious multitude whom he was supposed to be betraying. We wish to know, too, whether he appeared in the near and unguarded view of private life, the same wonderful being that he showed himself in the *tribune*, whether the power of his eloquence was the effect of well-concerted trick,—of the occasional excitements of a weak and fervid temperament, or but the highest and most public display of the energies of a great mind expressing on momentous occasions the emotions of a permanent enthusiasm, and the conclusions of sober and systematic thought. There is more even than all this which requires elucidation in the character and conduct of Mirabeau. His votes and his speeches are before us, but they do not easily explain his policy. We are sometimes at a loss to comprehend what after all was the drift of his oratory and his intrigues, or whether indeed he had any fixed purpose in his view. Sometimes he appears hurried onward by the contagious enthusiasm of the times—sometimes calmly and effectually restraining the excited feelings of his countrymen; to the last the advocate of popular rights, or, as some think, the fomentor of confusion, with intervals in which he upheld the tottering existence of authority, and enforced submission on the people. It is not difficult for those who will attentively study the course of his policy to penetrate its design, or rather to discover the feelings which throughout predominated in his mind. But it is easier for the thoughtless to find many and strange motives for his conduct than to explain them by the operation of a simple and uniform state of feeling. The apparent inconsistency of his actions is reconciled by the supposition of an inconceivable incongruity of character, or the influence of dark and deep-laid intrigues. Some, who are not willing to credit the tales of his enormous villainy, believe him to have been actuated by the dictates of a giddy fancy, the wayward ambition of displaying his power in alternately destroying and reviving an empire; and others imagine that the care of his own interests was the clue to his whole conduct; that his love of liberty and his love of order were equally gross and well-played hypocrisies—that he was stimulated at all times by the wish of gaining power or money, now lured by the popular shout, and now by the civil list or the seals of office, speaking and acting but to earn the bribe of the day from the Court, the Mob, or Orleans.

The character and conduct of Mirabeau have been inexplicable, only in so far as the public have not possessed a knowledge of his actions, or not considered their connexion with each other.

The work of M. Dumont is valuable, not so much as contributing any great store of new and interesting facts, or supplying new views of his conduct, but as confirming what was previously the most rational explanation of all that appeared unaccountable. Every new aspect, every deeper insight renders Mirabeau less monstrous and more wonderful: explains the singularities of his character, by setting forth the greatness of his genius. Some indeed have been delighted with the work of Dumont, as offering what to them appears a safe and satisfactory solution of the eminence of Mirabeau; as showing that the great qualities of his oratory were not the produce of one, but the contribution of many minds; that his opinions, and even his phraseology, were suggested by the combined wisdom of others; that he was but the tool of their machinations, or organ of their deliberations; a mountebank whom the chance possession of a good stage, a loud voice, and consummate impudence, enabled to appropriate the labours and honours of better men. Such conclusions as these are the result of a very superficial, or very prejudiced consideration. The account which M. Dumont gives is, if rightly weighed, calculated to increase our admiration for Mirabeau. It detracts not from the richness or variety of his powers. After all, he remains in possession of all the attributes of his unrivalled eloquence. While we continue our unabated admiration for his oratory, we learn to appreciate more highly the depth and consistency of his political sagacity; and discover that he was the greatest orator of his time, because he felt the most strongly the enthusiasm of liberty, and judged the most wisely of the character of his cotemporaries, and the tendency and issue of events. The study of his life and speeches is equally instructive, whether we look on him as a statesman, and fathom the wise policy by which he rendered himself the master of the Revolution, or regard him in the more undisputed eminence which he enjoys as an orator, and search the records of his speeches for models of the most elevated, pure, and stirring eloquence.

The family of Mirabeau was one, which, from its possessions and antiquity, occupied a high position among the *noblesse* of Provence. His father, the Marquis de Mirabeau, was a man of some literary eminence, associated in principles and connected by friendship with Quesnay, and the rest of the philosophic sect called *Economistes*. "*L'ami des hommes*" was the name which he assumed to mark his extended philanthropy. Unfortunately, however this philanthropy appears to have been somewhat of that kind, much lauded by many writers of that period, which inculcated a regard for the species in preference to the discharge of the duties of natural affection for a man's own family. Haughty and

profuse, "the friend of mankind" detested his son, because he also exhibited haughtiness and inflexibility in his character; he gave him the habits of an ostentatious and lavish nobleman, irritated his passions by his own violence, accustomed him to the evil influence of domestic dissensions and dissimulations, and drove him to distress by denying him the indulgences which his education had habituated him to require. The early life of Mirabeau was that of an outcast and adventurer. He obtained his first wife by means of a disgraceful fraud; and the connexion was soon severed by the mutual dislike and infidelity of both parties. The stormy and wild adventures of his youth, his various and irregular amours, his distresses, his irregularities, and his sufferings, became and remain sufficiently notorious. The malice of his father and the benignity of a paternal despotism, inflicted on him the vexations of frequent imprisonments. Fifty-four *lettres de cachet*, he informs us in one of his speeches, had been issued against the different members of his family; and of these seventeen had been his own portion. In a three-years' confinement at Vincennes, he found almost the only period of leisure for study, and in this he composed, or, as we are informed by M. Dumont, stole from the romances and newspapers of the day, the letters to Mad. Monnier, which first gave him notoriety or fame as an author. The intervals of his imprisonments were generally passed in exile, sometimes in a needy dependence on the profits of his pen, and sometimes in official employments of not the most delicate nature. Through such a life as this his reputation, most probably his conduct, did not pass untarnished; and we may easily believe that he was guilty of many meannesses, men of gentlemanly birth and feelings often having singularly little delicacy as to the mode in which they raise money when they want it. Yet the vices which dishonoured, do not appear to have depraved him. "*Ses mœurs était vicieuses et non crapuleuses*," says M. Dumont. Further on he tells us, (and this is the judgment of a man of a most pure and sensitive morality,) that Mirabeau could appreciate all that is good and pure, and that no one had a higher esteem for strong and virtuous characters.

"There was in him a sort of enthusiasm for the beautiful which did not allow itself to be degraded by his vices; it was like a glass which might be soiled, but immediately resumes its lustre. His conduct was often in contradiction with his language, not from want of sincerity, but of steadiness; he had a purity of reason which elevated his soul, but violent passions which hurried it beyond his control."

During the greater part of this period he was in want, and obliged to write for his livelihood. His publications were most voluminous and various. He had written on almost the whole

circle of the sciences. His irregular and dissipated life had admitted of his accumulating a very small stock of sound knowledge ; what information he had, however, was various ; and the amazing clearness and quickness of his mind enabled him to supply his deficiencies. A hint from one person, or a conversation with another, furnished him with the materials of a treatise ; many of his works were composed under the direction, or from the information of his friends : others were wholly written by them, and the only share which their supposed author had in their production was the inspiration of the eloquent converse with which he stimulated the fancy of the writer, the suggestion of a train of striking thought or language, the insertion of a page or a phrase of his own fervid style, and the putting his popular name on the title-page. “ *Il avait le talent de déterrer des talens ignorés.*” His works on finance, by which he had acquired a high reputation, were almost entirely dictated by Clavière or Panchaud. His large and useful work on the Prussian Monarchy was the work of an able officer of that country, Major Mauvillon. There was no subject apparently on which he was not willing to get up a book. M. Dumont tells us that he had no sooner made an acquaintance with some geographer, than straight he meditated an “ Universal Geography ;” that if he could have got hold of a Chinese grammar, he would have written on the Chinese language, or undertaken an encyclopædia, could he have got well paid for the job.

An amusing and very striking account is given of the mode in which the author’s acquaintance with Mirabeau commenced. It was through the medium of Romilly, who was his companion in a visit to Paris in 1788. The reputation of Mirabeau at that time was so bad, that Romilly felt very little inclination to renew an acquaintance with him, which he had made some time before ; and indeed, when Mirabeau paid his first visit, from accident or design, left Dumont to receive him. The fascination of Mirabeau’s manner, and the charm of his conversation were such, that the visit lasted two hours, and ended in Dumont’s accepting an invitation to dinner, and telling Romilly that no consideration should induce him to give up the acquaintance of a man whose conversation had pleased and enlivened him so much. The scruples of Romilly gave way equally before the influence of his most irresistible social qualities ; and a close and permanent intimacy was the immediate result.

The prospect of a great crisis in the government of France was at this time in the contemplation of every one ; and from the first Mirabeau perceived the opportunity and the path to eminence. The patronage of Calonne had somewhat linked him

with that unpopular minister; he had written against Necker at the time that he was the idol of France, and, as M. Dumont informs us, very nearly compromised himself in the eyes of the public, by attempting a refutation of that minister's reply to Calonne. Throughout his life, however, Mirabeau had been the advocate of liberal principles. The tendency of all educated men of his age was towards such opinions in philosophy and in politics; and the oppression which he had experienced in his own person had not reconciled him to despotism, or permitted him to remain indifferent to its evils. As the advocate of liberty and good government, he was known to the public; and to this great cause he determined to devote himself. There is nothing more interesting in M. Dumont's work than the description he gives us of the state of Mirabeau's mind at this period. He tells us of his projects and preparations, how frankly he avowed the irregularities of his youth, and his regret for the faults he had committed, and how he used to announce himself as one who would redeem his past errors by the most useful application of his talents, and a devotion to the cause of humanity and freedom, from which no personal interest should turn him. Through all the irregularities of his life he had preserved unimpaired the elevation and vigour of his character; a lofty sentiment of his own powers, a consciousness of high capacity, the hope perhaps of a high destiny, had sustained him in situations by which others would have been degraded, and buoyed him up against obloquy, and the consciousness of having merited it. "Tell her," he said once of a lady who had refused what he conceived a just request—"Tell her she is wrong in refusing me, and that the time is not far off in which talent also will give power."

Provence was what was called a *pays d'états*, and possessed a species of subordinate assembly or states. In a preliminary meeting of this body, Mirabeau took his seat in virtue of fiefs obtained by his marriage. He remained here sufficiently long to render himself remarkable among his order as a solitary advocate of popular rights, and was then excluded, perhaps from dislike of his politics, but on the alleged ground of some defect in his qualification, for which it was in that province necessary to possess some peculiar territorial rights in addition to nobility. The rejection of the noblesse secured his election by the *tiers-état*. To notify himself as a candidate for their suffrages, he affected to establish himself in trade, and was nominated at the same time by Aix and by Marseilles. He elected to sit for the former; and M. Dumont thinks that he could only have declined the honour of representing the great commercial port of France, by his consciousness of certain irregular manœuvres, on account of

which his return would probably have been annulled. One record, however, there does exist of the arts by which he courted the suffrages of the people of Marseilles, and it is one that does him the highest honour. Discontent and tumults had been occasioned in that city by the commencement of that deplorable period of scarcity, by which the disorders of the subsequent revolution were so greatly aggravated; and Mirabeau put his popularity to the hazard by an address, in which he pointed out truths little appreciated in his country then or since, little likely at any time to find favour with a suffering people,—namely the impropriety of the government, by any interference, lowering the price of bread, and the public advantages of a high price in seasons of scarcity.

Madame de Staël (herself an eye-witness) informs us that the evil reputation of Mirabeau had already excited alarms, respecting the influence which his talents might probably exercise; and that in the procession of the deputies at the opening of the States-General, all eyes were bent on his lofty form, and long and bushy hair. Nevertheless, his reception in the Assembly was of such a nature as to convince him that the eminence he enjoyed was of no honourable nature. When his name was called, a murmur spread throughout the hall, and even a hiss was heard, which the firm defiance of his bearing could hardly check. On various occasions he attempted to speak, and was ill received by his audience. Such was the discouraging commencement of his career as an orator! When M. Dumont first saw him after the meeting of the States-General, he found him furious at the treatment he had experienced, and venting his rage on the Assembly, which he was at the same time openly insulting in his "*Lettres à ses commettans*." The sage counsels of Dumont consoled his disappointment, moderated his anger, and induced him to think of conciliating instead of attempting to bear down the opinion of the Assembly, and to wait patiently for a favourable opportunity of displaying his superiority. A few days after, the opportunity came. Among the many strangers who crowded the hall during these disorderly meetings, in which the deputies of the *tiers* were occupied in awaiting the junction of the other orders, was Duroverai, a distinguished Genevese, banished from his country for the part he had taken against the aristocratic party of that state, and then on terms of intimacy with Mirabeau. Once or twice, when sitting and talking among some deputies in the hall, he sent a note in pencil to Mirabeau, on some subject of momentary interest. This was observed by a deputy, who felt vehemently scandalized thereat, and soon after, in a thundering voice, denounced "a foreigner, an exile, a refugee

in England, and a pensioner of that government, who had dared to seat himself in that hall, and offer his suggestions to the deputies." The extraordinary and wholly inexplicable violence of this brutal denunciation startled the Assembly; the friends of Duroverai trembled for the consequences, when Mirabeau, who was talking to some ladies at the other end of the hall, and had caught the insult offered to his friend, and to the cause of Genevese freedom, rushed to his place, and raised above the tumult his commanding tones.

"Je conviens avec le préopinant que nul individu non député, soit indigène, soit étranger, ne doit être assis parmi nous. Mais les droits sacrés de l'amitié, les droits plus saints de l'humanité, le respect que je porte à cette assemblée d'enfans de la patrie, d'amis de la paix, m'ordonnent à la fois de séparer de l'avertissement de police, la dénonciation, la délation vraiment odieuse que le préopinant n'a pas craint d'y ajouter. Il a osé dire que dans le grand nombre d'étrangers qui se trouvaient parmi nous, il était un proscrit, un réfugié en Angleterre, un pensionnaire du roi d'Angleterre. Cet étranger, ce proscrit, ce réfugié, c'est M. Duroverai, l'un des plus respectables citoyens du monde. Jamais la liberté n'eut de défenseur plus éclairé, plus laborieux, plus désintéressé."

After mentioning his exertions in the cause of humanity and freedom, he adds—

"Enveloppé dans la proscription que les aristocrates firent prononcer par les destructeurs de la liberté Genevoise, M. Duroverai se retira en Angleterre, et sans doute il n'abdiquera jamais l'honneur de son exil aussi long-temps que la liberté n'aura pas recouvré ses droits dans sa patrie. Un grand nombre de citoyens respectables de la Grande-Bretagne s'empressèrent d'accueillir le républicain proscrit, lui ménagèrent la réception la plus honorable, et provoquèrent le gouvernement à lui donner une pension. Ce fut en quelque sorte une couronne civique décernée par le peuple moderne que le génie tutélaire de l'espèce humaine paraît avoir préposé plus spécialement au culte de la liberté. . . . Voilà l'étranger, le proscrit, le réfugié, que l'on vous dénonce! . . . Autrefois un infortuné embrassait les autels, il y échappait à la rage des méchans, il y trouvait un asile inviolable: cette salle va devenir le temple qu'au nom des Français vous élevez à la liberté! Souffrirez-vous qu'un martyr de cette liberté y reçoive un outrage?"

The impression of this lofty and generous burst was overpowering; the speaker was interrupted by universal applause; all the prepossessions which had hitherto thwarted his success were dispelled by the charm of his eloquence, and Mirabeau stood forth the leader of the popular cause. Already, however, had the decision and daring of his conduct placed him foremost, and marked him as fittest to lead in that busy and fearful period.

He it was who proposed the final summons to the nobles and clergy; and declared that the proposals of the *tiers* having been rejected, the moment for taking a decided part was come. Opposed to the bold step of assuming the designation of *National Assembly*, he nevertheless urged the most determined resistance to the measures which the court in consequence directed against the Assembly. But the great triumph of his eloquence and energy was on the day of the *Séance Royale*, that fatal day on which the ill-advised Louis entered the Assembly, surrounded by all the display of military despotism, annulled all its decrees, and ordered with menace and reproach the separation of the three orders. When the king had left the hall, the deputies of the commons remained in the silence of amazement and perplexity. The moment was come in which the great question of the liberty of France was to be decided, in which it was to be settled whether the Assembly was to submit to the orders of the king, or, by disobeying him, assert the supremacy of the national will. The silence was broken by Mirabeau.

"Messieurs," he said, "j'avoue que ce que vous venez d'entendre pourrait être le salut de la patrie, si les présens du despotisme n'étaient pas toujours dangereux. . . . L'appareil des armes, la violation du temple national, pour vous commander d'être heureux ! Où sont les ennemis de la nation ? Catilina est-il à nos portes ? Je demande qu'en vous couvrant de votre dignité, de votre puissance législative, vous vous renfermiez dans la religion de votre serment : il ne vous permet de vous séparer qu'après avoir fait la constitution."

At this moment the master of the ceremonies, the Marquis de Brézé, a young man, (whom we have seen as a peer of France, within the last year or two, asserting the unimpaired vigour of his youthful folly by his senseless opposition to another revolution,) entered, and addressing the Assembly, said "*Vous avez entendu les ordres du roi.*"

"Oui, Monsieur," continued Mirabeau, "nous avons entendus les intentions qu'on a suggérées au roi : mais vous, qui n'avez ici ni voix, ni place, ni droit de parler, vous n'êtes pas fait pour nous rappeler son discours. Cependant, pour éviter tout délai, allez dire à votre maître que nous sommes ici par la puissance du peuple, et qu'on ne nous en arrachera que par la puissance des baïonnettes."

These strong and simple words decided the event of the day. The Assembly unanimously and enthusiastically confirmed its former proceedings; at the proposal of Mirabeau it declared the person of every deputy inviolable,—the court faltered before the audacity of the commons,—the next day the majority of the clergy joined the Assembly, the opposition of the court was vanquished, and a revolution achieved.

It was not, however, secured. The court, though it had shrunk from asserting its authority by merely moral influence, and yielded to the force of public opinion, was preparing the means of violently re-establishing itself, despite of that opinion, in the possession of its ancient prerogative. That a plot, or at any rate a secret design, of dissolving the Assembly, and repressing by force of arms any consequent discontent or resistance in Paris—that such a plot had been contrived by the court, was actually in course of execution, and was moreover on the point of being brought to a successful issue, is matter of certainty: it is doubtful only whether the king was completely in the secret; nor is it of much importance: he acted entirely under the guidance of those who were, and sanctioned from sheer weakness all the measures from which his judgment and his humanity alike shrunk. Thirty thousand troops, mostly foreign regiments, were collected around Paris and Versailles: the majority of the noblesse openly declared that their amalgamation with the Assembly was but temporary: and the insolent confidence and threats of the courtiers gave notice of a speedy vengeance on the leaders of the popular party; and these, alarmed alike for the success of their cause and their own personal safety, prepared plot against plot. Mirabeau alone maintained that the surest mode of intimidating the government was, by denouncing its conduct, to force it to a public discussion of its proceedings. Interrupting the debates on the subject of the new constitution, he made his famous speech, exposing the preparations of the court, and pointing out the danger alike to the people and the royal authority of the approach of the troops to Paris: he concluded by moving an address to the king for the withdrawal of the troops, and the establishment of a “garde bourgeoise.” The first proposal was enthusiastically adopted, and Mirabeau was appointed to draw up the address: the second was negatived, it being judged unwise to urge it at that time: it equally, however, attained its end, and was evidently the origin of the national guard, which within a few days was spontaneously established throughout France. M. Dumont informs us that the speech was composed by himself, being a resumé of the various conversations in which Mirabeau himself and two or three friends had talked over the dangerous state of affairs. Mirabeau, on being commissioned to prepare the address, prevailed on Dumont to write that likewise. The result was that famous address, of which the arguments were indeed those of the speech in a new form; but of which the form was so admirably adapted to the end and the occasion, the style so strong, so logical, so dignified, so earnest, and so flatteringly respectful, as to render it worthy of the warm admiration it then elicited, and has ever since received.

The answer of the King was evasive : he stated that the troops were collected solely to maintain tranquillity, and offered to remove the seat of the Assembly to Soissons or Noyon. The Assembly expressed its dissatisfaction. The Comte de Crillon proposed to place reliance on the word of the king as a man of honour. "La parole d'un roi honnête homme," replied Mirabeau, "est un mauvais garant de la conduite de son ministère." He urged with force the danger of that blind confidence in its kings which had so often ruined France, and plainly stated that the object of the proposed transfer of the seat of the Assembly was to place them more completely at the mercy of the troops. "Nous avons demandé la retraite des troupes : voilà l'objet de notre adresse : nous n'avons pas demandé à fuir les troupes." He concluded this bold and eloquent speech by exhorting the Assembly to insist without remission on the withdrawal of the troops. His advice was not followed. The next morning (Sunday, July 12) it was known that Necker, and his most popular colleagues, had been suddenly dismissed, and succeeded by a ministry taken from the noted opponents of popular rights. The same evening disturbances, perhaps partially aggravated by secret instigation, broke out in Paris. On Monday the city was in organized revolt. During this period consternation prevailed at Versailles. The Assembly preserved a calm and imposing attitude. All except the *noblesse* and their most violent adherents were united in opposition to the court. The energies of Mirabeau were not wanted—the friends of Necker led the resistance. The Assembly declared itself in permanence, and concealing its alarm, resumed the discussion of the constitution. The morning of Tuesday was one of terror. Versailles was filled with troops ; the road to Paris was occupied by the military ; the most frightful reports circulated of the disturbances in the city, and of the designs of the court. The queen, the princes and the courtiers were seen visiting the troops in the orangery, distributing refreshments, and addressing both officers and soldiers. The night of Tuesday had been fixed on for striking the great blow. Paris was to be entered at all points by the army ; the Assembly dissolved, and the wants of government to be relieved by a national bankruptcy and a paper currency. Mirabeau, and other leading members of the popular party, knew that their persons were menaced, and to secure themselves remained in the Assembly. As the day advanced the alarm went on increasing. The movements of the military, the distant sound of cannon, announced the progress of some fearful event. The Assembly continued its sittings at night. A first deputation had obtained only an evasive answer from the king : a second and third were sent, and the desired result was not obtained. Successive accounts

arrived from Paris ; now brought by members of the Assembly who had made their way with difficulty from the capital, and came to tell of the commencement of the combat, and of the spectacles of carnage they themselves had witnessed ; now by a deputation from the electors, sent to give authentic information of the disasters and confusion of the city. A dead silence reigned throughout the gloomy hall while these tidings were telling. Long after midnight the sitting of the Assembly was suspended for awhile. In the interval the news arrived that the Bastille was taken, and the governor and the provost of Paris murdered ; and that Paris was in arms, expecting an immediate assault from the army encamped around its walls. The Assembly met at break of day. Another deputation (it was the fifth) was sent to urge the king to prevent the effusion of blood. The voice of Mirabeau was hoarse from fatigue and emotion when he stopped the deputation about to proceed on its mission, and gave them these memorable instructions.

“ Dites-lui bien que les hordes étrangères dont nous sommes investis ont reçu hier la visite des princes, des princesses, des favoris, des favorites, et leurs caresses, et leurs exhortations, et leurs présens. Dites-lui que toute la nuit ces satellites étrangers, gorgés d’or et de vin, ont prédit dans leurs chants impies l’asservissement de la France, et que leurs vœux brutaux invoquaient la destruction de l’assemblée nationale. Dites-lui que dans son palais même les courtisans ont mêlé leurs danses au son de cette musique barbare, et que telle fut l’avant-scène de la Saint-Barthélemi. Dites-lui que ce Henri dont l’univers bénit la mémoire, celui de ses aïeux qu’il voulait prendre pour modèle, faisait passer des vivres dans Paris révolté, qu’il assiégeait en personne ; et que ses conseillers féroces font rebrousser les farines que le commerce apporte dans Paris fidèle et affamé.”

This was the last exertion made or required. The deputation was stopped by the arrival of the king, who came to announce his compliance with the wishes of the Assembly. The advice of the Duc de Liancourt, who had, during the night, obtained access to the king, had determined this step. But it had been rendered necessary. The troops at Versailles had refused to act against the people of Paris. It was now apparent that the command of the army had passed from the king to the Assembly. This triumph was obtained by the energetic perseverance of the Assembly : and we have detailed at this length all the circumstances of that memorable struggle, because it is necessary to comprehend the exact state and progress of affairs in order to appreciate fully the daring of Mirabeau, who first conceived the plan of wresting out of the hands of the court the sword it had unsheathed, and the might of that eloquence which impelled and nerved the Assembly to commence the struggle, and achieve the victory. This is the most striking period after all of Mirabeau’s life. There are speeches

of his which display more varied and more finished powers of oratory—speeches which it is easier for us to understand, and at this period to feel the force of. But never again did there occur to him an occasion in which all the qualities of a leader of the people were so fully called forth. Never was there a time in which eloquence had more to do, or in which more was done by eloquence.

It is not our purpose to detail with any minuteness the subsequent career of Mirabeau. The power of the Assembly being established, the ordinary course of representative government followed. The long labour of reforming the corrupt and worn-out institutions of the country, and of constructing a constitution, was continued by the wise and virtuous men who guided those deliberations, though thwarted by the selfish intrigues of factions, and the loquacity of legislative dullness. Our interest in Mirabeau is no longer excited by exertions in moments of peculiar emergency: our attention is rather directed to his conduct in mass, and we desire to know what constitution he wished to establish, what designs he appears to have formed, and what policy he pursued? It was not the tortuous or shifting policy it has often appeared to inattentive observers: his conduct was neither that of a man, who, to promote his own secret ambition, first disorganized his country, and then endeavoured to remould it in subservience to his own views, nor that of one whose career of headlong folly and guilt was all at once checked by some sudden gleam of prudence or pang of remorse, and whose latter days were spent in unavailing attempts to repair the mischief he had been doing, and counteract the excitement he had been busied in fomenting. To the last he seems to have laboured for the same purpose as he had in view at the commencement; and if he appeared at different times under the influence of different feelings, it was simply because he was perpetually “varying his means to preserve the unity of his end.”

The French Revolution will never be understood by those who consider it the appointed issue of a deep-laid conspiracy, or the result of a conflict between parties, unceasingly directing their efforts to the establishment of some favourite scheme of government. We do the leaders of the Revolution injustice by supposing their conduct the result of deliberate forethought and speculation, when it was in fact dictated by circumstances, necessitated by the line adopted by their adversaries. The common notion in this country, even of those who are inclined to feel some sympathy with men who struggled for freedom, is that the germ of all the parties that subsequently agitated France existed in the Assembly from its first formation;—that these parties for a long time con-

cealed their extreme views, by dark intrigues and wily manœuvres augmented their strength in silence, while, wrapped in deep dissimulation, they watched for the opportunity which called them one after the other into action; until at length even the republicans threw off the mask, and openly aimed at the monarchy a long-meditated blow. The truth, however, seems to be, that no deliberative assembly ever met with views so similar and so free from party feelings. One common wish pervaded the people and their representatives—that of restoring tranquillity, relieving the state of general suffering, and securing some guarantees for future good government. The parties were not *developed*, but actually *formed* by events. The opposition of the court, displayed in every shape and degree of open and covert hostility, impelled men of different characters into the adoption of means of more or less vigorous defence. The bold and sanguine trusted to the influence of public opinion on the exercise of the king's authority, and thought he might safely be invested with all the power necessary to the hereditary chief of a monarchy: men of a more suspicious or cautious character, in proportion to their fears and the imprudences of the court, became more and more jealous of trusting the crown with the necessary power, because it would be sure to abuse it: and it was not until Louis had given a decisive proof of his insincerity by attempting to escape from Paris, that some began to suspect that no reliance could be placed on the professions of kings, and to contemplate the possibility of a republic. By small concessions, made with readiness and sincerity in the outset, the king might have secured permanent tranquillity, and established the royal authority in conjunction with representative government. The influence of the Assembly would have been employed in upholding the executive, and a constitution would have been framed in which the monarch would have held a fitting share of power. From the first, however, the weakness and insincerity of the king deprived him of the confidence of the Assembly. The concession of one day was retracted the next—the pledge of sympathy was given but to be broken—and every profession of kindly feeling and cordial co-operation served but to mask some secret intrigue for the destruction of the constitution and the punishment of its authors. The royal authority was destroyed in the violent struggle by which it was necessary to effect the Revolution;—and as every day's experience showed that every power entrusted to the king would be used to effect a counter-revolution, an impracticable constitution was established, in which a monarch without authority was left in a situation to provoke, without power to control the people. No one can deny that the conduct of the Assembly was calculated to deprive the executive of its due authority, or can

maintain, that in a monarchical form of government, so little influence should be given to the hereditary chief as was allowed by the constitution of 1790. But before we blame the Assembly, let us see whether what we consider desirable was possible. View them as men engaged in a continued and deadly struggle, first to acquire and then to preserve freedom—obliged in self-defence to meet force by force and plot by plot—compelled to destroy, because every thing established was used as a barrier to their progress—constrained to rebuild without freedom in the choice of their plan or their materials; and taught by hourly experience that power could not safely be trusted to those who were its fitting depositaries,—you will excuse their meeting difficulties by expedients, and legislating unwisely for posterity, because their first care was to obtain present security.

Much has the Assembly been blamed for doing what it did not, and much for not doing what it could not do. It is reproached with having disorganized France, and instigated the people to discontent and disorder. But it was not by the Assembly that this was done. It found the people distrustful of government and accustomed to resistance. All habits of obedience were already relaxed. The parliaments and the nobles were arrayed in hostility against the court. Whole provinces were in a state bordering on anarchy: some tumults had been repressed by bloodshed; in some the military had refused to come into collision with the people, and the sedition had been unpunished and successful. Those who, in the presumption of their ignorance or carelessness, are fond of reproaching the Assembly as a collection of crack-brained theorists, who disturbed the peace of a well-ordered community by their reckless adoption of general principles, and their disregard of existing circumstances and feelings, seem themselves to fall into the error of blaming them merely for not adopting some plausible but wholly inapplicable theory of government; for yielding to the influence of feelings and shaping their conduct to emergencies, of which their censurers are ignorant or unmindful. It was not from any theoretical love of habitual insurrection, that the Assembly countenanced the resistance of the people to the royal authority; it was to secure the first elements of freedom to the nation, and personal safety to themselves. The storming of the Bastille, which we, in calm reflexion on the danger of the slightest relaxation of popular obedience, pardon rather than approve, was in their eyes an event which saved France from a tyranny or a civil war: the wild mob which sacked the palace of Versailles appeared to their not unjustifiable suspicions, as their dangerous but timely protector from proscription. They acted with pre-

cipation, because time was denied them, and with violence, because gentleness and justice were unavailing. In a night and by a word they swept away privileges, institutions, and even rights of property; because every day in which the attempt was made to maintain them witnessed some fresh tumult on the part of a people whom their existence had goaded into frenzy, They extended their destructive hostility to emblems and names and forms; but it was because these had become the devices of a hostile faction. They changed the whole form of the judicial system of France, because it was odious to the people, inefficient for its purpose, and connected with the feudal system which had been previously condemned. They destroyed the ancient and once popular parliaments, because these too had lost their authority, and their hold on the national mind; because they had become the instruments of their adversaries, and first raised the standard of hostility to the Assembly. Thus, too, they were compelled to break up the ancient municipal organization of France. And in all this, instead of disregarding the feelings of the people, they acted perhaps only too much in accordance with them; they trampled on no prejudices but those which had ceased to exist, and destroyed only institutions which had already lost their vitality.

But the enemies of abstractions and theories blame them for establishing a constitution founded on general principles, little adapted to the state of France; and some extend their consistent censure to their rejection of what was perhaps the wildest theory of constitutional reform ever proposed, that of the wholesale importation of the British constitution into a country where all the feelings and all the subsidiary institutions which render its working possible, were wanting. The constitution framed by the Assembly was certainly very inconsistent with any sound theory of government: but had they the means of forming a better? A legislative body should doubtless be composed of two chambers: but of what species of upper chamber that ever the wit of man devised did any materials exist in France? Would it have been prudent, would it have been sane, to have formed an hereditary house of lords out of the ancient noblesse and bishops, to have constituted the factious, fool-hardy, and incorrigible aristocratic minority of the Assembly, into an insurmountable barrier to every further reform, an obstacle to the working of the government? Or, was this second chamber to have been a senate, nominated by the king at the suggestion of the queen or Necker, composed of the equally inflexible adherents of either? and could this aristocracy of office have acquired or retained any influence by the side of an ancient and hostile hereditary nobility,

leagued in opposition, and powerful by wealth, union, and ancient pre-eminence? Doubtless it is true, that in that constitution the king had too little power for a monarch, too high a position for the chief of a republic; and that, as the establishment of a republic was held undesirable, the prerogatives of the king should have been extended. But recollect that this king was Louis XVIth,—that the only person to whom the exercise of such limited power could have been entrusted was the deposed despot, the weakness of whose character had destroyed all confidence in his co-operation, and say whether the Assembly would have been justified in investing him with a power which his advisers would have wielded against the constitution and the public tranquillity. The experiment of erecting a British constitution in France has been made in a more tranquil period, and time at least has been given for the trial of its practicability. One element, the hereditary peerage, has already been swept away by the people, after having been perverted from every fitting purpose by the abuse of the kingly power: and it remains to be seen whether an hereditary monarchy will live through the first years of its junction with representative government. It is not by any mysterious balance of unequal powers, that the three estates of the British constitution have existed in conjunction. The durability of the British constitution has been secured by the long obedience of centuries, by national feelings fostered by education, by our interests and our manners; above all, by that long political experience which has taught every class and every estate the necessity of harmony, and the science of concession. Conceive a state of affairs in which, without reference to the wishes of each other, each estate of the realm pursued its own policy, and consulted only its own interests,—a peerage regretting lost political power, and bent on recovering predominance, or wreaking its vengeance on the people,—a weak king in the hands of senseless advisers, hoping to prove his power or assert his dignity by thwarting in every needful reform the will of the people and their representatives. Conceive the king and the lords exercising their independent judgment to the full extent the constitution allows; this is to conceive a state of conflict which would speedily end in anarchy or revolution. And yet this is precisely what must have been the result of the establishment of such a constitution in France, where sentiments of hostility between the different orders had already sprung up, and the collision of interests would not have been prevented or modified by any habits of concession.

M. Dumont, who is little inclined to judge the Assembly mildly, nevertheless mainly attributes the disasters of the Revolution to the character of the king. A wise and firm prince in his place

would, by timely reforms, have obviated the necessity or the wish for any constitutional change; a conscientious and prudent one would have submitted to the inevitable abridgment of his power, fulfilled the duties, and enjoyed the quiet of constitutional monarchy; a fierce and bigotted tyrant would have resisted from the outset, and perished in the speedy catastrophe of an unsuccessful civil war. But the judgment of Louis was just such as enabled him to approve of reforms, but never to aid in their execution; his morality was that of kindly emotions and unsteady conduct; of one who never felt ill, or acted honestly. One act of his life is a sample of his feelings and actions. "There is no one who really loves the people except Turgot and myself," he said, when he dismissed that great minister, to gratify the rapacity of his courtiers and the jealousy of a narrow-minded intriguer. Such he remained to the last, assenting to the course of the Revolution, and countenancing every cabal against it; compromising himself and his country by alternate concessions and struggles, and paving with good intentions the hell into which he precipitated France.

His very first act, after the meeting of the States-General, was the withdrawal of a concession on which the whole utility of their convocation depended. The attempt made to maintain the vote by order was a practical reversal of the doubling the number of the deputies of the *tiers*. As such it was resisted by that body; which was thus taught from the first to suspect his sincerity and conquer his opposition. The confidence thus lost was never regained and never merited. The Assembly felt towards him ever after as towards an adversary whom it would be dangerous to invest with power. Hence all the violence of the first resistance of the people, and the distrust which imposed permanent limitations on his authority. The initiative, be it remembered, was not with the people or the Assembly, but with their opponents; and those who first gave to the Revolution the character of a conflict, are blameable not only for the hostility which they felt, but for that also which they excited.

The commanding energies of Mirabeau called him foremost into action in the early struggles of the Assembly with the royal authority; and he first comes before us in the attitude of the fiercest of the assailants of the court. Yet it does not appear that he had at this time any intention of degrading the king or lessening his authority. It is known that he openly opposed the adoption of the designation of National Assembly, and proposed one less likely to produce collision with the other orders, and that his eloquent speech on this occasion was interrupted by the murmurs of his audience. He set out most probably with the intention of destroying despotism and establishing representative

government; and from the very commencement of the debates on the constitution, it is obvious that he had no design of leaving the executive destitute of power. To the two chambers he was opposed; but he was among the foremost advocates of the absolute "*veto*." M. Dumont informs us that the singularly unreadable speech which he pronounced on this occasion was the composition of the Marquis des Caseaux, the author of a confused and pedantic work entitled "*Simplicité de l'idée d'une constitution*," which is highly extolled in the speech. As often happened to him, he had not even looked at the manuscript before he began to read from it in the tribune and found himself involved in the mazes of its dullness. The very obscurity which wearied the Assembly served to disguise from the people the unpopular doctrines which it enfolded; his rivals accused him of having been purposely confused in order to cast a doubt around his real intentions; and it is certain that he did not choose to hazard his popularity by voting in the minority which supported the absolute "*veto*." M. Dumont gives us an amusing account of their finding their carriage, one day on entering Paris, surrounded by a mob, who, in perfect reliance on Mirabeau, and with great earnestness,* implored "the father of the people" to save them from the very "*veto*" which he had been supporting, and without the existence of which he had declared that he would rather live at Constantinople than in Paris.

The supposition of a sudden change in his feelings and policy is refuted by common attention to dates. It was within a month after his great exertions to procure the withdrawal of the troops, and while he was actually opposing the two chambers, that he opposed most strongly some of the most popular doctrines of the day, particularly those respecting the veto and the declaration of the rights of man. With respect to the last, he again and again proposed to have it adjourned till the constitution had been completed. His notions of its inutility, defectiveness and mischievousness were perfectly utilitarian. "Don't use the word rights," he cried, "say, for the interests of the community it is declared." He seems, from M. Dumont's account, to have viewed with alarm the decrees of the 4th of August, or rather the enthusiastic mood in which they were passed. On the return of Necker, however, he gave the first blow to that minister's influence, by procuring

* The people had a very indistinct understanding, and of course a very decided opinion, on all the constitutional questions respecting the second chamber and the royal sanction, which they had been taught to designate the "*veto*." Some thought the veto a tax which they wanted abolished, some an aristocrat, and so they cried, "*Le veto à la lanterne!*" Two countrymen were talking one day about the "*veto*." "Dost know what a veto is?" says one. "No." "Well, thou'st thy spoon full of broth, the king saith to thee, spill that broth, and thou must spill it."

the reversal of the order for the enlargement of the prisoners detained for firing on the people on the 14th of July. On this subject he made an excellent speech. He was among the most persevering advocates of the abolition of tithes; and made a very strong speech on the unsatisfactory answer given by the king when requested to sanction the decrees of the 4th of August. About this very time he supported the permanency of the civil list, and proposed to retain in the title of the king the "*par la Grace de Dieu*," which by liberals of the present day is considered the very essence of absolutism, but which he supported as a homage to religion. In his conduct in all these respects there is no inconsistency. He desired the destruction of the feudal system and of the privileges of orders, yet he desired to see this effected with calmness. He desired to establish a monarchical constitution, and yet remained ever on the alert against every encroachment of the king or the ministers on the due authority of the representative body.

Among those who are apt to attribute the course of the Revolution to plots and intrigues, much curiosity has been felt respecting the share which Mirabeau had in the events of the 5th and 6th of October; much has been said of his instigating the mob, and of his connection with the Duke of Orleans. These tales of secret instigations to account for an excitement and disorders of which the causes are sufficiently explicable without their aid, have by this time lost their credit; that terrible bugbear, the Duke of Orleans, has dwindled into a very contemptible, a very unprincipled and a very innoxious intriguer, and served, as Talleyrand admirably expressed it, as a convenient "*vase dans laquelle on a jetées toutes les ordures de la Revolution*." What vain and wicked conceits of usurpation may have entered into his head and even influenced his personal demeanour, matters not to history; he probably had one or two agents in the Assembly, who affected to promote his interest and received his bribes, and one or two orators who pretended to instigate the mob in his favour, distributed much wine, and probably caused the murder of an unhappy baker or two. It is possible even, though there seems to be much difficulty in the supposition, that there were one or two periods in the early part of the Revolution, before his utter imbecility had become apparent, in which some of the leaders of the popular party contemplated the possibility of raising him to the throne or the regency, in the event of the king and his brothers taking flight. That for any long period such plans were entertained, that he ever had any large party in the Assembly, or even an adherent of greater eminence than Sillery and La Clos, seems absolutely improbable. Of the supposed *liaison* between him and

Mirabeau, the proofs are a few chance interviews which Mirabeau, who was singularly careless as to his acquaintances, had with some of the duke's creatures, some random speeches which admit of being interpreted in a perfectly innocent sense, and the facts of the duke's wealth and Mirabeau's necessities. This last, however, rather tells against the supposition; for Mirabeau, had he conspired to promote the duke's views, would most certainly have only done so for money, and it is notorious that he continued poor until his pension from the court. Much has been suspected from his having proposed, in rather an irregular stage of a debate, that the regency, in case of the king's death, should be conferred only on a native of France, thus excluding the queen and the Spanish branch in favour of the Duke of Orleans. Thiers conjectures that the only object of this ill-judged proposal was to ascertain the number of the duke's adherents in the Assembly. Possibly, however, at that time Mirabeau really did wish rather to see the duke regent than the queen, but what proof is this of a plot? or what was there remarkable or unwise in the preference?

The lamentable events of the 5th and 6th of October are among the greatest of the mysteries devised by that ingenuity which cannot be content with any simple and obvious explanation of the transactions of the Revolution. To a calm and honest observer there is, in the history of that business, no sign of concealed agency or instigation. A mob of the lowest, most ignorant and most violent of the lower orders of Paris, frantic with famine, and alarmed for the safety of the Assembly and the Revolution by some imprudences of the court, executed a threat often previously made, and trooped down to Versailles. Quarrels arose between them and the soldiery; unhappily at night an unguarded gate of the palace was forced; some savages are reported to have attempted to massacre the royal family; two of the king's guards were brutally murdered; and the king, finally yielding to the clamour of the mob, departed for Paris under circumstances of indignity, which, though greatly exaggerated, were, no doubt, injurious to his feelings and authority. To introduce the Duke of Orleans and Mirabeau into the scene; to figure them mixing with the mob, instigating their march, and regulating their atrocities, serves but to confuse a very plain story. There was no sign of conspiracy or organization in the proceedings of the mob, and none of complicity in that of Mirabeau. The speech in which he aimed a denunciation at the queen, appears to have been designed only to terrify the partisans of the court, and to check a series of similar denunciations commenced by them against the leaders of the popular party. He was found in bed by Dumont at an early hour of the night, and on entering the Assembly, he

proposed to turn out the mob which had taken possession of it. The prolonged inquiry of the Chatelet, a tribunal evidently biased by the court, could collect from the least trust-worthy quarters only the most unsatisfactory evidence against him. Even the Abbé Maury acknowledged the case against Mirabeau to be so weak as not to require investigation, and the Assembly, in which neither Orleans or he had any great number of friends, unanimously declared that no grounds existed for putting either on their trial. M. Dumont noticed some suspicious circumstances in the conduct of Mirabeau, but the main facts mentioned by him, as well as his own opinion, are against any supposition of his complicity. The allegations hardly go to prove any thing more than that he subsequently thought the Duke of Orleans ill treated, and took his part against La Fayette; that he was not sorry to see the mob at Versailles, and endeavoured to turn its presence to the best account for the revolution. "It was giving a bottle of brandy instead of a glass," was a saying which has been urged as a proof of his complicity, but seems decisive of his innocence. The appearance of the mob at Versailles had long been expected, and could therefore in itself excite no sudden alarm. What then does this saying prove? Simply that he would not have been sorry to see the court a little frightened, perhaps induced by its fright to come to Paris; but that he had not contemplated the disgraceful excess to which the disorder proceeded; that he lamented and condemned it.

His subsequent connection with the court is, however, matter of certainty. The long continuance of his opposition to its adherents has rather perplexed historians as to the date of this intrigue. M. Dumont noticed, at the early period of 1790, a great change in his habits of life, and a sudden profusion succeeding to his previous necessities; and about that time he made him the confidant of a strange wild scheme of taking the king from Paris, dissolving the Assembly, and establishing a constitutional monarchy by royal ordonnance and force of arms, which he said had been formed in concert with the court, and which on Dumont's warm remonstrances he declared he had already renounced. At this time, Dumont tells us that Mirabeau had succeeded to the vast estates of his father, but found them so involved as to be productive of very little income to him; that an offer had been made to relieve him from his embarrassments, and that for this purpose he was in the receipt of a large monthly pension from Monsieur, whose known inclination to constitutional principles renders it probable that his agency was employed by the court in an arrangement of this nature. Attempts had been made, apparently about the first meeting of the States-General, to

bring him into co-operation with Necker, and M. Dumont tells us he was then ready to accept the embassy to Constantinople. An intention was subsequently formed of bringing him into the ministry; and the suspicions entertained of such a project partly occasioned the decree of October, 1789, by which the deputies were incapacitated for being ministers. Mirabeau opposed this mischievous proposal on the soundest grounds of public policy; then boldly revealing the secret intention of its advocates, said, "that the Assembly must not pass a measure generally noxious on account of one man; but that he himself would vote for the decree on condition of its excluding from the ministry not all the deputies, but only M. de Mirabeau, deputy of the *sénéchaussée* of Aix." This audacity did not succeed, and the decree was carried without a dissentient voice. Thus excluded from the ministry, he entered into secret intrigues with the court, was secretly consulted, and secretly paid. The first fruit of this was the pension from Monsieur, and the strange plan above noticed. It is probable that M. Dumont's memory may, after a lapse of ten years, rather have exaggerated its wildness; it seems hardly probable that Mirabeau could, at any time, have seriously thought of re-establishing the parliaments, whose downfall he pursued with the greatest eagerness and perseverance, or relied on effecting a counter-revolution through the influence of the clergy whom he joined in assailing; or that he would have trusted himself and the chance of his country's liberties (for these, Dumont tells us, he still professed to have at heart) to the mercy of a triumphant court. That he may have conceived such a plan is probable, for he was fully capable of entertaining the most extravagant projects; his dislike of the Assembly, recently exasperated by his exclusion from the ministry, may have induced him to suggest a mode of terminating its authority; and it is possible that his habitual imprudence may have compromised him so far as to account for that anxiety which Dumont informs us he exhibited respecting the execution of Favras, and the praises which he bestowed on the intrepidity with which that unfortunate adventurer refused to betray the particulars of the plot for which he suffered. But it is known that he had too much good sense to take any steps for the execution of this project; that he showed its impolicy to the court, and advised it to seek the means of guiding the revolution in the Assembly itself. The court was not at this time prepared to submit frankly to any limitations on its authority, and as Mirabeau would only serve it on his own terms and principles, the treaty was broken off and his pension was withdrawn. It was long after this, it was after his famous contest with Barnave respecting the right of peace and war, that the

court, which never could be induced to act with sincerity, endeavoured, by means of the Chatelet, to involve him as an instigator of the disorders of the 5th and 6th of October. It is probable, however, that during the whole of 1790 he was occasionally consulted by the court through the means of Prince Louis d'Aremberg, a Belgian nobleman in the confidence of the queen, who possessed more prudence and more enlarged and liberal views than her other advisers. At what time we ought to fix the interview with the queen, of which such romantic accounts have been given, it is difficult to decide; that he saw her, was struck with the force of her character, probably made a strong impression on her, and that she was willing to follow his counsels, is confirmed by Dumont. It was about the end of that year that his connection with the court was more closely established. The court had ceased to expect efficient assistance from foreign powers or the emigrants, and being resolved to acquire influence in the Assembly, placed itself under the guidance of Mirabeau. Laporte, the intendant of the civil list, was directed to furnish him with the means of working on the Assembly and the popular mind; and large sums of money were expended by him in influencing the press and the departments. That Mirabeau had formed a plan of repressing the spirit of disorder and establishing the king in possession of a larger share of authority there is no doubt; unfortunately, however, our information respecting these is mainly derived from the reports of Talon and Laporte found in the "*Armoire de Fer*;" and the secret of his views is not laid open by M. Dumont. That he intended to modify the constitution is certain; he had at different times canvassed it with some of the leaders of the Assembly, and found that each disapproved of some of its provisions, and by this singular device affected to have procured its condemnation by its very author. The plan generally attributed to him resembles in some respects that previously confided to Dumont, though far less violent and impracticable. He intended that the king should retire to Lyons, promulgate a new constitution, and immediately summon the first representative body. He pursued his projects, whatever they were, almost in secret. Nothing in his speeches, nothing in his public conduct, betrayed such designs; and without doubting that his object was that attributed to him, we still doubt whether he really ever intended to arrive at it by means so violent and dangerous as those which he proposed to the courtiers. We are inclined to believe that his reliance on his popularity and eloquence were such, that he probably meditated, in fact, the far simpler project, which was near succeeding in the hands of Barnave, of inducing the Assembly itself to revise the constitution, and

by some concessions to the king and the aristocracy, strengthen the government against the Jacobins.

In the whole course of his brilliant and active career in the Assembly we find no trace of any sudden change of opinion or abandonment of principle: to restrain the king within the limits of a constitutional authority, and to repress the encroachments of factions on the constituted authorities, seem to have equally and constantly been in his view. Immediately after the removal of the Assembly to Paris he proposed the law which gave the authorities the power of proclaiming martial law in times of disturbance: and a subsequent law against riots was brought forward by him. On different constitutional questions he came into collision with Robespierre and Barnave; and yet, at the same time, commenced and continued to his death the most violent combats in the tribune between him and the aristocratic party.

During the latter part of 1789 and 1790 the most constant and stirring subjects which occupied the attention of the Assembly were those which related to the property and establishment of the clergy. In all of these Mirabeau opposed the clergy and the aristocratic party, with something more of moderation in his policy, but just as little in his language as the rest of the popular leaders. His speech against tithes, in answer to the Abbé Sieyès, is famous for the paradox—"Il faut être ou mendiant, ou voleur, ou salarié." His two speeches on the question whether the church could be considered a proprietor, were composed by a person of the name of Pelin, to whom he was indebted for much assistance of this kind, and whose extraordinary facility in composition and power of close reasoning, M. Dumont highly extols. The second speech, never spoken, but published in the *Courier de Provence* is indeed a singular specimen of acute and correct reasoning, and exhausts the question. In all the measures taken by the Assembly against the clergy Mirabeau concurred, and to all appearance heartily, though M. Dumont informs us that he subsequently regretted the part he had taken. The conduct of the Assembly towards the clergy is the most indefensible part of its history. That it had a perfect right to take the lands devoted to their maintenance, and pay them in the most convenient manner; that it was at liberty to make any alterations in the government of the church, and the distribution of its revenues, cannot be disputed; the injustice was in diminishing the revenues of the actual incumbents, and imposing on them an oath which their consciences or their prejudices forbade them to take; nor can it be excused under the plea of necessity, for the state of the finances required no extraordinary expedients. When the nonjurors were represented as traitors, he took their part: and he secured to the monks

a stipend in proportion to the revenues they had previously enjoyed. But he advocated the second emission of assignats: and spoke in favour of imposing the "serment civique." He even presented a project of an address from the Assembly to the nation on occasion of that oath, which was interrupted by the murmurs of the Assembly, as disrespectful to the religion of the nation. One of his finest speeches is that in which he took fire at some allusion made to the past religious history of France, and denouncing the crimes which had been perpetrated in the name of religion, suddenly pointed to the window from which Charles IX. took part in the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Among the arts by which the aristocratic party endeavoured to impede the proceedings of the Assembly was that of constantly representing it as exceeding the power confided to it by its constituents. The Abbé Maury, on one occasion, had urged this with all his usual assurance, and more than his usual skill "When," asked he, "did the Assembly become a National Convention?"

"Je repondrai," said Mirabeau: "le jour, où trouvant la salle qui devait nous rassembler fermée, hérissée, souillée des baïonnettes, nous courûmes vers le premier lieu qui put nous réunir, pour jurer de périr plutôt que de laisser subsister un tel ordre de choses." . . . "Les attentats du despotisme, les périls que nous avons conjurés, la violence que nous avons réprimée,—voilà nos titres! nos succès les ont consacrés, l'adhésion tant de fois répétée de toutes les parties de l'empire les a légitimés, les a sanctifiés."

The beautiful apostrophe by which he closed is well known, and yet we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of quoting it.

"Vous vous rappelez tous le trait de ce Romain, qui, pour sauver sa patrie d'une grande conspiration avait négligé les formes légales. Un tribun factieux exigeant de lui le serment d'avoir observé les lois, il répondit: Je jure que j'ai sauvé la patrie. Messieurs," he cried, turning to the deputies of the commons, "je jure que vous avez sauvé la France."

At this magnificent apostrophe the Assembly, as if carried away by a common impulse, closed the discussion, and refused to entertain the insidious objection of its adversaries.

It was in the month of May, 1790, that there arose that famous discussion on the propriety of granting the king the right of declaring war, in which he hazarded his popularity by supporting against the party of Barnave and the Lameths, an extension of the prerogative much dreaded by the people, and by a noble courage and irresistible eloquence recovered the public confidence, and discomfited his adversaries. Yet it was only a few days before, that by opposing the proposal of allowing the king

any interference in the choice of the judges, he had subjected himself to the grossest insults from the aristocratic party. A message was received from the minister informing the Assembly of the commencement of hostilities between Spain and England, and adding, that some ships of war had been fitted out to enable the king, in case of necessity, to commence hostilities in behalf of his ally. Alexander de Lameth suggested that, in the first place, it became necessary to decide whether the right of making peace and war should be vested by the constitution in the king or the nation. The fifth day of the debate had arrived when Mirabeau spoke, and in a speech of great power and very sound reasoning, urged the adoption of a plan very similar to that recognized by the British constitution. The king had already the suspensive veto on all laws. Mirabeau argued that in this case, however, he ought, as having alone the management of foreign relations, to have the initiative also, and that war might be declared by him, and the sanction of the Assembly subsequently demanded: he pointed out the evil of discussions on the question of war commenced at the caprice of any member of a popular assembly; and showed, that if the Assembly retained, as he proposed, the right of stopping war already commenced, addressing the king to declare war, and impeaching the ministers in case they had neglected their duty in either respect, there was no chance of war or peace ever being made without the consent of the nation. The next day his rival, Barnave, who had watched this opportunity, replied to him in a speech much admired at the time, but which appears to us merely an ingenious and well-constructed piece of sophistry, and concluded by proposing a law which would have absolutely deprived the king of every share in the decision of such questions. The effect of this speech was such that the Assembly seemed inclined to decide at once in favour of Barnave's proposition: it was with great difficulty that Cazalès, the leader of the aristocratic minority, obtained an adjournment, for the purpose of securing to Mirabeau the opportunity of reply. The loud and repeated applause of the galleries had proclaimed the success of Barnave: he was borne home on the shoulders of the people; while Mirabeau was pursued with execrations, heard the fatal sound "*à la lanterne!*" on all sides of him, and was saved with some difficulty from the violence of the mob. The tribune of the Jacobins teemed with invectives against him; and the streets of Paris were filled with hawkers crying a pamphlet entitled "*La grande Trahison du Comte de Mirabeau découverte.*" The next day the Assembly was thronged with spectators desirous of witnessing the terrible effort he was expected to make for the recovery of his popularity. The speakers who preceded him were heard with

impatience or indifference: when he arose a perfect silence reigned. As he was preparing to ascend the tribune a friend showed him the pamphlet in which he had been denounced, and added, "Soyez ferme: hier au Capitole, aujourd'hui à la Roche Tarpéienne." Mirabeau, after casting a glance over the pamphlet, replied, "J'en sais assez: on m'emportera de l'Assemblée triomphant ou en lambeaux." And full of the information he had just received, he commenced thus:—

"On repand depuis huit jours que la section de l'Assemblée Nationale, qui veut le concours de la volonté royale dans l'exercice du droit de la paix et de la guerre, est parricide de la liberté publique; on repand les bruits de perfidie, de corruption; on invoque les vengeances populaires pour soutenir la tyrannie des opinions. On diroit qu'on ne peut sans crime avoir deux avis dans une des questions les plus délicates, et les plus difficiles de l'organisation sociale. C'est une étrange manie, c'est un déplorable aveuglement, que celui qui anime ainsi les uns contre les autres, des hommes qu'un même but, un sentiment indestructible devraient, au milieu des débats les plus acharnés, toujours rapprocher, toujours réunir; des hommes que substituent ainsi l'irascibilité de l'amour-propre au culte de la patrie, et se livrent les uns les autres aux préventions populaires! Et moi aussi, on voulait il y a peu de jours me porter en triomphe, et maintenant on crie dans les rues *La Grande Trahison du Comte de Mirabeau!*

"Je n'avais pas besoin de cette leçon pour savoir qu'il est peu de distance du Capitole à la Roche Tarpéienne; mais l'homme qui combat pour la raison, pour la patrie, ne se tient pas si aisément pour vaincu. Celui qui a la conscience d'avoir bien mérité de son pays, et surtout de lui être encore utile; celui qui ne rassasie pas une vaine célébrité, et qui dédaigne les succès d'un jour pour la véritable gloire; celui qui veut dire la vérité, qui veut faire le bien public, indépendamment des mobiles mouvemens de l'opinion populaire; cet homme porte avec lui la récompense de ses services, le charme de ses peines, et le prix de ses dangers; il ne doit attendre sa moisson, sa destinée, la seule qui l'intéresse, la destinée de son nom, que du temps, ce juge incorruptible, qui fait justice à tous. Que ceux qui prophétisaient depuis huit jours mon opinion sans la connaître, qui calomnient en ce moment mon discours, sans l'avoir compris, m'accusent d'encenser des idoles impuissantes au moment on elles sont renversées, ou d'être le vil stipendiaire des hommes que je n'ai cessé de combattre; qu'ils dénoncent comme un ennemi de la révolution celui qui peut-être n'y a pas été inutile, et qui, cette révolution, fût-elle étrangère à sa gloire, pourroit là seulement trouver sa sûreté; qu'ils livrent aux fureurs du peuple trompé celui qui depuis vingt ans combat toutes les oppressions, et qui parlait aux Français de liberté, de constitution, de résistance, lorsque ses vils calomnieurs (turning to the Lameths, who had been brought up at the expense of the Queen) suçaient le lait des cours, et vivaient de tous les préjugés dominans. Que m'importe! ces coups de bas en haut ne m'arrêteront pas dans ma carrière. Je leur dirai: répondez si vous pouvez, calomniez ensuite autant que vous voudrez."

Then addressing himself to Barnave directly, he refuted, by the most clear and strong reasoning, every successive argument employed by him. It was easy to do so; it was easy to show that each had given the Assembly precisely the same degree of influence on the decision of the question of war and peace, but that Barnave, by dexterously confounding the "legislative power" and the "legislative body," had proposed to strip the king of the share of legislative power which the Constitution vested in him, and deprive him of all voice in a question peculiarly in the department of the executive. The speech is a model of argumentative eloquence; every position of his adversary is stated with precision, and his own argument placed by its side clearly and strongly, and again and again repeated, until conviction is forced on the hearer. These reasonings and apostrophes were continued until the orator was convinced that he had mastered his audience. Then leaving the question as decided, he closed his speech with these beautiful remarks:

"Je ne crois pas qu'il soit plus conforme aux convenances de la politique, qu'aux principes de la morale, d'affiler le poignard dont on ne saurait blesser ses rivaux, sans en ressentir bientôt sur son propre sein les atteintes: je ne crois pas que des hommes qui doivent servir la cause publique en véritables frères d'armes aient bonne grace à se combattre en vils gladiateurs, à lutter d'imputations et d'intrigues, et non de lumières et de talens; à chercher dans la ruine et la dépression les uns des autres de coupables succès, des trophées d'un jour, nuisibles à tous, et même à la gloire. Mais je vous dirai: parmi ceux qui soutiennent ma doctrine vous compterez tous les hommes modérés qui ne croient pas que la sagesse soit dans les extrêmes, ni que le courage de démolir ne doive jamais faire place à celui de reconstruire; vous compterez la plupart de ces énergiques citoyens qui, au commencement des états-généraux (c'est ainsi que s'appelait alors cette convention nationale, encore garottée dans les langes de la liberté,) foulèrent aux pieds tant de préjugés, bravèrent tant de périls, déjouèrent tant de résistances pour passer au sein des communes, à qui ce dévouement donna les encouragemens et la force qui ont vraiment opéré votre révolution glorieuse; vous y verrez ces tribuns du peuple que la nation comptera long-temps encore, malgré les glapissemens de l'envieuse médiocrité, au nombre des libérateurs de la patrie; vous y verrez des hommes dont le nom desarme la calomnie, et dont les libellistes les plus effrénés n'ont pas essayé de ternir la réputation ni d'hommes privés, ni d'hommes publics; des hommes enfin qui, sans tache, sans intérêt, et sans crainte, s'honoreront jusqu'au tombeau de leurs amis et de leurs ennemis."

The triumph of Mirabeau was complete: the Assembly would not hear Barnave in reply, and adopted the principles supported by Mirabeau. The popular indignation suddenly changed into admiration, and the influence of Mirabeau was again acknowledged by the nation.

The gratitude of the court was not secured by this exertion of his influence in behalf of the prerogative. Early in August, the Chatelet presented a report respecting the business of the 5th and 6th October, directly criminating Mirabeau. He met the charge boldly, and demanded that it should be referred to a committee, to examine whether any grounds for a judicial investigation existed. Though excessively irritated by this accusation, as many of his speeches show, he displayed no resentment in his political conduct. It was during the period in which the committee was investigating his own affair, that he proposed the reorganization of the army, for which he was denounced by Marat, who exhorted the citizens to raise eight hundred gibbets, and hang thereon "les noirs et les ministres gangrenés et archi-gangrenés, et à leur tête l'infâme Riquetti l'ainé."* He proposed the thanks of the Assembly to Bouillé, for his exertions in repressing the mutiny at Nanci. Soon after, the committee presented its report on the accusation of the Chatelet, entirely exculpating Mirabeau. The speech, in which he made his own defence, is a splendid specimen of indignant refutation. The attitude of defence was one, however, which he soon abandoned.

"Quelle est le secret de cette infernale procédure?"—he cried, denouncing his adversaries in turn, "Il est là tout entier," and he pointed to the côté droit—"Il est dans l'intérêt de ceux dont les témoignages et les calomnies en ont formé le tissu : il est dans les ressources qu'elle a fournies aux ennemis de la révolution ; il est. . . il est dans le cœur des juges tel qu'il sera bientôt buriné dans l'histoire par la plus juste et la plus implacable vengeance."

Even when it was known that he was in the entire confidence of the court, these contests with its professed partisans in the Assembly continued ; and if in the last months of his career his efforts were directed more particularly against the Jacobins, he had not ceased to combat the supporters of the *ancien regime*. To view him therefore as bought by the court, to characterize his conduct as influenced by its bribes, is erroneous. He had gained the victory for which he had struggled ; he had destroyed the despotism and humbled the court, and now supported that court against

* Among the decrees, passed on the 14th July, 1790, by which titles of nobility were abolished, was one for the abolition of the territorial appellations. Thus the Montmorencis were to resume their old name of Bouchard : and Mirabeau was to be called Riquetti l'ainé. The journalists published his speeches, for some days after, under his new designation. He went up to them, and indignantly asked the meaning of this ;—"Avec votre Riquetti ainé vous avez desorientée toute l'Europe pendant trois jours." This absurd decree was never afterwards acted on ; even in the reign of terror the old noblesse used their ancient territorial names. M. Dumont tells us, that though others abandoned their *titles*, Mirabeau never ceased to use his ; and the people to the last called him "Monsieur le Comte."

assailants who were equally the enemies of the constitution. There was an immoral acceptance of pecuniary favours, but no consequent dereliction of duty. He received a secret salary, for services which, if we suppose him consistent, he would have rendered unpaid. "Il est trop certain qu'il était peu délicat en matière d'argent; mais sa fierté valait de l'honnêteté, et il aurait jeté par les fenêtres celui qui se serait chargé de lui faire quelque proposition humiliante. Il a été pensionnaire de Monsieur et ensuite du Roi: mais il se regardait comme un agent chargé de leurs intérêts, et il prenait leurs pensions pour les gouverner, et non pour être gouverné par eux." The tales of his profligate and general venality are refuted by his long poverty. The supposed pensioner of England and Spain, the hired agent as was imagined of every powerful body which was ready to pay high for his advocacy, lived in moderate circumstances, and died insolvent. "J'imagine," says M. Dumont, "que Mirabeau a payé en ce genre de réputation l'usure ordinaire de quelques mauvais procédés. *L'exagération est la première peine dans le code de l'opinion publique.*" Born in a period in which corruption furnished the livelihood of men of his rank, he had imbibed the notion that it was not dishonourable to accept the favours of the crown. In England, even at that period, members of parliament received money and lottery tickets as the wages of dishonest votes, Burke involved an unspotted integrity in suspicion by the acceptance of an ill-timed pension, and Fox was supported by the contributions of a party. The offence of Mirabeau was that which the incorruptible Sidney committed in receiving money from Louis, an offence not against patriotism, but against delicacy. His morality was not that which ennobled the garret of Marvel, and dignified the republican simplicity of the Girondists: even in renouncing the opinions he had retained some of the vices of his order, and sacrificed peace and fame to a wretched habit of aristocratic ostentation.

The excesses of his youth had undermined his constitution; and his health was endangered by the imprudent use of the most violent remedies. He felt his strength failing him when he wished to put it forth to the utmost against the Jacobins. When he took leave of Dumont, who left Paris about three months before his death, he said,—

"Je mourrai à la peine, mon bon ami; nous ne nous reverrons peut-être pas. Quand je ne serai plus, on saura ce que je valais. Les malheurs que j'ai arrêtés fondront de toutes parts sur la France: cette faction criminelle qui tremble devant moi n'aura plus de frein. Je n'ai devant les yeux que des prophéties de malheur. Ah! mon ami, que nous avions raison quand nous avons voulu dès le commencement empêcher

les communes de se déclarer Assemblée Nationale ; c'est là l'origine du mal ; depuis qu'ils ont remporté cette victoire, ils n'ont cessé de s'en montrer indignes. Ils ont voulu gouverner le roi, au lieu de gouverner par lui ; mais bientôt ce ne sera plus ni eux ni lui que gouverneront ! une vile faction les dominera tous, et couvrira la France d'horreurs."

One last and memorable struggle against these enemies occurred on the proposed law against emigration, which he opposed with vigour and denounced as contrary to every principle of liberty. "La popularité dont j'ai eu l'honneur de jouir comme un autre, n'est pas un faible roseau : c'est dans la terre que je veux enfoncer ses racines sur l'imperturbable base de la raison et de la liberté. Si vous faites une loi contre les émigrans, je jure de n'y obéir jamais." Again he wished to speak, and was interrupted by the clamour of the *montagne*. "J'ai combattu toute ma vie le despotisme ; et je la combattrai toute ma vie." And when again an interruption occurred from the same quarter, "Silence aux trente voix !" was the imperious exclamation by which he commanded order.

His last effort in this cause was made on presenting an address from the Directory of the department of the Seine, in which he denounced the instigators of popular tumults, and declared an intention of repressing them, which he might have succeeded in executing. But his hopes were unavailing. On the 27th of March, in the middle of a speech on the subject of mines, his strength failed him, and he fainted continually. Violent remedies and fresh imprudences aggravated the disorder, and on the 2d of April, after a short and painful illness, he closed his eventful life by a death, of which, as Talleyrand remarked, he had dramatized the approach.

The tortures of a painful death were aggravated to Mirabeau by a fearful foresight of the evils which threatened France, and the regret of leaving incomplete those great designs which he alone could execute. "J'emporte avec moi les lambeaux de la monarchie," was the expression of his dying anguish : and it still remains an interesting speculation whether his genius could have achieved the undertaking of re-establishing tranquillity, and conducting the Revolution to a peaceable and prosperous conclusion. To suppose, as the phrase goes, that he could have checked it ; that he could have re-established the despotism, and restored the old habits and feelings of submission to the abuses of the ancient order of things ; that he could have stayed the continued progress of improvement, is to attribute to him intentions which would have been unworthy of him, and powers beyond those which individual genius ever wielded. But it is conceivable that his bold-

ness and sagacity might have directed the course of the Revolution : that he could have checked the violence and the influence of the extreme parties, whose collision produced every disaster ; repressed disorder and enforced obedience to the laws without irritating the people, or disappointing its expectations of good government ; and finally succeeded in restoring habits of order, and creating a general confidence in the stability and advantages of the new constitution. Such were the expectations of his cotemporaries who felt the influence of his commanding powers. He was an object of fear and hatred equally to the Jacobins and the violent aristocrats, while all of either party who sincerely desired tranquillity and good government seem to have confided in him as their main if not only stay. Even the court had learned to trust him, and to obey his counsels ; and it was its despair at his loss that precipitated the fatal flight to Varennes. Nor did he want the tardy regrets of those who most suspected and opposed him. “ Je vis le puissant Mirabeau,” says Madame Roland, “ *le seul homme dans la Révolution, dont le génie pût diriger des hommes, et en imposer à une assemblée : grand par ses facultés, petit par ses vices, mais toujours supérieur au vulgaire, et immanquablement son maître dès qu’il voulait prendre la peine de le commander. Il mourut bientôt après : je crus que c’était à propos pour sa gloire, et pour la liberté ; mais les événemens m’ont appris à le regretter davantage. Il fallait le contrepoids d’un homme de cette force, pour s’opposer à l’action d’une foule de roquets, et nous préserver de la domination des bandits.*” Amid the conflicts and perplexities of its subsequent course, often did the eyes of the Assembly turn to the seat from which Mirabeau would rise to still their agitations and guide their counsels—and often when affrighted by the energy of the turbulent, and discouraged by the vacillations of the honest, did the people sigh like Madame Roland for an “ être à la Mirabeau.”

In contemplating the irresistible vehemence with which the Revolution seemed to move along on its appointed course, and the little influence that human efforts apparently had in guiding opinion or acting on circumstances, there arises a constant tendency to that species of fatalism so conspicuous in some late French writers : we find ourselves at a loss to trace the workings of the national mind, and are apt to attribute them to some mysterious law, which, independent of all human agency, regulated the progress of change to the point at which it was stayed ; and it seems extravagant to imagine that the energies even of Mirabeau could have influenced the destined issue of events. This is an easy but not a very philosophic mode of accounting for the phenomena of the Revolution. The events of that revolution were, like all others, influenced by human wisdom and human folly : uni-

versal and strong as were the feelings that urged on the people, they were feelings very susceptible of guidance by individual mind. About the period in which Mirabeau died, the passions of the people had experienced an interval of comparative calm; they were in a state in which prudence might have prevented fresh excitement, and boldness checked the recommencement of turbulence. Mirabeau was placed in that situation in which he might have acted on both parties at once: his influence must have operated in some degree: we cannot but think it might have extended to giving a tranquil and happy character to those events, of which the result was so eminently disastrous.

The popularity of Mirabeau had apparently suffered no diminution: he swayed the Assembly, and he led the people. The very mob of Paris retained an unabated enthusiasm for "M. le Comte," as he continued to be called: and even the Jacobins, whenever he condescended to appear at their tribune, admired his eloquence, and submitted to his dictation. But the Assembly was the seat of his empire. He neither belonged to any great party, nor could it be said that any constantly followed him. His influence was exerted over that large portion which was comprised under no party denomination, but which gave the victory where the preponderance of reason and eloquence were found. Of these men he commanded the suffrages whenever he raised his voice in behalf of order or freedom: and in the subsequent history of the Assembly there were many periods at which, by their aid, he might have given a different turn to decisions of the greatest moment. The fatal decree proposed by Robespierre for excluding the members of that assembly from the succeeding legislature, was opposed by the most influential members of the popular party. Already had Mirabeau succeeded in preventing the adoption of a similar proposal on a previous occasion: and it is not too much to imagine that his influence, conjoined to that of Barnave and his friends, might have changed the result of the vote. It is not at all improbable that in the altered temper of the Assembly, he might even have induced it to revoke the decree which excluded the deputies from the ministry. But the great occasion afforded to the friends of order was that of the revision of the constitution. Three-fourths of the Assembly were, we are assured, inclined to lend Barnave their support in effecting such alterations as would have enlarged the authority of the king. The ridiculous protest, and the culpable defection of the aristocratic minority, rendered the success of the attempt impossible. The only man who could have intimidated that faction, who could have guided it in the path of sense, was Mirabeau. It is obvious that Cazalès, the single sagacious man of that party, and its most eloquent and influential

leader, had become much inclined to conciliation and co-operation with Mirabeau; and their united influence might have checked the extravagance of the *côté droit*, and even turned its numbers to good account. In another mode, also, Mirabeau might have acted on the people in his capacity of a member of the directory of the department of Paris. He, we may be assured, would have used with vigour the executive powers which that body so feebly employed. He might have triumphed over the firmness of Petion, and the audacity of Danton, and repressed at the outset the encroachments of the *Commune*.

But it is absurd to imagine that Mirabeau, or any other man, could have effected much by acting only on one party. The measures of the people were influenced more than by any other cause by the conduct of the court. Supposing the court to have followed that treacherous and vacillating policy which it did actually pursue, no eloquence could have dispelled the popular distrust, or prevented the people from defending their menaced liberties. It is from the influence which it is known that Mirabeau had over the *court*, that we are inclined to suppose that he might have been successful in saving the monarchy. There is every reason to believe that his commanding character had inspired respect and confidence into the king and queen, and some of the most influential of their adherents: that they believed that *he* could and that *he* would save them, and that they would not have dared to thwart *his* views by the treachery and obstinacy by which they dashed the efforts of all the wise and virtuous men whose exertions were wasted in assisting them. He might have saved the monarch and the monarchy, because he had the vigour which would have taken the reins of government out of the hands of the weak Louis. His counsels would have secured the king's fidelity to the constitution, and the vigorous exertions of all his constitutional authority. And nothing could have been more easy than to secure the confidence of the people by a frank and steady policy on the part of the king, or than to nullify the efforts of the instigators of disorder, by thus dispelling the suspicions, whose existence gave them their whole power over the public mind.

It was our intention in commencing this article to view Mirabeau rather as an orator than a statesman, and to compare him with some of his most eminent rivals in the Constituent, and his most illustrious successors in the subsequent assemblies of the Revolution. We have been insensibly led away from our object by the interest we naturally felt in examining his far more controverted conduct as a statesman. His most celebrated speeches have been so frequently quoted in late works on the Revolution that we may presume that they are well known to our readers:

and some of the finest specimens of his eloquence have been quoted in the course of these remarks. It is the highest order of eloquence; not that which captivates the fancy by repeated and laboured touches, but that which masters the judgment and rules the passions by clear and simple reasoning, and the forcible expression of ardent and natural feeling. This is precisely the species of eloquence of which the effect is the most decisive, but at the same time the most difficult to analyze. It is not our intention to offer a brief and unsatisfactory analysis; but rather to devote the small space we have left to the examination of a question about which much interest has been raised by the work now before us, and on which a very hasty and very erroneous opinion has in many cases been formed. We mean the subject of the aid derived by Mirabeau in the composition of his speeches from his various friends, and in particular from M. Dumont.

A great part of the speeches spoken by Mirabeau were, as was the case with the considerable speeches of almost all his colleagues in the Assembly, except Barnave, read from manuscript; and it has long been known that many of these were the compositions of his friends. Even during his life this was matter of general notoriety. M. Dumont has entered into very interesting details on this subject, and informed us of the particular contributions made by himself and some other friends. The famous speech for the removal of the troops, and the consequent address to the king, were composed by M. Dumont: some subsequent speeches of great merit, but of less celebrity, and on subjects of less interest, were also written by him. Others were contributed by Duroverai. Reybaz composed the speech on the subject of "Wills," which, in his last moments, he requested Talleyrand to read to the Assembly after his death. His long financial speeches were mostly the work of Clavière: and those on the property of the church, formerly attributed to the Abbé Lamourette, were written by Pelin. Others were composed by a host of persons of whose ideas he was willing to be the organ, and whose industry and talents he employed in his service. Careless readers, on becoming acquainted with these facts, have exaggerated them into an absolute annihilation of the oratorical fame of Mirabeau. Those who are willing to explain away the existence of genius, are delighted to resolve this imposing mass of intellectual powers into numerous and insignificant components: those who hate his political character exult in detecting the fraud of the demagogue, and stripping him of his borrowed plumes; and his numerous admirers are filled with rage at the attempt made by M. Dumont to strip their idol of his supposed excellencies, tax him with assuming to himself merits of thought and style in which his acknowledged works

show him to be wholly deficient, and boldly discredit the story which he tells. Persons inclined to judge with no harshness of either Dumont or Mirabeau are apt to be surprised and perplexed at the discovery now made: to wonder how eloquence such as that of Mirabeau could have been prompted, or the calm, elegant and didactic style of Dumont elevated into the strong and vehement expression of passion. Some imagine that M. Dumont wrote at the dictation of Mirabeau; and some that he caught a momentary fire from his conversation, and while he imagined himself to be composing, merely gave forth the impressions he had received from the great orator.

The explanation afforded by a common acquaintance with the speeches of Mirabeau appears to be very obvious and very simple, perfectly consistent with his fame, and at the same time with the indisputable credit due to M. Dumont's assertions. In fact the account given by M. Dumont entirely clears up the mystery. For we now know actually which of his speeches were composed by the friends of Mirabeau, and which were the undoubted productions of his own genius. We find that *all* the speeches on which his great fame rests,—*all* those which charmed the people and swayed the Assembly, were his undoubted composition: and that a very insignificant portion of his fame has been derived from those of his friends. The only exception is in the case of those composed by M. Dumont: and yet these are, after all, much more in the style of M. Dumont than in that of Mirabeau, and the discovery of their authorship deprives Mirabeau rather of the credit of an additional and unusual beauty of style, than of the characteristic elements of his eloquence. It is not on the long and laboured reasonings composed by Clavière and Pelin that his fame rests. Omit every speech of which the authorship is questioned or questionable, from your perusal of the works of Mirabeau, and your admiration for his eloquence will be as fervent as that of one who gives him all the additional credit of their composition. The greatness of Mirabeau was displayed under circumstances in which the assistance of others was impossible,—in the speeches at the *Séance Royale*,—in the instructions to the deputation to the king,—in the sudden allusion to the localities of the massacre of St. Bartholomew,—in the magnificent oath by which he asserted the authority of the Assembly. Extend this to his more lengthened speeches. That, which is by all admitted to be the noblest effort of his eloquence, is the great speech in support of Necker's proposal of a patriotic loan, in which he denounced with argument so clear, and power so stirring, the infamous project of a national bankruptcy. This, as M. Dumont informs us, was a

sudden reply, not only not prepared by others, but not even premeditated by himself. The famous reply to Barnave that admirable specimen of lofty eloquence and stringent reasoning, has never been claimed by any other. The speech in defence of himself when accused by the Chatelet, the attack on the parliament of Rennes, the noble vindication of the tricoloured flag, and a number of other admirable speeches dictated by the occasion and the feelings of the moment, are acknowledged to be his. These are the speeches on which his fame was founded,—these are the speeches which bear the marks of his great and peculiar style. All those of which the honour is due to others are evidently the productions of inferior minds: the little merit actually belonging to their style may be detracted from him without detriment to his genius; though he still will have the merit of having adopted sound opinions, and availed himself of the assistance of the fittest instruments. By this he loses nothing as an orator, but gains as a statesman. And every instance of this wonderful power of detecting the capacity and appropriating the labours of men, whose peculiar information on particular questions would otherwise have been lost to the world, is only another proof of that sagacity which M. Dumont justly observes was the great characteristic of his mind, and which was the foundation of his utility as a statesman, and his renown as an orator.

We will detain our reader with no further remarks of our own. We must however, add the judgment of the illustrious Goethe, contained in the third volume of the lately-published *Characteristics*. After laughing at the angriness of some French criticisms on the work before us, he says,

“What folly! Ought they not to have thanked Dumont for furnishing them with such irrefragable proofs of the genius of the great orator? The French want that Mirabeau should be their Hercules. And they are right: but Hercules must be abundantly supplied with food. They forget, good people, that this Colossus is composed of parts; that this demigod is a collective being. The greatest genius will never be worth much if he pretends to draw exclusively from his own resources. What is genius, but the faculty of seizing and turning to account every thing that strikes us;—of co-ordinating and breathing life into all the materials that present themselves;—of taking] here marble, there brass, and building a lasting monument with them. If I were not assured that Mirabeau possessed in the highest degree the art of appropriating the knowledge and the thoughts of those around him, I should not believe in the stories told of his influence What should I be, if this art of appropriation were considered as derogatory to genius. What have I done? I have collected and turned to account all that I have seen, heard, observed: I have put in requisition the

works of nature and of man. Every one of my writings has been furnished to me by a thousand different persons often they have sowed the harvest I have reaped ; *my work is that of an aggregation of beings taken from the whole of nature ; it bears the name of Goethe.*

“ Such was Mirabeau : he had the genius of popular oratory ; the genius of observation ; the genius of appropriation : he detected talent wherever it existed,—fostered and reared it to maturity ; and talent attached itself to him. He turned every thing to account that he thought useful or apposite, without thinking himself obliged to quote his sources ; and his principal art was that of setting in motion a vast number of springs. M. Dumont was one of the most efficient ;—there is not a page of his book that does not prove the grandeur, the elevation, of Mirabeau’s genius, exactly by the very circumstances of which these journalists so anxiously contest the truth. Absurd people ! you do like certain philosophers, countrymen of mine, who fancy that, by remaining shut up in their study thirty years, without once looking into the world, and exclusively occupied in sifting and bolting the ideas extracted from their own poor brains, they shall find an exhaustless spring of original, grand and useful conceptions ! Do you know what turns out ?—clouds ; nothing but clouds !”

POSTSCRIPT TO ART. I. on *National Education.*

The following Treasury minute, relating to the sum of 20,000*l.*, recently granted for the building of schools in Great Britain, has appeared in the public newspapers :

COPY OF THE TREASURY MINUTE, DATED AUG. 30.

“ My Lords read the act of the last session, by which a sum of 20,000*l.* is granted to his majesty, to be issued in aid of private subscriptions for the erection of schools for the education of the children of the poorer classes in Great Britain.

“ The Chancellor of the Exchequer, feeling it absolutely necessary that certain fixed rules should be laid down by the Treasury for their guidance in this matter, so as to render this sum most generally useful for the purposes contemplated by the grant, submits the following arrangements for the consideration of the Board :—

“ 1. That no portion of this sum be applied to any purpose whatever, except for the erection of new school-houses, and that in the definition of a school-house the residence for masters or attendants be not included.

“ 2. That no application be entertained, unless a sum be raised by private contribution equal at the least to one-half of the total estimated expenditure.

“ 3. That the amount of private subscription be received, expended, and accounted for, before any issue of public money for such school be directed.

" 4. That no application be complied with, unless upon the consideration of such a report either from the National School Society, or the British and Foreign School Society, as shall satisfy this Board that the case is one deserving of attention, and there is a reasonable expectation that the school may be permanently supported.

" 5. That the applicants whose cases are favourably entertained be required to bind themselves to submit to any audit of their accounts which this Board may direct, as well as to such periodical reports respecting the state of their schools, and the number of scholars educated as may be called for.

" 6. That in considering all applications made to the Board, a preference be given to such applications as come from large cities and towns, in which the necessity of assisting in the erection of schools is most pressing; and that due inquiries should also be made, before any such application be acceded to, whether there may not be charitable funds, or public and private endowments, that might render any further grants inexpedient or unnecessary.

" In these suggestions My Lords concur."

The above minute tends to confirm us more strongly than ever in the opinion which we have expressed as to the impolicy of making grants for purposes of education, without any authority to superintend the outlay of the money granted, and to watch over the schools founded by it. The conduct of the government would be intelligible, if the money was (as in Ireland) entrusted to irresponsible private societies, and no attempt was made to secure its proper application. But this Treasury minute sets forth a number of regulations, which the Treasury, occupied with other matters, will not remember to enforce, nor, even if it attempted to interfere, would it have power to exercise an efficient control. The government indeed do not undertake to decide in what cases assistance is to be given, but leave this matter to be determined by the National School Society, or the British and Foreign School Society. All applicants, however, are to bind themselves to submit to any audit of their accounts which the Treasury may direct, and to make such periodical reports respecting the state of their schools as may be called for. Now, we beg to ask, what power has the Treasury of controlling such schools? They do not become the property of the public, though they have been built with the public money. They may pass from hand to hand: the original managers may die or change their residence; and the houses, built for purposes of education, may be either suffered to go out of repair, or turned to other uses, without any person being liable to the Treasury for the waste of public money thus occasioned. This attempt to enforce regulations, which cannot be enforced without machinery specially destined to the purpose, seems to us most distinctly to prove, that without some central authority to ensure that the schools newly built shall belong to the public, and that the system of teaching followed in them shall be deserving of approbation, all grants of public money for the education of the poor will be either wholly wasted, or so misapplied, that they will only produce a very small fraction of the good which might, under a better system, be derived from them.

ART. X.—C. Spindler's *Sämmtliche Werke*. (C. Spindler's collected Works.) 20 vols. 8vo. Stuttgart. 1831—1833.

AMONGST the ever-thickening swarms of German novelists, none, we believe, rank higher than Spindler, whose rapidly-acquired reputation may be best appreciated by the fact that compatriot critics boldly express their expectation of his proving the Schiller of prose romance. To say that our anticipations are more moderate, is perhaps only to say that we are English, not German; to which we may add that, although we greatly like and admire Spindler, we cannot quite think of comparing him to Schiller. It cannot, however, be deemed judging a young author, or indeed any author, very unfavourably, to deny him the creative imagination, the subtle yet profound philosophy, the deep sensibility, and the mental purity of the most delightful, if not the most wonderful, of German poets. And here we should leave this question; but as German critics bring them thus together, we must advert to one especial point of difference between these writers, which we have hesitated whether to ascribe to diversity in the internal nature of the men, or to diversity of external circumstances of the times they lived in. Schiller contemplated the past with a poet's eye. The splendors of baronial state, of chivalrous courtesy, charmed his fancy if they dazzled not his judgment, and whilst he disguised not the superstition and ferocity of ruder ages, he relieved the gloomy picture with bright portraiture of coeval honour, simplicity, and patriarchal kindness. Spindler, on the contrary, looks back with the criticising eye of a philosopher of the nineteenth century, as he more evidently shows himself in *Der Invalide, Historisch-romantische Bilder neuerer und neuester Zeit*, (The Invalid, Historico-romantic Pictures of the latter and latest Times;—such *latter* and *latest* times being the different epochs of the French Revolution, ending with the second restoration.) Spindler sees little in the feudal system but its abuses, and, like his French brethren, paints those abuses in his strongest colours, scarcely introducing a scion of nobility—(sovereign princes he treats more leniently)—who is not a robber, a profligate, or in one way or other a monster of guilt, retaining little of humanity beyond the generic name. Making due allowance for the influence of this ardently fermenting anti-feudality, Spindler is an excellent painter of manners and character. In the individualization of his personages, in their adaptation to different countries and ages, he equals Tromlitz, and he far surpasses him in fertility of invention. Spindler's stories are always well managed and interesting, often they are exceedingly original; his incidents are abundant, happily complicated, and productive of striking scenes, which however lose much of their dramatic effect, from a lengthiness (to speak American,) mainly originating in an overfulness of detail and development.

The twenty volumes before us contain tales of all lengths and kinds: the longer ones generally entitled, not novels or romances, but Pictures of manners, or of character, or Historical Sketches, embodying the customs, feelings, and opinions of different ages, from the fifteenth cen-

tury, through the French Revolution, down to the present day. Of these, one of the earliest, and perhaps of the best, *Der Jude, Deutsches Sittengemälde der ersten Hälfte des fünfzehnten Jahrhundert*, (The Jew, a Picture of German Manners in the first half of the fifteenth Century), especially exhibiting the then condition of the Jews, wealthy but wretched, has been translated both into French and English. Another, the next we believe in date, *Der Jesuit, Sitten-und-Charakter Gemälde aus dem ersten Viertel des achtzehnten Jahrhundert*, (The Jesuit, a Picture of Manners and Character in the first quarter of the eighteenth century,) is a work of yet greater and more original talent. The picture it exhibits of an able, virtuous and very conscientious man (the Jesuit), compelled, by obedience to his superiors, to commit acts of fraud and cruelty repugnant to his kindly nature, and so fully convinced that he is merely doing his duty, as to experience remorse for his reluctance, is the most striking illustration we have seen offered by fiction of the fearful omnipotence of that order. We should gladly give an analysis of the book, but our present limits forbid, and we believe, moreover, that it is now in the course of translation. Without stopping, therefore, to particularize all the tales, we shall endeavour, by a brief analysis of, and a few extracts from, the last of the series, *Die Nonne von Gnadenzell, Sittengemälde des fünfzehnten Jahrhundert*, (The Nun of Gnadenzell, a Picture of the Manners of the fifteenth Century,) to justify our praise of this talented and diligent author.

The Nun of Gnadenzell begins with the formally official opening for the summer of the baths at Baden, in the name of the Margrave of Baden, and we extract the first introduction of the heroine. Heerdegen von Sperberseck, the younger son of a noble family, a not ill-disposed libertine, who has acquired fortune in the service of the Duke of Burgundy, goes forth in search of some light beauty whom he may love during the Baden season, and enters the church.

"His eye glided carelessly from the veils and golden caps of the high-born dames, and sought more complacently amongst the flowers of lowlier condition for a violet to his taste and pleasure. That which is looked for abroad is often to be found close at hand. As the service ended and the congregation prepared to leave the church, the *Junker* observed by his side a maiden rising from her knees, whose form and features touched his licentious heart to its inmost core. Her complexion was indeed of a marble paleness, but majestically flashing eyes, brown as her luxuriant locks, and lucid as stars, gave wondrous animation to the beautiful, melancholy countenance. Through her scanty attire the fair girl's limbs discovered bewitching proportions, more supple, fuller and nobler than is usually seen in females of the lower orders. Under favour of the crowd the *Junker* leaned forward to look the maiden boldly and confidently in the face, and to touch her soft hand; but he quickly abandoned the attempt as the maiden lifted up her head, turned it towards him, and regarded him with undisturbed composure. A certain victoriousness of innocence, a powerful self-consciousness spoke in her earnest gaze, that seemed to ask, 'What would you with me, Sir, and how dare you bring your importunity in my way?'

"The *Junker* felt abashed, and swore secretly but fervently never to rest until this austere, cold-hearted virgin should live for his passion."

This self-possessed maiden proves to be Gisela, the daughter of

Goetz von Bachenstein, a profligate old noble, who, having by his extravagance and sensuality reduced himself to the necessity of gaining his bread by menial service at the baths, spends every thing he can earn, beg, or borrow upon the gratification of his own appetites, whilst his wife and daughter are half starved; and who, having long since turned his young son Reinhold out of doors for endeavouring to defend his mother from conjugal ill-treatment, is now impatient to get rid of his daughter, inasmuch as her stern virtue annoys him yet more than the trouble occasioned by the incessant illicit pursuit that her beauty provokes. Gisela herself, hating and despising the male sex,—no unnatural consequence of associating with such a father—is bent upon becoming a nun, and the only fault to be found with her determination is the want of affection which it evinces towards her oppressed and suffering mother.

Various plots are laid by various noble bathers, including Sperberseck, to lure Gisela from her parent's hovel, and one, by a Baron Harras, succeeds. But the Baron, at the very moment of his emissary's triumph, being thrown into prison for a brawl, the meaner villain, disappointed of meeting his principal, without money, and overawed by the loftiness of his victim's unsuspecting innocence, robs and deserts her in a forest. Many trying adventures follow, ending in Gisela's admittance into the convent of Gnadenzell, which, unknown to her, is in such bad repute that at the period of her entrance an investigation into the irregularities of the sisterhood by their feudal superior, Eberhard Count of Würtemberg, is impending.

The character of the prioress Richardis is ably developed; but to display it, long scenes of conventual licentiousness would require to be translated, and these, although as delicately given perhaps as the subject admits of, are not to our taste. We shall therefore merely state, that Richardis, receiving through her paramour timely notice of an intended surprise by the chancellor of Würtemberg, sets her convent in order, persuades the unsuspecting Gisela to personate sister Hailwig, a nun whose absence on account of her approaching confinement is suspected by the visitors, and thus half convinces them the charges against her house are calumnious; that being forbidden to receive new nuns, she admits Gisela by a fictitious ceremony, her paramour acting the bishop; then imprisons her upon a false accusation, and dooms her to die of hunger. Gisela had, however, found means to communicate with Poppele, a half-witted lad, the drudge of the convent, who is devotedly attached to her. Poppele makes his way to the Count of Würtemberg, to whom he tells his story; and the Count, reaching the convent in the crisis, Richardis is unmasked, deposed, and dismissed, and Gisela named prioress in her stead.

The new superior forthwith proceeds to reform the convent; but finds the task somewhat arduous; and even when she appears to have succeeded, though seemingly at the summit of her desires, is miserable. The prioress Gisela, who believes herself a nun, has fallen in love with her sovereign, Count Eberhard, whom she knows to be a married man, and who thinks not of her; and the humiliation of her

maiden pride tortures her almost as much as her consciousness of inability to subdue a sinful passion.

Meanwhile, or rather before all this, Gisela's brother Reinhold, having had occasion to discover and reveal a plot against Count Eberhard, had in consequence been taken by him as a page, but being severely punished by an officer for some boyish misdemeanor, had run away, and become, under the name of the Wildherr, the dreaded captain of a band of robbers. One of his gang, Heinz von Schlaiz, the son of another worthless and indigent nobleman, is taken, tried, and convicted of a robbery. Wildherr having planned the seizure of the accusers by his gang, some of his scouts surprise a solitary hunter, who has lost his company, and drag him to their cavern. Wildherr, grasping a battle-axe in one hand, opens the door, with the words:—

“ ‘Bring ye one of the birds? Ye snails, who should be sent for the plague, why loiter ye so?’ Scarcely had he spoken when a hoary wretch, Marten, the father of Heinz, brandishing a drawn sword, rushed like a wild beast upon the prisoner; but Feldmann (the hunter's dog,) was more alert than the murderous Marten, and brought the old sinner to the ground. Wildherr dragged back the dog by his collar, at the same time pushing away Marten with his foot: ‘Would the hound's teeth were in thy false throat!’ stormed he, ‘Get thee into yon corner till the butcher be wanted, or I will myself set the beast upon thee.’ Gasping and muttering curses, Marten obeyed, whilst Wildherr, taking up the light, placed himself thoughtfully before the stranger, who, his hand upon his hanger, stood dauntlessly awaiting any attack. The lamp trembled in the robber's hold, as he looked his captive in the face, and with the expression of deep dissatisfaction, he asked, ‘What have you done now, you wretched blunders? Instead of the kite, do you snare the eagle? What could possess you?’

“Whilst the most fluent of the midnight runners tried to justify his act, Wildherr, with head declined, walked backwards and forwards in deep deliberation, thus allowing the stranger full leisure to examine him. The dreaded robber was one of the strangest of figures, every thing about him being inconsistent and contradictory. His hero-like carriage assorted not with his coarse, unusual garb, nor his powerful voice and lively eye with the age indicated by his face. From under a high conical cap, bent down behind like a helmet, and adorned with a bunch of cock's feathers, fell thick, straight, grey hair, cut short, peasant fashion. Grey eyebrows bushily overshadowed the fiery glance, and immense mustachios, also bearing the snow of years, bristled under the commanding nose, over the haughty mouth. Below the chin also the beard stood out like a collar of white goat's hair, whence the robber's brown cheeks showed the darker. Resolved audacity threatened from the lineaments, and the garb bespoke familiarity with every hardship, contempt of every toil. The naked breast was seen through a russet jacket, held together by a leathern belt; red breeches dangled far beyond the knees; wooden soles, fastened on with strips of ox-hide, protected the feet. The tall figure was further wrapped in a cloak of sheep-skins, and armed with a belt-knife, about the size of an executioner's sword, and with the threatening axe, that had terrified many a stout-hearted man.”

This formidable personage addresses his prisoner courteously, regretting that he cannot release him before day-break, but pledging himself in the meanwhile for his safety; and upon the other expressing a desire to sleep, he arranges him a bed, with a robber's knees

for his pillow, and so leaves him in the cavern, taking post outside with the rest of his followers, to await the right victims. When these are brought in, Wildherr holds a sort of court of justice, condemns two of them, and authorises Marten to put them to death. Marten is about to fall upon his prey, when Lamparter, his intended son-in-law, arrives, arrests his arm, and announces that Heinz is still safe, but that his chance of life would be forfeited by injuring his accusers. In consequence of this their lives are spared, and the scene ends by Wildherr delivering up the intended victims to his prisoner, in whom the reader will have discovered Count Eberhard, and disappearing with his band.

Being afterwards suddenly seized with a longing for the consolations of religion, the robber-captain presents himself, such as he has been described, in the church of Gnadenzell, requires the vicar of the convent to shrive him, and obtains absolution, on the condition of his undertaking a somewhat tedious, and, for an outlaw, hazardous course of penance, after the completion of which he is to be admitted to the sacrament of the eucharist. Upon the occasion of this confession, Wildherr sees and falls in love with Gisela. During his penance, which he conscientiously performs, he is visited by Scheibenhart, a favourite youth belonging to his gang, and we extract part of the conversation that occurs. Wildherr asks:—

“What bringest thou, my brave boy?” ‘The greeting of our brethren and comrades, who despond without their boldest hand. You see I bring not much, but fain would I take you back with me, active, vigorous, and resolute, as of old.’ ‘Time enough for that.’ ‘Ever the same answer! * * * * You, once the terror of the country, you now crawl about churches and chapels, make pilgrimages to wonder-working shrines, and enrich the priests’ poor-box!’ ‘Why not! Once I joyed in murder, now I joy in penance. Copy me, brave boy. Strew thy head with ashes, and wrap thee in haircloth.’ ‘Aye, to be sure! I am likely to begin a mummerly that revolts my very soul. Pretty sport to lie at the church door with outstretched arms, as a threshold under the feet of devout Christians! But have you no care for your safety? Fear you not that some traitor may step before the judges, and say, Come, I’ll show you the man on whose head the high price is set, who is already in the toils, and will quietly let himself be taken?’ ‘Who should betray me? Lamparter lies buried under the smoking ruins of Sperberseck; Marten is imprisoned as a poacher in the horrid vaults of Wittlinger castle. Thou alone knowest me in my present shape—what should I fear?’ ‘Everything, as a proscribed man! * * * Trust not the parson in the confessional; he will blab your secret.’ ‘Yet a few days and my penance will be done, and I may receive the sacrament. That is what I want, and never had I been easy had I longer denied myself that purification from sin.’ ‘Strange! Your rage had just blazed out fiercer than ever, you had sworn to burn and destroy the castles of the nobility, and hardly is the first torch applied ere your rage is quenched.’ ‘That was it, my brave boy. When amidst the Sperberseck conflagration I discovered that I had been misled, that I was striking the innocent whilst my enemy was far away; when the heart-rending shrieks of the lady and her infants, half roasted to death in the dungeon-keep, pierced my ear, I felt crushed; I saw myself dripping with gore whilst the flames of hell licked every hair of the murderous incendiary. How freely shall I breathe when once restored to Christian fellowship!’ ‘And then? What think you to do then? Creep into a monk’s cowl?’

"The Wildherr smiled, and answered gaily: 'Not I! Then will I be again a proper man, live frank and free like the bird of prey, and for a beginning I will get me a wife out of the convent.'"

The penance, thus usefully and meritoriously undertaken, is accomplished, and ends by the penitent's admission to the holiest office of religion. At this moment, even in the church, he is betrayed by old Marten, and carried before a tribunal presided by the stern knight, Bero von Mordermorser.

"Wildherr's brave boy Scheibenhart was brought forward, heavily ironed. The judge threateningly said to him, 'Dog of a thief, here stands thy lord and master! Do'st own him!' Scheibenhart walked quietly up to the accused, then shook his head with the words: 'This may be St. Peter for aught I know; the Wildherr he is not.' 'Oh Scheibenhart, lie not!' exclaimed another voice, and old Marten pressed forward. 'And what would'st thou, that liest like a knave?' asked Scheibenhart, looking steadfastly at the traitor. 'Have done with this mummery, and call not me by a name not mine, for I know thee not, thou false witness.' 'Fetch the other rogue,' commanded the count's officer. Another youth, loaded with chains, tottered forward. Marten's restless eye recognized his son, and he trembled with joy, convinced that his assertions would now be confirmed. 'Who is this man?' asked Sir Bero of the youth. 'Without hesitation, who is he?'"

"Heinz cast a look of surprise at the accused, but instantly recovering himself, said, 'I know him not.' Marten now set up a loud lamentation, crying, 'Heinz, my son, whom I love as the apple of my eye, can'st thou speak thus? I have brought the enemy of the land and thy seducer to due punishment, and thou, my own blood, wilt thou give me the lie?' Heinz, not without emotion, answered: 'My heart is grieved, father, to see you in irons, but may they serve to recall you to yourself, not tempt you to expiate old offences by new crimes. What would you of me?' 'That thou honour the truth, and acknowledge this man for the Wildherr, as I have done.' 'That is not the Wildherr.' 'Son, son, our liberty is at stake; the price set upon this robber's head is at stake!' Heinz paused, then repeated with cold composure, 'That is not the Wildherr.' Old Marten covered his face, moaning and whimpering, but said no more."

The Wildherr, thus supported by the steady attachment of his comrades, contrives to pass himself for the executioner of a neighbouring state, by the production of vouchers, saved, with prudent forethought, from the recent plunder of that worthy personage, and he is about to be discharged, when old Marten suddenly exclaims:—

"'I recollect a mark that will settle all. The Wildherr bears a red star upon his right arm—I have seen it. Order that man's sleeve to be turned back.' A malicious smile flitted across the countenances of the suspected man and of Scheibenhart. 'Most true,' said the former, 'I bear a mark, but it is on the left arm, and, as I bethink me, is a cross.' He bared his arm and showed the mark. 'Oh, my head! oh, my memory! oh, devilish delusion!' howled Marten. Scheibenhart, now taking a mighty resolution, stepped boldly forward, and thundered to the traitor: 'Thou'rt driven from thy last shift; and now, to shame thee utterly, thou base wretch, I care not though I sacrifice my own head. Fraudfully you have caught me, and I am weary of my life. On my arm is the star that knave mentioned,—I am the Wildherr. Do with me as you list, but first lead me to the count; for him I have weighty disclosures.'"

The result of this generous self-devotion is the release of the Wildherr, followed by the execution of the treacherous Marten; and we surely need not tell the reader that the first exploit of the rescued robber-captain is the liberation of his faithful friends, Scheibenhart and Heinz.

The catastrophe scene is good, but we can only extract the commencement of it. Wildherr and his gang attack the convent of Gnadenzell by night, the leader's object being to marry and take away Gisela, Heinz's to murder Richardis, whom he believes still prioress, in revenge for her cruelty to the nun Agnes, his paramour, who in despair had committed suicide. The robbers are accompanied by Richardis herself and her lover Friedingen, the ex-superior being anxious to get possession of a casket of treasure, and make Poppele the instrument of some further plot. The garden is entered, and the convent door broken open, when Heinz, looking round, sees through the darkness the fluttering garments of Richardis.

"'A woman?' asked he with sudden mistrust. 'Who is this woman?'—'What is't to thee?' returned the Wildherr, as Heinz forced him back, whispering—Halt! 'some one comes.—Stir not.'"

This is the silly Poppele, who, duped by the Wildherr, had promised to admit him; and now running to the door, which Heinz had again shut, asks:—

"'Is't thou, old Wildherr? Give a sign, Poppele's awake.'—'Tis I, good friend,' answered Heinz, and caught at the boy. But Poppele, terrified at the sound of a strange voice, escaped from his grasp, and with loud yells and screams sprang up the stairs. Heinz stumbled after him, and on reaching the top saw a chamber door open, the closely-veiled prioress come forth, lamp in hand, and Poppele fall at her feet, with the agonized cry; 'Oh fly, fly, dear mother! They come to kill thee!' Heinz, brandishing his glittering hanger, paused an instant, and Gisela exclaimed: 'What do you here? What plot you against my daughters! Account for yourself to the mother of this convent!' From a mouth convulsed with rage was the answer howled. 'To h—I with thee, mother of these serpents! murderer of Agnes!' The sword was pointed at Gisela's breast, but Poppele stayed the blow, clinging like a tiger to the assailant, who struggled furiously to shake off the incumbrance, whilst he gasped out: 'Away! I have sworn, let me fulfil my oath!' Poppele desperately grappled Heinz's neck with his talons. Gisela leant confounded against the wall: the steps of the robbers rang upon the stairs. To glut his thirst of blood and get at his victim, the blinded paramour of Agnes struck his blade between the ribs of his obstinate antagonist. A cry that might have moved stones to compassion burst from the lips of the mortally wounded boy, his hold slackened, his corse fell heavily upon the floor betwixt Heinz and Gisela.

"No barrier now interposed between the foeman and the nun, but Gisela had thrown back her veil, with outstretched lamp lighting the bloody scene, and Heinz, himself now in despair, gazed at the unknown countenance. His hands dropped the murderous weapon, and he fell with a shriek into the arms of his associates, cursing his blindness, cursing the dreadful night. 'What hast thou done, unhappy man?' asked the indignant Wildherr, 'Did we come hither to murder? On thy head be this innocent blood!' Heinz nodded in exhaustion; and when Richardis came forward into the light, and seeing Poppele's corse, angrily exclaimed, 'Woe is me! whose is the accursed hand

that has destroyed all my hopes?' then did the lover of Agnes raise his head, and rejoice, with fierce hatred in his relaxed features, 'For thee 'twas designed, thou torturer, in retribution for Agnes' fate! Now my hand is lamed, but Heaven have mercy on thee, should'st thou hereafter come in my way!'

* * * * Wildherr extended a protecting hand over Heinz's head, and spoke in menacing accents, 'Touch him not! Know ye whether his arm have not been appointed by God, through this lamentable death-stroke, to introduce peace in lieu of strife. Away with the thoughts of blood! Shall my wedding be further stained with murder? Not so! Time presses, and the chapel is not yet lighted up. Where is the priest, to bless the knot? Here stand the witnesses, here the bridegroom, here the bride.'

"He pointed to Gisela, who knelt like a mourning mother beside Poppele, supported his head upon her knee, and could not, as yet, shed a tear over him who had died for her, so crushed was her soul with anguish."

In the hands of her foes, of either sex, Gisela can of course offer no efficient resistance, and is dragged from the dead body of her champion to the altar. A variety of incidents now throng upon each other; of which it may suffice to say that the relationship between Gisela and Wildherr or Reinhold is discovered in time to prevent their marriage, and that Wildherr is banished by Count Eberhard. Gisela resigns her office, returns home to work for her parents, and to educate the illegitimate son of the nun Hailwig.

"And so, in the obscurity of plebeian life, withered the proud Gisela's joyless youth."

Years afterwards, when her parents are dead, and her adopted son has left her to seek his fortune in the wars, Gisela again takes the veil, but first makes a pilgrimage to the tomb of the deceased Count Eberhard, and pours out to his cold remains the confession of her secret, her lasting attachment, ending as follows:—

"Be not angry, thou beloved, thou only one, if I now confess what my bosom has so long concealed. It must be, ere I finally bury my days in the convent. Be not angry, because I am poor and lowly; since for me all the treasures of this world sleep under thy marble, thou noble, thou manly prince!"

And with these words the tale finishes.

ART. XI.—*Gaule et France*, par Alexander Dumas. Paris. 1833. 8vo.

AMID the countless multitude of young French authors who are exploring their national history in all directions, in search of subjects on which to employ their pens, as historians, novelists and romancers, or dramatists, the present author holds a conspicuous place. His success as a dramatist has been so great, since his entrance into that career in 1829, as already to secure him an honourable and independent position in society, and to make his pieces the objects of competition with all the theatres of Paris. As a writer of prose fiction, also, his reputation stands so high, that almost every literary periodical, or collection of miscellaneous pieces, published within the

last three years (such as *le Livre des Cent-et-Un*, *Contes de toutes les Couleurs*, &c.,) would regard its list of contributors as incomplete if it did not include the name of Alexander Dumas. Nor, indeed, is this general partiality to his compositions to be wondered at, considering the striking qualities by which they are distinguished; as with a style of singular ease, gracefulness and simplicity, he unites considerable invention, with a graphic and dramatic power in his narratives and descriptions, which brings the actors and the scenes, living and animated, before the mental eye of his readers. In these fugitive pieces, however, he has been only preluding to a more important series of historical tales, entirely of his own composition, founded on the leading events in the French annals, commencing with the reign of Philip de Valois, and continued, if we are not mistaken, to the period of the Revolution. To this collection, entitled *Chroniques de France*, which is to appear in livraisons of two volumes each, and to extend to eight vol. 8vo. (of which some portions have already appeared in the *Révue des Deux Mondes*), the present volume is intended as an Introduction, exhibiting a broad and vigorous sketch of Gallic and French history, from the time of the Romans to the death of Charles IV. in 1328, with an Epilogue, carrying on the subsequent history to the present time. In this sketch, the revolutions in the form of government, the changes in the proprietorship of the land, and the general condition of the people, are distinctly marked, according to the author's political views, as well as the more prominent events and the personal history of the sovereigns.

After the subversion of the Roman government in Gaul, M. Dumas distinguishes three great epochs in the period of history which his volume embraces. I. *The Conquering race—Franco-Roman Monarchy*. This is the age of the invasion and conquest of Gaul by the German tribes, and the establishment of the monarchy under their leader, Mere-wig, in the middle of the fifth century. The Merovingian dynasty lasted three centuries, during which the people were slaves to the conquerors. II. *The Conquering race—Frank Monarchy*. M. D. considers that the elevation of Peppin, the mayor of the palace (and founder of the Carolingian dynasty), to the throne, was not an usurpation on his part, but the result of a free election by his fellow-chieftains of the conquering race, which election was sanctioned, moreover, by the nomination of the people (the *leudes*), and the approbation of the Pope. The real usurpation he takes to have been in Peppin's establishment of two principles in opposition to the prerogative of the chieftains, namely, divine right and hereditary succession to the throne. The sketch of the reign of Karl-Mann (Charlemagne), and of the personal character of that great monarch, in this part of the work, and the parallel between the empire of Charlemagne and the empire of Napoleon, at the periods of their respective dissolution, are extremely striking and graphic. The third great epoch is the establishment of the *National race* and the *French Monarchy*, in the person of Hugh Capet, and the complete separation of France from the conquering race. The causes of this revolution, and the circumstances accompanying it,

bear a strong resemblance to those which placed the preceding dynasty on the throne, and the conduct of Hugh, after his elevation, seems but a repetition of the course adopted by Peppin. He abolished the mayoralty of the palace, and restored the principle of hereditary male succession to the throne, which had been for the moment disturbed. The history of the five following centuries is that of the contest of royalty with its co-equals—the twelve great *vassalities* of the kingdom (les douze Pairs), in which the first had frequently the worst, but was finally triumphant under Louis XI., who thus became the first absolute monarch of France. His third successor, Francis I., was the founder of the monarchy of *grands seigneurs*, who, to the number of 200, replaced the twelve peers in the possession of the national territory. One hundred and forty-nine years after Louis XI. came Richelieu, whose mission was similar, and who accomplished it as religiously, by sweeping off the heads of the *grand seigneurs*, and reducing the whole of them to a complete dependance upon the will of the sovereign. Louis XIV. his disciple, did but follow the broad road of absolutism chalked out for him by his master; he made himself the centre of the kingdom, attached all the springs of royalty to himself, and retained the reins so long, and so firmly in his hands, that he could not but foresee at his death that they would break in the hands of his successors.

Louis XV., at his majority, found it necessary once more to reorganize the monarchy; in place of the twelve great vassals of Hugh Capet, the 200 grand seigneurs of Francis I., he substituted, as the supports of his tottering edifice, the 50,000 aristocrats, “who had been hatched in the dunghill” of the Orleans regency.

“Finally, when this third era of national royalty had borne its fruits, fruits of the lake Asphaltos, full of rottenness and ashes; when the Dubois' and the Laws, the Pompadours and the Dubarrys, had killed the respect due to royalty; when the Voltaires and the Diderots, the D'Alemberts and the Grimms, had stifled the belief due to religion: religion, the nurse of nations, royalty, the foundress of societies, entirely polluted by their contact with men, ascended to God, whose daughters they were. Their flight left the monarchy of divine right unprotected, and Louis XVI. saw shining at four years' interval, on the east the flames of the Bastille, on the west the axe of the scaffold.”

We fear that we have given but a very meagre account of this fine-spun poetical theory, in which also *destiny* is made to perform a very prominent part, as she does in most of the late historical literature of France.

Our space will not allow us to follow him in his theory of the two revolutions of 1789 and 1830, the last of which he regards as only completing what the former had begun, by abolishing all *hereditary* distinctions. The monarchy of Louis Philippe, supported by the influence of the 160,000 great land-owners and *industriels*, of whom he is the nominee and representative, is considered as the last stage of monarchical government through which France has to pass; M. Dumas pronounces the certainty of its fall, in no long time, and with no shock whatever. The final result he anticipates will be the establishment of a *millenium*, or order of things in which every operative (*prolétaire*)

being an elector, and every possessor of an acre of land (there are now four millions and a half of landed proprietors) being eligible as a deputy, all classes will have that share in the government which they are justly entitled to.

“Alors un gouvernement en harmonie avec les besoins, les intérêts et les volontés de tous s'établira : qu'il s'appelle monarchie, présidence, ou république, peu importe.”

The key to the whole of this theory is very simple,—that in the owners of the land, few as in the past, and numerous as they are now, and will continue to be, resides the power which fixes the form and conditions of government. The deduction as to the future, therefore, is easy.

M. Dumas is a republican, as our readers may readily imagine—indeed he makes no secret of his opinions ; but we were somewhat surprised at reading on, to find that this *propriété secondaire* must also have a *head*, as well as its deputies to the chamber ; and, as the requisites for the occupant of this elevated post are assumed to be, that he shall neither have blood-royal in his veins, nor be a *grand propriétaire*, that his private fortune shall not exceed the general average, and that his *civil list* shall only include expenses that are *strictly necessary*, we fear that the demon of ambition has mounted into the author's brain, and that he is aspiring to be the *first quinquennial president* of the French republic !

In the meantime, however, this sturdy republican, not contented with advocating the cause of his own party, has, by way of having two strings to his bow, we suppose, been lending his pen to the legitimatist enemies of the present government, by dressing up General Dermoncourt's papers into the captivating romance which has lately appeared under the title of *La Duchesse de Berri dans la Vendée*. We understand that this inconsistency has given great scandal to his republican colleagues, who are by no means satisfied with the excuse of its being only an *affaire du métier*. Perhaps it is no uncharitable supposition, that with M. Dumas, as well as with many other writers of *la jeune France*, political opinion on either side is only an *affaire du métier*.

ART. XII.—*Reise in Ungarn, im Jahre 1831: in den Comitaten (a) disseits der Donau : Pesth, Gran, Neograd ; (b) jenseits der Donau : Comorn, Raab, Oedenburg, Eisenburg, Zala, Veszprim, Stuhl-Weissenburg ; (c) disseits der Theiss : Zips, Sáros, Abauj, Torna, und Gömör.* Von S. von Ludvigh. (Tour in Hungary in the year 1831; in the Counties of Pesth, Gran, Neograd, on this side the] Danube ; of Comorn, Raab, Oedenburg, Eisenburg, Zala, Veszprim, Stuhl-Weissenburg, beyond the Danube ; of Zips, Sáros, Abauj, Torna and Gömör, on this side the Theiss. By S. von Ludvigh.) Pesth and Leipzig, 1832.

THE Author of this work is a native Magyar, and professes a high degree of nationality, a deep love of the Magyar language and literature, although he writes his travels, as he previously wrote his poems (for Ludvigh is a poet), in German, chiefly, he says,

"because I do not yet esteem myself so perfect a master of our beautiful mother-tongue as to appear blameless before the rigid tribunal of Magyar *literati*."

The journey is limited, as may be seen by reference to a map, to the south-western and north-western provinces of Hungary; concerning which, the traveller gives us all his own personal associations, and some statistical information, avowedly extracted from Nazy's *Notitiæ Statisticæ Regni Hungariæ*; a work published at Buda, in 1828, and, as we believe, the best and latest authority upon such matters, whence, to German readers unacquainted with Latin, these extracts may be useful, though assuredly not what we look for from travellers. Of the numerous institutions for education, our author likewise gives some account, but adds little, except the names and praises of a few professors, to the information contained in an early number of this Journal;* and the chief matters we have gleaned from his pages are, the existence of a native painter, bearing the strange-looking name of Czanczik, whose pictures are, we are assured, master-pieces of art, "that would do honour to the first Italian gallery;" and the vast size of the *Höhle*, or cave, of Agtelek, before which the Derbyshire-peek-caverns must hide their diminished heads. The explorer of this extensive natural or artificial excavation (it discovers traces of quarrying) is warned, it seems, of the magnitude and the peril of his enterprize by the sight of abundance of human bones, reported to be the remains of such of his predecessors as, being inadequately supplied with lights and guides, have perished in the labyrinthine grottos, unable to grope their way out. Our traveller and his party were more fortunate, escaping with life; but not having provided themselves with sufficient relays of torches, they were compelled, by their fears of sharing the fate of those unlucky predecessors, to leave many subterranean halls or temples, as some of them are called, unvisited.

But the most curious part of the book before us relates to the cholera, which seems to have created alarms as violent, fantastical and contradictory in Hungary, as it did at Paris, and as it is now doing in Spain, and various portions of South America formerly belonging to Spain. The extreme inconvenience occasioned to travellers passing near a district where any cholera cases were supposed to have occurred, together with the utter inefficiency of the regulations, as enforced, to prevent the communication of contagion, if contagious the cholera be, happily illustrates the administration of arbitrary power, by deputy, in remote provinces. We shall give a short extract or two from this part of the journey.

Ludvigh was making his way to the Bartfeld baths, near the Carpathian mountains, in search of health, when he was met by a rumour that the cholera had preceded him thither. The rumour was confirmed by *estafettes* scouring the country with physicians' prescriptions and quarantine decrees from government; and our tourist turned back

* No. V. p. 71.

towards Pesth from Leutschau, where the provincial authorities were assembled to arrange their precautions. Here he received a passport, proclaiming him free from cholera, and innocent of having even ventured within reach of the Asiatic scourge; and visiting baronesses and counts by the way, he passed through Eperies and Caschau as comfortably as though all Hungary had been entitled like him to clean bills of health. At the latter place he learned that the direct road to Pesth was shut up, and determined to go round by Osgyan, that road being still open.

"On the borders of the county of Torna, I was met by a dictatorial *Megkell állani* (the Magyar form of Halt!). The driver, a Slovak, or Slavonian, did not understand the command, and whilst I was explaining to him that he must stop, three peasants had already beleaguered the carriage; asking, rudely enough, whether I had a passport. With a 'yes,' I produced the document. One of the peasants understood Latin: when he read that I came from Sáros, he, as well as his companions, assumed official dignity, and ordered us back. Words ran high; till at length I said, that I only wished to present myself and my papers before the proper authorities, and would pay any one for his trouble in conducting me to a magistrate. The hint was enough; all dread of the county of Sáros vanished; I was led, without fear of infection, to the district notary, who signed without difficulty."

"At noon we reached Fige. The landlady was gloomily execrating the cholera; she called it a lie to stir up the people to revolt; (the general notion seems to have been that it was a falsehood circulated by government to engross public attention, whilst some very despotic measure should be smuggled through unnoticed;) she complained bitterly that no guests came to her house, and that she must be utterly ruined. Here we heard the Job's-news, that the cholera was at Rima-Szombath, and none could pass that way. We were told, however, that a magistrate, whose intervention might facilitate our progress, resided near the road. This hope did not prove fallacious. Our passports were subscribed, and we obtained permission to drive, not through, but round, the town; a permission which, in common sense, supposing the object to be the prevention of contagion, not the arrest and consequent inconvenience of individuals, should be granted to all travellers provided with the necessary passports. We found the town strictly guarded by watchmen.* * * One of these watchmen undertook to carry a letter into the town for me, and we waited nearly an hour for the answer. The carriage was immediately surrounded by upwards of fifty persons from Rima-Szombath, who pressed upon us, to ask whence we came, and whether there really were a cholera elsewhere? They grumbled violently at the interdict laid upon their town, where they asserted that very few deaths had occurred, and those mostly of old people and invalids of long standing. A swarm of Jews, who were detained here, likewise crowded about us with questions and lamentations. And so—supposing the existence of contagion—this was the mode of preventing communication!!"

The consequence of having been permitted to drive round the outside of Rima-Szombath,—for of course the hour of close contact with the inhabitants did not appear upon the passport—was a ten days' quarantine at Keresztur; and the account of this quarantine shall be our last extract. The Lazaretto, the locality of which was not ill chosen, had its dimensions and other requisites been equally well adapted to the purpose, was a hut in a wood; and here our author

found five students, his fellow-travellers from the cave of Agtelek, and an engineer, already domiciliated.

"This famous apartment consisted of one room, a stable, and the hay-loft. Every thing therein was ready arranged, so that I had no care to take for my own establishment. Two benches, a stable-door, laid upon an old vinegar-cask, by way of table, composed the furniture of our abode. Vastly compendious. Bedsteads there were none; in a hermitage of capacity so circumscribed they must have destroyed all symmetry! At nightfall, therefore, straw was spread upon the ground, and our cloaks officiated as bed-clothes. The table service, consisting of wooden trenchers and spoons, of rusty knives and forks, was elegantly disposed in one place. * * *

"The students got their food from the village public-house; the engineer cooked his own broth, and cultivated the parasite science as ably as though he had studied it in Lucian. I, in virtue of my letters of recommendation, obtained my victuals from the Judge of Pusztá, upon reasonable terms, well dressed, and in such quantities, that I could daily give our guards a piece of meat with vegetables, (Query, a bribe?) and mend the wretched fare of my companions (the students); for when the poor-rich-young gentlemen did not shoot pigeons or other birds for themselves, they would have suffered no loss by exchanging meals with any ploughman. * * *

"We were watched by three or four peasants, armed with pitchforks, who, day and night, kept up a Slavonico-Vestal blazing fire on the road near our hut. These guardians were, moreover, our servants, whom we might send everywhere. We ourselves durst not enter the village, and were restricted to some hundred paces in the wood. (Here follows a blank, the motive for which it is no business of ours to conjecture.)

"Our quarantine society was presently increased by the accession of two countesses, to whom an *állás*—coach-house—(more likely cart-shed or cow-house) was assigned as their residence. The situation of these ladies may be conceived without further explanation, and was far more irksome than ours."

Ludvigh accordingly does not explain the ladies' situation, even so far as to tell us whether their servants (for we conclude Hungarian countesses do not travel altogether unattended) were located in the coach-house with them, or in the stable. He thinks more of himself; and we learn that fine weather materially lightened the inconveniences to which he and his male companions were subjected, by allowing them to eat and play at cards in the open air, where, moreover, many of the party slept. To this circumstance must it probably be ascribed, that such a stying of human beings together for the benefit of the general health, produced little if any illness; and that the principal adventure of the quarantine,—unless something more interesting be concealed from us under the above-mentioned blank,—was an attempt at burglary by one of the peasant guards, the success of which a bad dream or nightmare of our author's prevented.

ART. XIII.—*Notes et Réflexions sur la Prusse en 1833.* Par le Marquis de Chambray. Paris. 1833. 8vo.

THE government of Prussia, since the present monarch ascended the throne, has been so sagely administered, and is admitted on all hands to have been productive of such beneficial consequences to the in-

terests of its subjects of all classes, that it has become an object of interest and curiosity to every honest inquirer, who with unbiassed mind and disregard of prejudices, seeks to ascertain the influence which the *form* of a government actually exercises upon the morals, the happiness, and the prosperity of the people submitted to its sway. Looking at it in this light, we have taken steps to supply the want of information which exists in this country on the subject, and hope to be able in an early number to furnish our readers with such an account of the general system and leading outlines of the Prussian administration, from a competent source, as will afford some assistance towards the resolution of the important problem which we have just mentioned. In the meantime, the little pamphlet before us, the production of a distinguished French military writer, (the author of the best *military* history of Napoleon's Russian expedition,) would of itself form a very good review-article, from which, but for the reason we have mentioned, we might be tempted to transcribe rather largely. It contains the results of M. de Chambray's observations during a recent visit of six weeks to Prussia, three weeks of which were spent in Berlin, and the remainder in the journey to and from that capital. M. de Chambray had spent several years in Prussia in his military capacity during the period of the French occupation, and this was the first visit he had paid to it since. His testimony is important, therefore, as to the improvement which has taken place in the interval.

The topics on which the author touches in these "Notes and Reflexions" are—Roads—Posts—Diligences—Agriculture and Manufactures—Improvement in the condition of the peasantry—Monuments—Fortified places—New system of fortification—Strategical remarks—Finances—Military institutions—Religion—Literature—Science and education—Government—Administration—Municipal organization of the commons and towns—Provincial states—Right of petition—General observations on the nature of the Prussian government. In a pamphlet of 60 pages, rather loosely printed, it cannot be expected that anything very profound could be said on subjects of such importance; indeed they are rather *effleurés* than otherwise; but the remarks are those of a sensible and observant traveller, who can give very good reasons for the opinions which he expresses. We shall notice very briefly some of the topics.

Roads.—Before the peace of 1814, there was but one great road throughout the kingdom, that between Berlin and Magdeburgh, a distance of 30 leagues; the rest were scarcely practicable, and kept in the most detestable state. There are now a number of great roads communicating between the capital and various parts of the kingdom, kept in the best order, most of them at the expense of the government, and a few defrayed by the local authorities. In the towns and villages through which these roads pass, the pavement is generally in a very bad state, the expense being paid by the municipal authorities, who are very independent, and only repair them when it suits their convenience. The *Posts* are well served, and cost less than in France. The *Diligences* travel day and night, with post-horses, and as quick as

private carriages. Travellers are not molested by police surveillance; M. de Chambray was not required to produce his passport more than once in the whole of his journey, during which he passed through five fortified places. *Agriculture* has been greatly improved both in its practice and results. Of *Manufactures*, the increase and improvement have been quite prodigious.—Elberfeld is cited as the most remarkable instance of this. In 1829 it contained 25,000 inhabitants, and its products were estimated at more than 3 millions sterling. The abolition of serfage among the peasantry (of which Mr. Russel's *Tour in Germany* gave so interesting an account,) has done wonders in elevating that class in society, improving their condition, and giving a great stimulus to the increase of population. Berlin has been increased prodigiously in size,—a new quarter has been recently built, not by the government as formerly, but entirely by private speculators. *Monuments*.—A new theatre, a museum of sculpture and painting, and a bronze pyramid in commemoration of the war of independence, have been lately added to the public buildings of the capital. *Army*.—The number may be estimated at 300,000 men, of whom 100,000 are troops of the line, 50,000 reserve, and 150,000 *landwehr*.

Finances and Population.—The annual revenue raised by taxation and duties is £7,590,476; against which are the following charges,—interest of public debt and sinking fund, £1,611,720,—pensions, indemnities, &c. £483,960,—military establishment, fortresses, &c. £3,374,104,—civilist, judicial establishments, clergy, education, and all other expenses £2,120,692, out of which a reserve is annually made of £200,000. “Such,” says M. de Chambray, “are the miracles effected by order and economy in a country which war had overwhelmed with so many evils, and which had so many wounds to cicatrise.”

The population of the eight provinces and the principality of Neuchâtel, according to the last census, was 12,780,173; the *density* was *greatest* in that of the Rhine, where it was 4,585 inhabitants to a square mile, and *least* in that of Posen, where it was only 1098. M. de C.'s remarks on the Prussian system of fortifications and military institutions, we must pass over; with the system of education and its fruits our readers have been made acquainted in the first article of our present number; and all the other topics of his remarks on the general and municipal administrations, the provincial states, &c. will necessarily be developed in the course of the article for which we have prepared our readers. We shall therefore confine ourselves to extracting the Marquis's concluding remarks *on the nature of the Prussian government*, which are well calculated to correct some of the prevalent notions entertained in this country as to the absolute and despotic character of the government.

“Prussia may be termed, I think, a popular monarchy, for there only exists in it a glimmering of aristocracy. In such a state the king might make democratic concessions; but when a concession had been once made, either useful or prejudicial, the king could not revoke it, without exposing the state to disturbance; the people would defend by violence whatever had been consecrated by law, usage, or custom. He has therefore acted wisely in not instituting a general

assembly of representatives of provinces ; this would have changed the nature of the government, and would have necessarily produced a struggle between the democratic power which it represented, and the royal power. No one can foresee what might have happened ; but it is difficult to believe that the country would have gained in prosperity, and we can scarcely venture to think that civil and individual liberty, the most precious of all, would have been more extended than it is at present.

" The king appears to me, on the contrary, to have made a very prudent concession in establishing provincial assemblies, which are evidently well adapted to enlighten the government as to all that relates to the interests of their respective provinces, which are so different in the Prussian monarchy. Attention has also been paid in the formation of these assemblies to the state of society, and it will be seen that the Prussian monarch has adopted the opinion of Montesquieu, who says (*Esp. des Lois*, liv. xi, ch. 6,) ' that in a state there are always persons distinguished by birth, by wealth, or by honours ; but that if they were confounded among the people, and had only one voicelike the others, the common liberty would be their enslavement.'

" The epithet *absolute* is frequently applied to the king of Prussia ; nevertheless this monarch is in reality less absolute than the king and the ministry of France, and could, much less than them, venture on despotic measures. In France, it is true that, since 1814, the king and the ministry cannot govern unless they have a majority in the chambers ; but if they procure this majority by concessions and means of corruption, it is incredible to what lengths they might go, in defiance of the opinion and the real interests of the country ; either by the ministers daring to infringe the law, with the certainty of obtaining a bill of indemnity, or by asking and obtaining laws of an arbitrary nature, or such as delegate to them despotic power.

" In Prussia, the king is not obliged to obtain the approbation of the chambers, because there are no chambers ; but for that very reason he is the more obliged to obtain the tacit approbation of the nation, and of all the civil and military functionaries occupying salaried or gratuitous offices, which they owe to their merit as displayed in examinations,* or to the suffrages of their fellow-citizens.

" Liberty exists *de facto* in a country which possesses a militia constituted like that of the Prussian *Landwehr*.

" It would be impossible for the king of Prussia, were he so disposed, to engage in a serious war decidedly reprobated by the nation ; were he inclined to make as many illegal promotions in the army as we have seen instances of under certain representative governments, he could not do it ; or if he were ready to bestow the first employments in the administration on the first comer, in deference to certain coteries, as has frequently been the case in France since 1814, such an act would be equally out of his power."

* " In Prussia, merit alone procures entrance into the public service ; appointments are only obtained after strict examination ; and if I had any observation to make on this head, I should say that the fault is in excess rather than in deficiency ; there is a *luxury* of examinations, if the phrase may be allowed."

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. XXIV.

DENMARK.

THE poet Oehlenschläger has added another gem to the dramatic literature of his country, in his *Tordenskiold*, a tragedy in five acts, founded on the history of the celebrated Danish naval hero of that name, (see F. Q. R. vol. vi. p. 70.) Its representation at the theatre royal, Copenhagen, has been crowned with unqualified success. The same distinguished writer has, since that, nearly completed another national drama, the subject of which is Queen Margaret, the Semiramis of the North, whose name it bears.

Mr. Hertz, the distinguished author of the "Gienganger-Porene," in which he so admirably imitated the style of Baggesen, and of several successful dramatic effusions, is at this moment making the tour of Europe, on a stipend from the king of Denmark. A similar travelling stipend has been granted to Mr. Andersen, another youthful poet of great promise, already favourably known as the author of a "Pedestrian Journey to Amager," an extravaganza in Hoffman's manner, and of several other works, in verse and prose, evincing much originality of genius.

The second volume of Professor Thiele's "Life and Works of Thorwaldsen," with an accompanying volume of plates,* has just appeared. With this, as notified in the original prospectus, the work may be said to be completed. It is, however, the author's intention to collect materials for a continuation of it, which he purposes publishing, either in occasional numbers, or, eventually, in a separate volume.

Professor Molbech, one of the librarians of the great Royal Library of Copenhagen, has just published a new *Dictionary of the Danish Language*, in 2 vols. large octavo.

Professor Molbech's "Lyric Anthology of Danish and Norwegian Poets," lately published in two vols., embraces the lyrical productions of poets from the middle of the 18th century; those of later authors will be published afterwards. The selection does credit to Professor Molbech's taste and judgment, and the prefixed biographical notices serve to increase our interest in the lives and productions of their authors.

The Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries of Copenhagen. This society, which numbers amongst its members many of the most distinguished literary characters of Europe, was instituted about nine years ago, under the immediate patronage of the king, and ever since its foundation has been uninterruptedly occupied in researches and enterprises, the results of which promise to prove of the highest interest and importance. Besides editing a complete

* The first volume was reviewed in our tenth volume, page 207.

new series of the Icelandic Sagas in three distinct and simultaneous editions, (one containing the original Icelandic text purged of the errors which deform the elder issue, the other translations respectively into Latin and Danish,) the society has engaged to defray the expenses of a work to be entitled "The Historical Monuments of Greenland," which is intended to comprise an account of the discovery of America, by adventurers from that country, at a date antecedent by nearly five centuries to the era of Columbus. Important however, as this work, when completed, and it is in a forward state of preparation, must prove to the literary world at large, there is another in contemplation by the same society, which seems peculiarly calculated to interest Englishmen—the publication (in Icelandic and English) of all these portions of the old Icelandic Sagas which illustrate the early history of England, Scotland, and Ireland. When it is remembered how intimate was the connection in the remote ages of which these records treat, between these kingdoms and "the North,"—that the Scandinavian Vikingr established at various points of them a dominion of no brief duration,—and that some portions of the British territory, the Shetland, Orkney, Hebrides, and Man islands, were actually Norwegian colonies, and during several centuries after their first settlement tributary to the Norwegian kings, the value of such a work, resting on the authority of manuscripts, whose authority is unimpeachable, can scarcely fail to be appreciated. As its completion meanwhile must necessarily be attended with considerable expense, it is understood to be the intention of the gentlemen who have undertaken the charge of preparing it for the press, to solicit, through the medium of a prospectus, the support of the British literary public; and it is to be hoped, indeed it can scarcely admit of doubt, that they will receive that encouragement,—particularly at the hands of our various literary associations,—to which an undertaking so essentially British, and bidding fair to supply what has long been felt to be a desideratum in our literature, would seem to have so just a claim. The society of Northern Antiquaries, at its last meeting, adopted the resolution of publishing, for the convenience of its English members, an annual abstract in that language of its proceedings. The first number will appear early in the ensuing spring.

A Voyage to the East Coast of Greenland, by Captain Lieutenant Graah, of the Danish Royal Navy, in 1 vol. 4to, with 8 coloured plates and a map of Greenland. In this work Captain Graah has given an account of the expedition performed by him in the years 1828—31, by command of the Danish government, with the view of discovering some traces of the lost Icelandic colony, supposed by many to have been located on the east coast of Greenland. This expedition was in several points of view highly important, tending as it did to the solution of a curious historical problem, and entitles both the government which projected, and the individual who performed it, to the highest praise. The results of Captain Graah's expedition may be stated in a few words. He found no trace whatever of European colonization any where along the east coast, though he penetrated to a higher northern latitude than that under which the vanished colony, if ever located there at all, must have been situated. Though, however, he may thus be said to have failed in the principal object of the expedition, his narrative is not on that account the less interesting. In removing the doubts that hitherto prevailed upon this subject; in determining by personal examination as well as sound argument, that the *East Bygd*, as it was called, (the site of the vanished colony), lay, not on the East, but on the *West* coast of Greenland, having been named *East* only in reference to another *Bygd* (or inhabited district) further West; in exploring an extensive tract of coast never before visited by Europeans, reaching from Cape Farewell, the southernmost point

of Greenland, as far north as latitude $65\frac{1}{2}$; and in furnishing a map of this coast, as well as a corrected one of the West Coast, Capt. G. has rendered an essential service to science. The work comprises—1st. An introduction, giving an account of the settlement of Greenland by the Icelanders, and a sketch of the History of the Colony up to the period of its supposed destruction by the *Skrellings* or Esquimaux, as well as notices of the various attempts that have been made, from the time of King Frederic II. to the present, to reach the east coast, and re-discover the colony, or at least its site. 2d. The personal narrative of the expedition, comprising an account of a race of natives whom he met with on the east coast, differing in many points from the west Greenlanders, with a description of their manners, religion, mode of life, &c. 3d. Five appendices, of which the first is devoted to a dissertation on the subject of the true site of the *East Bygd*, and a critical examination of the various passages in the old Icelandic chronicles in which mention of it occurs—the others containing zoological, botanical, meteorological, and other scientific observations. A translation of this work, which may be regarded as no unworthy companion to the narratives of the various expeditions of our own distinguished navigators to the Polar seas, and particularly to that of Scoresby, has been made by an English gentleman, formerly a member of one of our universities, at present resident in Copenhagen, and, we understand, will shortly make its appearance in London.

Dr. David, Professor of Political Economy in the university of Copenhagen, and Mr. Mariboe, are engaged in translating Miss Martineau's "Illustrations of Political Economy," with notes.

A new periodical has been lately started at Copenhagen, entitled *Maanedskrift for Literatur*, (Monthly Review of Literature,) which professes to review all works of any note published in Denmark, and occasionally foreign ones also. It is conducted by a society consisting of Mr. Oersted, and some other professors of the university. Professor Rask's English Grammar has lately been reviewed in it by Mr. Mariboe.

FRANCE.

A Society has been established in Paris, for the publication of original documents relative to the history of France, in which some of the most distinguished literati and members of the administration have taken part. The expenses of the society are defrayed by an annual subscription of 30 francs from each member. Besides the historical documents, a periodical work forms part of the plan, in which the proceedings of the society will be detailed. In the list of the founders of this society the following names are included, MM. Guizot, Thiers, Baron Pasquier, De Barante, Comte Molé, Champollion-Figeac, Letronne, Marquis de Fortia d'Urban, Mignet, Raynouard, Crapetet, Vitet.

M. Saint-Marc Girardin has been delivering a course of lectures during the summer, at the Sorbonne, on the History of Germany. M. Saint-Marc Girardin has since set out on a tour through Germany, for the purpose of studying her school-system, now proposed as a model to Europe.

M. Reveil, whose charming series of outline engravings of the finest pictures of all the schools has been so successful, is now publishing illustrations of the works of Lord Byron. The same artist has also nearly finished his collection of the works of Flaxman, in outline, which has been some time in progress.

A weekly Journal was commenced at Paris in May last, under the title of *L'Institut, Journal des Académies et Sociétés Scientifiques de la France et de l'Etranger*, the object of which is to give an account of the proceedings of the different learned and scientific societies of Europe, with analyses and extracts of the various papers and memoirs communicated to them.

The new edition of Lebeau's *Histoire du Bas Empire*, with large additions by the late M. de Saint Martin, resulting from a collation of the oriental with the European historians, and which had proceeded as far as the 13th volume, will be completed by another youthful orientalist, M. Brosset, who has just published the 14th volume. The 15th will appear very shortly.

M. Dulaure, the veteran author of the popular "History of Paris," and "Sketches of the French Revolution," is about to publish a sequel to the latter work, entitled "*Histoire de la Revolution Française depuis 1814 jusqu'en 1831.*" It will form from four to six vols. 8vo. embellished with plates, and be published in livraisons, 4 to a volume, one of which will appear every fortnight. It is perhaps needless to say that M. Dulaure writes in the spirit of republicanism, or, as he himself expresses it, "avec toute la franchise et l'hardiesse de l'écrivain independant."

Another historical work, apparently conceived in a similar spirit, is also announced for publication in livraisons under the title of "*Paris Revolutionnaire*," by a society of republicans, the names of nearly 80 of whom are given in the prospectus, but include few of any distinction, except Buonarotti, the veteran conventionalist, who has recently been thrown into prison; Carrel, the editor of the *National*; Marrast and Cavaignac, the editors of the *Tribune*, who are now in prison, and Alexander Dumas. The following passages in the prospectus leave no doubt of the principles of its projectors.

"Paris est la ville forte de la liberté: elle y a son armée, ses arsenaux, ses champs de bataille; Paris est sa ville sainte, sa Jérusalem; là son temple et les lieux où la liberté, étouffée par les rois, est ressuscitée le troisième jour; là ses apôtres et ses martyrs Si jamais la reconnaissance des nations élève une statue à la grande cité, . . . elle tiendra dans sa main le flambeau qui éclaire et enflamme l'Europe, la pique, arme populaire, surmontée du bonnet de la liberté; elle aura pour piedestal des débris de trône, les pavés de nos places publiques, et le drapeau tricolore servira de ceinture à ses larges flancs. C'est l'œil fixé sur cette image que nous voulons peindre Paris. . ."

Dr. Boué, the celebrated geologist, is about to publish a general *Bibliography of the Sciences of Geology, Mineralogy, and Palæontology*, a work on which he has been employed for many years. It will not only serve as a guide to all printed works on these subjects, with frequent notes, but also carefully record the reprints, translations, extracts of criticisms on memoirs and works in all languages. Dr. Boué has made an appeal both to his countrymen and to men of science in other countries for assistance and information in his researches relative to books and rare tracts, or in any other way,—assistance which he will gratefully acknowledge.

A work on the comparative study of fifteen of the principal languages of Europe, considered in their connection with each other and with the Sanscrit, by M. Eickhoff, librarian to the Queen of France, will shortly appear, in one vol. 8vo.

The royal palace of Versailles is about to be appropriated to the purposes of a National Museum, containing a complete collection of paintings and sculptures illustrative of the history of the arts in France, and the glories of her military achievements.

M. Capefigue has recently returned from a literary tour through Spain, during which he has been examining the archives of the principal towns, as well as those of the capital, for materials to complete the work on the History of the League, on which he has been so long engaged. Among the documents to which he obtained access was the correspondence of Philip II. with the Leaguers.

Another work by the same author is about to appear, entitled *Jacques II. à Saint Germain*.

As a subject of comparison with the numbers of the English clergy given in p. 344 of this number, we give a similar list of the French clergy, as they appear by a late return:—Archbishops 14; Bishops 66; Vicars-General 174; Canons 660; Curates of the first class 767; of the second class 2534; *desservans* 26,776; Vicars 6184; Chapter of St. Denis 21; singers and choristers 16; bursars and seminarists 3500: total 40,712. The funds allotted to the clergy amount to 33,918,000 fr. (£1,356,720,) exclusive of revenues arising from subscriptions, rents, and oblations of the faithful, indemnities and allocations by the departments and commons, and occasional aids.

M. Thiers, minister of commerce and of public works, has been elected a member of the French Academy in the room of M. Laya, deceased.

The Academy of Moral and Political Sciences of the Institute has elected as *académiciens libres*, the Duc de Broglie, MM. Feuillel, Carnot, Benoiston de Chateauneuf, and Blondeau.

Among the subjects lately proposed for prize essays by the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences of the Institute, are the three following.

1. "To ascertain, from actual facts, what are the elements that compose, in Paris, or any other great city, that part of the population forming a class, dangerous from its vices, its ignorance and its misery. To point out the means that may be employed by government, by persons in opulent or easy circumstances, or by intelligent and industrious individuals among the working classes, for bettering the condition of this depraved and unfortunate class."

2. "Of what utility is imprisonment of the person, in civil or commercial affairs?" The question to be examined in its connection with public morals, with the interests of commerce, and with those of society and families.

3. "When a nation proposes to establish free trade, or to modify its custom-house laws, what are the facts which it should take into consideration for conciliating, in the most equitable manner, the interests of national producers, and those of the mass of consumers?"

The proposal of such questions, by a body holding so exalted a place among the lights of European civilization,—is an indication that cannot be mistaken of the progress of rational and humanizing doctrines.

NECROLOGY.—M. S. F. Schoell, publicist and historian, who died Aug. 6th of an apoplectic attack, was born in 1766 at Saarbrück, then the capital of an independent German principality on the frontiers of France. He studied at the university of Strasburgh, which was at that time much resorted to by foreigners from the north of Europe, attracted by the reputation of its professors. Under them M. Schoell made rapid and remarkable progress. His chief attention was devoted to jurisprudence, the law of nations, and history, and he adopted the bar as his profession, in which he gave promise of distinction. When the revolution broke out, the estimation in which he was held pointed him out for the choice of the Alsatians, on the first formation of a departmental assembly. On the destruction of the monarchy in 1792, having made himself obnoxious to the government of the day by his moderate opinions, he was obliged to quit France, and took refuge in Switzerland with many of his colleagues. He then fixed himself at Basle, and undertook the charge of a printing establishment there, belonging to a bookseller at Berlin, and which produced many excellent editions. Afterwards he removed to Paris, and formed a bookselling house there, which published, among several other valuable books, the numerous works of Baron Humboldt, connected with his travels in Spanish America.

On the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814, M. Schoell relinquished business, and entered into the diplomatic service of Prussia, of which his native country formed one of the new acquisitions. Having travelled over great part of Europe, he spoke the principal modern languages, and was thoroughly versed in the ancient. In all that concerned the political relations of states with each other he was perfectly versed. In his application to study he was unceasing, and only gave up one occupation in order to betake himself, with perhaps fresh ardour, to another. With such qualifications his distinguished success in his new career was certain. After having been several years engaged in this manner, he obtained permission to retire.

During his intervals of leisure he had occupied himself in the collection of materials for a History of Modern Europe; in order to ascertain the state of public opinion with regard to such a work, he made it the subject of a course of gratuitous lectures, addressed to young men intended for public affairs; this course he delivered during four winters in Berlin, in the French language, and it was attended by some of the most distinguished men of all professions. Encouraged by the favorable opinion of such an auditory, he determined on publishing his work, and with this view returned to Paris in 1830. The *Cours d'Histoire des Etats Européens* was immediately commenced, and M. Schoell employed himself in carrying on the publication, which had proceeded as far as the 38th volume, when his labours were suddenly terminated by death. The social qualities of M. Schoell were not less remarkable than his great learning. Of an amiable and obliging temper, he was beloved by all who knew him.

Our space will only allow us to enumerate his principal works.

1. *Histoire Abregée de la Littérature Grecque Profane*, 2d edit. 8 vols. 8vo. 1823-25.
2. *Histoire Abregée de la Littérature Romaine*. 4 vols. 8vo. 1815.
3. *Pièces Officielles sur les Evénemens qui se sont passés depuis quelques années*, 9 vols. 8vo 1814-16.
4. *Congrès de Vienne. Recueil de Pièces Officielles relatives à cette Assemblée*. 6 vols. 8vo. 1816-18.
5. *Cours d'Histoire des Etats Européens, depuis le bouleversement de l'Empire Romain d'Occident jusqu'en 1789*, 48 vols. 8vo.

The portion of this work which remained to be published at the time of his death, was entirely prepared, and no interruption has taken place

in its publication. It includes a revised edition of his *Histoire abrégée des Traités de Paix*, depuis la paix de Westphalie, first published in 15 vols. 8vo. 1817-18.

6. *Tableau des Peuples qui habitent l'Europe*, 8vo. 2d. edit. 1812.

7. Koch's *Tableau des Révolutions de l'Europe*, continued to the Restoration of the Bourbons, 3 vols. 8vo. last edit. 1833.

A History of the Progress of European Civilization, by M. Roux-Ferrand, has just commenced, and will be completed in 6 vols. 8vo.

Baron Degerando, the well-known philosopher and philanthropist, is now on a tour through Germany for the purpose of inquiring into the state of the hospitals, prisons, &c.

The Emperor of Russia has presented to the French Institute (Académie des Sciences,) a complete collection of the minerals found in Russia. The section of mineralogy, along with M. Arago, the secretary, has been entrusted with preparing a report on these specimens.

Captain Laplace has recently published the first volume of his *Voyage round the World by the India and China Seas, on board the Sloop of War the Favourite, during the years 1830, 1831, and 1832*. This is the fourth voyage round the world undertaken and executed by the French government during the restoration. The first was that under the orders of Capt. Freycinet, in the *Uranie* and *Physicienne*, which lasted from 1817 to 1820. The second, under Capt. Duperrey, in the *Coquille*, from 1822 to 1825. The third, under Capt. Dumont d'Urville, in the *Astrolabe*, from 1826 to 1829.

Capt. Laplace sailed from Toulon on the 30th of December, 1829. His first volume contains the narrative of his course up to his casting anchor at Macao on the 19th of November, 1830. The points at which he touched and remained for some time were, the island of Gorée, on the coast of Africa, the island of Bourbon, the Isle of France, Mahé, Pondicherry, Madras, Mazulipatnam, Yanaon, Sincapore and Manilla.

The mode of publication of these different voyages, it is much to be regretted, places the information which they contain almost entirely out of the reach of the general reader. Each of them, in imitation of the plan adopted by Baron Humboldt for his *South American Travels*, is divided into six or eight portions, entitled *Personal Narrative* (Relation historique)—*Botany* (with one or two subdivisions)—*Zoology*, *Entomology*, *Hydrography*, *Atlas*, &c. &c. The consequence is, that, like M. de Humboldt's own work, not one of these four voyages is yet completely finished, although Freycinet's began to appear in 1825, and Duperrey's in 1827. An advantageous change, however, has been made in the size of the two last, from the cumbrous quarto and folio to the large octavo; the narrative of Capt. d'Urville is nearly finished (in 5 vols), and we apprehend that Capt. Laplace's will be completed in a second volume.

GERMANY.

A new edition of Calvin's commentary on the New Testament, carefully reprinted from the Amsterdam edition, under the superintendence of Professor Tholuck, and comprised in 7 vols. 8vo. is now in the course of publi-

cation at Berlin. The first four volumes have already appeared; the 5th and 6th will be published in November, and the 7th and last, including a very complete Index, in January next.

We have seen much commendation bestowed in the French and German journals, on a school of commerce lately established in Leipzig, and which seems to be under the best regulations. As English parents are often anxious to have their children educated in Germany, we should be inclined to recommend this school, as eminently adapted to meet their views.

The King of Prussia has purchased the valuable collection of Etruscan antiquities belonging to the celebrated archeologist, Dorow, and which was principally formed by his personal researches in the ancient Etruria. The liberality displayed by the Prussian government in the acquisition of such remains of ancient art as might otherwise be dispersed and lost to the public, cannot be too highly applauded.

The university of Berlin during the last summer was attended by 1832 regular students, besides 5 or 600 attending particular courses. There were also about 50 young men from Switzerland, students of theology. The reputation of Schleiermacher and Neander in this branch attracts great numbers. The total number of professors was 90, besides 43 private masters or teachers, making a total of 133 employed in instruction.

Dr. R. Schmid, Professor of Law at Jena, has recently commenced an edition of the *Laws of the Anglo-Saxons*, in the original text, with a German translation, and a commentary. The first volume, containing the text and translation in parallel columns, in large 8vo., has just been published by Brockhaus of Leipzig. In a copious introduction of 80 pages, the learned editor discusses the following subjects: 1. The original inhabitants of Britain. 2. The sources of British history. 3. The Welsh laws. 4. The sources of Anglo-Saxon history. 5. The Saxons and Angles before the invasion of Britain. 6. The leading traits of the Anglo-Saxon constitution. 7. The laws of the Anglo-Saxons. 8. The various editions and MSS. of the Anglo-Saxon laws.

A lithographic copy of Holbein's *Dance of Death*, with an explanatory text, in small 8vo. has been published last year at Munich, by an artist named Schlotthauer. Of all the copies that have been made of these famous designs, either in copper-plate or wood, the one now before us presents the most faithful and accurate fac-simile of the original, an advantage for which it is indebted to the possession of a set of the original proof-impressions; whereas Hollar, the engraver of the copper-plate set published in England, had only the bad and incomplete edition of Cologne (1555) to work from. The Germans continue to regard Holbein as the original inventor of these singular conceptions, but we believe that our great antiquary and judge in such matters, Mr. Douce, is about to publish a work on the subject, which will set at rest the question of original invention, and prove that Holbein had really no claim to it.

In the *Deutscher Musen Almanach* for 1834, which has just made its appearance, we find a new poetical production of his Bavarian Majesty. Kings so seldom appear before the world in the capacity of authors, that their efforts in this way arouse the attention of readers, who naturally expect something out of the usual course from such a quarter. Genius, how-

ever, that divine spark which oftener illumines the cottage than the palace, will in vain be looked for in the present poem of his Majesty, who merely makes it the vehicle of his apprehensions, lest the excitement produced by the last French revolution should leave nothing standing in Europe. Our readers who share our curiosity will, we hope, not be displeased with the following attempt to make the royal muse speak English.

EUROPE AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF 1830.

Freer now, and happier far than ever,
Renovated youth the nations show;
After many a year's conflicting fever
Ruin's sweeping stream has ceased to flow.

But, alas! Pandora's lid up-starting,
Forth the secret, brewing evil flies;
Each will have—that pledge to all imparting—
His own lov'd fancy; none that suit denies.

Vertigo has now the nations taken,
Forward in the gulf impelled along;
O'er the rocks of passion rudely shaken;
Vain the ship unscath'd can voyage long.

Even the strongest—Albion's pillars—tremble;
What on earth that's stable now is left?
Reason overwhelmed would vain dissemble:
Of all stay the universe is left.

Tongue-confusion every where arises,
As of old at building Babel's tower;
Holiest ties the multitude despises,
Driven impetuous by the tempest's power.

From all hearts, alas! hath God departed,
And each man erects himself his God;
On the aspects of the pious-hearted
Paleness sits; the mocker is abroad!

Like old Saturn on his children feeding,
So doth Revolution with the brood
From her teeming fruitfulness proceeding;
Thrones—both old and new—alike her food.

Now with blindness are mankind o'ertaken,
Hist'ry the same lesson still unveils;
Never upon them will day awaken,
Even their own experience on them fails.

Kind and gentle means are now a fable,
Reason's the only arbiter and guide;
Only stern resolve for help is able;
She alone our rescue can provide.

Dr. Berghaus, of Gotha, is now engaged in publishing a set of large maps of the different quarters of the globe, excepting Europe, with an illustrative text, in quarto, drawn up from the diligent study and comparison of the best geographical works. The first part, containing Asia, has recently appeared.

An Introduction to Mythology, viewed in connection with Natural History, is preparing for publication by Dr. Schweigger, of Halle.

HOLLAND.

Stereotype printing. An official report in Dutch and French (with a copy of which we have been favoured,) has been recently published at the Hague, by Baron Van Westreenen van Tiellandt, containing the results of an inquiry made by order of the Dutch Government relative to the first invention and most ancient use of Stereotype printing. This report establishes by irrefragable MS. documents and impressions of several of the plates which are still in existence, that Holland is justly entitled to the honour of the invention, and that it was carried by the first inventor to the same degree of perfection which it attained a full century afterwards by Pierre Didot, at Paris. The person whose claims to the invention, as well as the invention itself, have been so unaccountably allowed to drop into oblivion, was the Rev. John Müller, Minister of the German Reformed Church at Leyden, at the end of the 17th and the beginning of the 18th century, and who died there in 1710. He first of all adopted the plan, after the pages were composed in the usual manner and carefully corrected, of soldering them together; but afterwards, as clearly appears, he had plates cast from a plaster-of-paris, or metal mould, in the same manner as is practised at the present day. Between 1701, when, with the assistance of his son, he published a small Dutch Prayer book, and 1710, the year of his death, he produced the following editions printed in this manner,—1. The *Syriac and Latin New Testament and Lexicon*, of Leusden and Schaaf; 2. A *Dutch Bible*, in 4to.; 3. Another in folio; 4. An *English Bible*, in folio; 5. A *Greek New Testament*, in 12mo. Of these the Syriac Testament alone appeared during his life time (in 1708 and 1709); the others successively after his death. The 4to Dutch Bible appeared in 1711, and fresh impressions were taken off in 1715, 1723, 1732, 1775, and 1785, always with a new title. The small Greek Testament first appeared in 1716, and successive impressions were made of it up to 1785. The folio Dutch Bible first appeared in 1718, and a second impression in 1785. Of the *English Bible* in folio, Baron Van Tiellandt has been unable to trace any copy, but supposes it to be the one noticed in the list of English Bibles, as printed in 1715, without any indication of the place where, or the printer by whom it was printed.

It is a circumstance not a little remarkable, and which reflects little honour on the country where this invention first saw the light (the inventor himself, be it remembered, was a *German*,) that although there were Dutch printers associated in the publication of those editions (the Luchtmanns of Leyden), who must have been perfectly aware of the nature of it from the plates being in their hands, no attempt was made either by them or any one else, to apply it to other works, and that the invention itself was allowed to drop into oblivion.

ITALY.

PROCEEDING from one who was himself so distinguished a professor of the art, Longhi's "Theory of Engraving" (*Teorica della Calcografia*) deserves particular notice. This is only the first volume of a comprehensive treatise on engraving, consisting partly of discourses delivered at the Institute of Arts at Milan; and treats of the following matters, viz. the importance and advantages of engraving—the origin and progress of the art—its technical and other difficulties—outline and drawing, &c. In speaking of the progress and various styles of the art, the author has given us many valuable and interest-

ing critical opinions relative to the works of his predecessors and contemporaries. Incomplete as this treatise is likely to remain, owing to Longhi's having made but little progress with the second volume, which was to have been devoted to the practice of the art, the portion which has appeared may be studied with profit both by artists and collectors. Besides this more important production of his pen, Longhi wrote several shorter essays and discourses on various subjects of art; and also a biography of Michael Angelo, in Bettoni's *Raccolta di LX Uomini Illustri*, for which work he engraved the portraits of that artist and Enrico Dandolo. The engravings of Longhi are distinguished by accuracy of drawing and fidelity of sentiment. Ever true to his original, he assumed its character with the facility of a Proteus, whether he undertook to express Correggio's sweetness and delicacy, or the masculine energy of Buonarrotti. His plate of Raphael's *Sposalizio* may be ranked as his *chef-d'œuvre*, reflecting as it does all the admirable qualities of the original in the most felicitous manner. His latest and most arduous undertaking—that which would have exhibited his powers more strikingly, perhaps, than any of his previous performances—*The Last Judgment* of Michael Angelo, death prevented him from completing. Although he can hardly be said to have been cut off prematurely, his vigorous constitution promised a longer life; nor did he receive much warning of his fate, being suddenly carried off, after a very short illness, on the 2d of January, 1831, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

Saverio Cavalleri, a young artist of Palermo, distinguished for his ability in engraving architectural subjects, has been employed by the Duke of Serradifalco in two works, now preparing, illustrative of the architectural monuments of Sicily. One of them, namely, that which treats of the "Antiquities of Selinuntium," is already in the press, and contains twenty-five engravings by Cavalleri, after drawings by himself. He has likewise finished twenty plates for the second publication, which is on the "Antiquities of Sicily" generally. These represent the Cathedral of Monreale, and other ecclesiastical structures, and will be accompanied by an archæological dissertation (by the Duke of Serradifalco) on the religious buildings of Sicily during the time of the Normans.

A prospectus has been put into our hands of "A Comparative Grammar of Ancient and Modern Greek," by Professor E. Joannides Valis, to be published by subscription at Florence. The author has ascertained, by long experience, that a thorough knowledge of this noble language is best acquired by combining the study of its ancient and modern forms; and he will endeavour particularly to confute the erroneous notion of the dissimilarity of pronunciation between the two. From what has been mentioned to us respecting the author, we are induced to recommend his work as well deserving the encouragement of our learned countrymen.

A monument is about to be erected at Milan to the memory of Barnaba Oriani, the mathematician and astronomer, who merits the respect and gratitude of the world by his scientific labours, and by the gift he has made of all his property for promoting the advancement of science.

MANZONI.—The following interesting particulars relative to this distinguished author we find in an article in the German journal the *Leipzig Blätter für litterarische Unterhaltung*, written by Professor Charles de Witte.

"On the day after my arrival at Milan at the end of October, 1831, I went to call upon the persons to whom I had letters of introduction, among whom was Manzoni; I had a very strong wish to become acquainted with this great poet, but as my friends informed me that he was exceedingly averse to form any new acquaintance, there was little prospect of this wish being gratified. I was not at all disappointed, therefore, on calling to deliver my letter, at being told that he was in the country, at some miles' distance from the capital. I had also a letter for the young Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio, who had not long before married the daughter of Manzoni, and is a great amateur of landscape-painting. I went to deliver my letter, and I was much pleased with the Marquis's benevolent countenance, and his modest and engaging manners. I found that he was the painter of *The Wounded Crusader*, a picture which I had been admiring a day or two before in the saloons of the Academy exhibition, recently closed, without being able to learn the name of the artist; he also enabled me to see several other pictures of his, distributed in private collections at Milan, among which I may mention, as well deserving notice, *The Battle of Legnano*, a *Carroccio*, and *The Six Combatants*.

"M. d'Azeglio also gave me some information about the habits and occupations of his father-in-law, which, as I had then no hope of seeing him, were doubly valuable to me.

"The following morning I was agreeably surprised at receiving an invitation from the Marquis to accompany him on a visit to his father-in-law at his country seat, called Brusano or Brusa. On our arrival there, I was left for some time alone with the mother of Manzoni, and daughter of Beccaria, a venerable old lady, with hair as white as snow. Manzoni himself is a thin man, of middle stature, with hollow cheeks, loose and curly hair, and wandering eyes. On his entrance he saluted me with an air of shyness, and invited me to offer his mother my arm and lead her to the dining-room. At the table I had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the poet.

"I had frequently heard of the extreme modesty with which he constantly declined all compliments on the score of his works; but I confess, that before I knew him, I only regarded this modesty as one of the feints behind which an author's vanity conceals itself. I turned the conversation upon the *Promessi Sposi*, the *Curmagnola*, the *Adelchis*, and other works of his which we Germans admire and esteem. I was then struck with a peculiarity in Manzoni's character. He not only turned the conversation, but exhibited a degree of confusion and uneasiness which made me almost repent of having touched a chord which appeared to affect him so painfully. I was informed by his family that no sooner had Manzoni published any of his works, than they appeared to him faulty and unreadable, and he no longer looked at them but with repugnance. It required all his esteem for Goethe to receive as sincere, the praises bestowed by the German poet upon the Italian poet. Manzoni has prepared a reply to Goethe, in which he stigmatises his own branch, the historical romance, as well as the historical drama, as literary abortions. His manuscript work, *La Colonna roverschiata*, is not a romance; it is a collection of historical facts relative to the rumours of poisonings alluded to in his *Promessi Sposi*, and which we have seen renewed in consequence of the appearance of the cholera.

"In the course of conversation Manzoni spoke in strong terms of censure of the historical romance; he maintained that every narrative ought either to be truth or fiction; and fiction he condemned as falsehood, consequently immoral. In vain did I reply that fiction might produce a moral effect; in vain did I appeal to his own *Betrothed*, as an instance. He persisted in saying that we ought not to employ immoral means to attain a useful end.

"The conversation turned upon the efforts made in recent times to add to the riches of the Italian language, efforts to which Manzoni has not been a

stranger, since without falling into provincialisms, he has succeeded in appropriating the richness of the provincial dialects. I was surprised to find that his process was the result of a very profound study of these dialects. He instanced, with brilliant erudition, a number of peculiarities which distinguish all the popular dialects from the written language.

"Politics were also brought upon the carpet. I perceived that Manzoni had decidedly adopted the principles of the *Gazette de France*, and that he regarded the convocation of the primary assemblies as the best means of re-establishing true royalty on that basis. He dislikes the principles of the French *doctrinaires* and adopts partially the doctrine of La Mennais. Manzoni's present labours are directed towards these subjects, and his family assured me that the first work he would publish in all probability would be a refutation of the philosophy of Victor Cousin.

"All that Manzoni uttered on this head was delivered with some agitation, and a kind of stammering which made it rather difficult to comprehend him. The case was quite different in the evening, when other topics were started. His conversation was then marked by ease and fluency, and enlivened by action and accentuation peculiar to him.

"I had frequently heard of the *pietism* of Manzoni. Some said that these sentiments had only come to him of late years, in consequence of the deep impression made upon him by the sudden death of his adopted father, Imbonati; others assured me that the ardent Catholicism of his wife, who had been a convert from Protestantism, had insensibly communicated itself to her husband. All agreed in attributing to him great enthusiasm for the cause of his church, and the desire of imparting his conviction to the breasts of others, without however infringing the laws of friendship. In proof of this, I was told, that notwithstanding the warmth of his proselytism, a portion of his own family still remained deistical; and the friendship which he maintained with Monti up to his last moments proves that his Catholicism is by no means of an exclusive cast. His *Promessi Sposi* indeed breathes a spirit of the mildest tolerance.

"He combated frankly my religious arguments, which he attributed to a fundamental error—to my Protestantism. What he advanced in favour of the Roman Church was not of the kind likely to seduce a poetical mind, but its spirit and its dogmas. When I took my leave of him, he addressed me in these words: 'You have paid me a number of compliments upon my works, but I would willingly renounce my pretended fame, and add to it with pleasure my little fortune, if the arguments which I have so feebly advanced to day should one day convince you of that which I cannot but look upon as being the only truth.'

"Manzoni has developed his religious ideas in a treatise on *Catholic Morality*, the 4th edition of which appeared at Pavia in 1830; in opposition to the views of M. de Sismondi in his *History of the Italian Republics*. This treatise he now looks upon as incomplete and imperfect. Since its publication, his views have become more consistent, more decided, and it must be admitted, more ultramontane."

RUSSIA.

RUSSIAN literature has been tolerably productive of late, and has received a very welcome and interesting contribution in the *Novossolzhe*. The idea of this publication it seems was conceived in consequence of a grand *house-warming* given to the leading authors and poets of St. Petersburg, by M. Smirnin, the publisher, on occasion of his taking possession of his splendid new establishment. The term *Novossolzhe* is applied to the presents which it is

the custom in Russia (as well as in some parts of Germany) to make to persons installing themselves in a new-built house. The work bears some general resemblance in its plan to that of the Parisian *Livre des Cent-et-Un*, it being a kind of literary pic-nic, furnished conjointly by the most eminent and popular writers of the day. Hence it enables us to form some judgment as to the prevailing taste and leading talent now existing in that country; because, notwithstanding the contributors—there are only 27—are fewer than in the French work, they are more in proportion to the number of the literary classes in each country. It must, indeed, be admitted that there is nothing peculiarly original in the idea of either work; and the only difference perhaps between the *Novossolezhe* and the better Russian annuals is, that it is of greater extent; that the articles are longer, and that the writers have taken greater pains with their productions. The work is embellished with elegant engravings, and is said to have cost Mr. Smirdin 22,000 rubles. In his poetical tale, “The House on the Kolomna,” Pushkin has essayed a foreign poetical form, namely, that of the *ottava rima*. Zhakovsky has likewise produced an able specimen of Russian hexameters—a measure that had previously been tried, and in some instances not without success, but which he has managed with happier effect. Baratinsky’s “Death of Goethe” will not detract from his former reputation, which stands high with his countrymen, although his productions are but few in number, and possess few attractions save those of style. Among the poetical pieces, Gretsck’s “Reminiscences;” Michailovsky-Danilovsky’s “Trait of Alexander I.,” “The Russian Icarus,” a popular legend, by Massalsky; “The Unknown,” and “The Devil’s Levee,” by a writer who conceals himself under the pseudonym of Baron Brambeus, deserve to be pointed out. At some future opportunity we may probably notice this publication more leisurely and at greater length: in the interim this brief mention of it may be less inexcusable than complete silence.

ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

A TURKISH and French Dictionary had been in preparation by the late M. Kieffer a long time before his death, and will now be published by M. Bianchi, the author of a French and Turkish Vocabulary. It will be printed in octavo, and will contain all that is valuable in the *Lexicon of Meninski*, with the addition of many new words. The whole was revised in manuscript, at Constantinople, by M. Ruffin. The sale of Professor Kieffer’s library, which commenced at Paris on October 21, presented objects of great attraction to the oriental student. It comprised a large collection of translations of the Scriptures into various languages, a numerous assemblage of works printed at Constantinople, and a considerable number of Arabic, Persian and Turkish MSS.

The indefatigable Prof. Fraehn, to whom oriental literature in Russia is under such obligations, has induced the Academy of St. Petersburg to offer a prize of 200 ducats for the best *History of the Dominion of the Mongols in Russia*, chiefly collected from the works of oriental historians, corrected by and compared with the notices scattered throughout the ancient chronicles of Russia, Poland and Hungary, and the munismatical remains of the Mongol dynasty.

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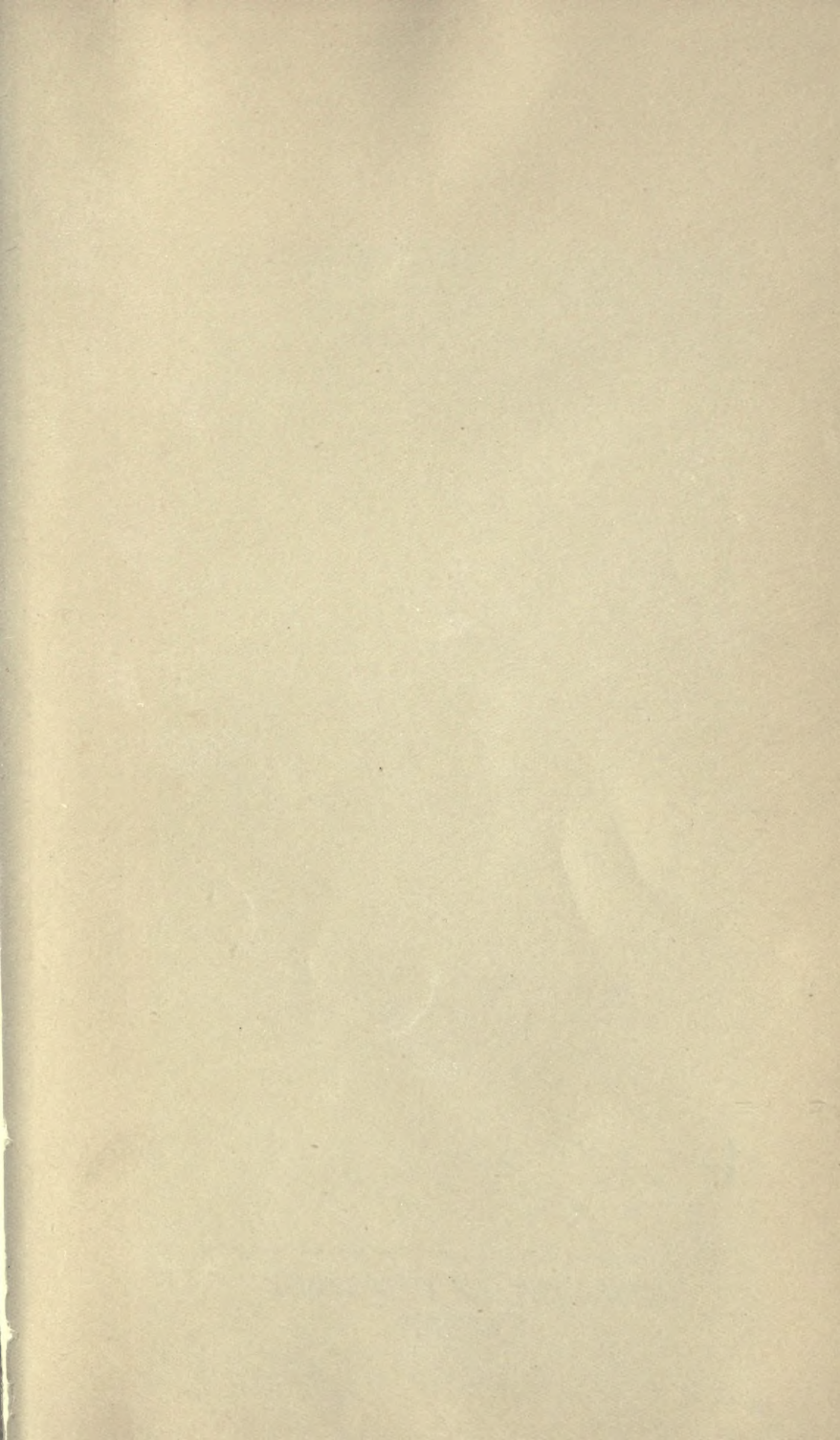
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